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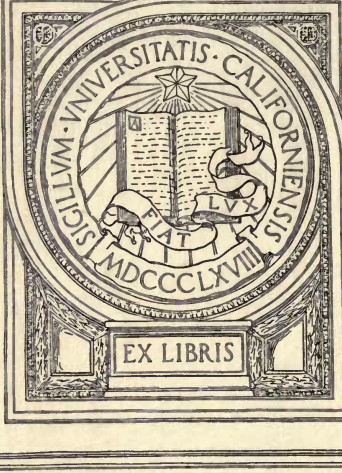

2 Vols
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OWEN's

TRAVELS

INTO

DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

In the Years 1791 and 1792.

VOL. I.

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INTO

DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

IN THE YEARS 1791 AND 1792.

WITH

FAMILIAR REMARKS

ON

PLACES—MEN—AND MANNERS.

By JOHN OWEN, A. M.
LATE FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Mores, et Studia, et Populos—— VIRG. Georg. Lib. 4.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

It is a ſubject of equal notoriety and regret, that prefaces have ſunk into general diſuſe, or loſt to a great degree their juſt and original character. The abrupt appearance of an author before the bar of the public is an enterprize of moſt anxious uncertainty. He ſeems to be bound by a ſort of reſpect, to preſent ſome credentials or ſubmit to ſome formalities, before he preſume upon the ready diſpoſition of ſo auguſt a judicature to hear and determine his merits. In addition to that duty which reſpect impoſes, a more important claim attaches upon

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him, from the abſolute neceſſity of ſome preliminary arrangements, for the purpoſes of a fair and equitable deciſion. Yet ſuch is the impatience of the bulk of readers, that all which intervenes between the title and the work is conſidered as an obſtacle in the way of their progreſs, and treated as a ſlaviſh compliance with an obſolete ceremony. The influence of this judgment ſtops not with readers. It relaxes the ſtrictneſs of authors themſelves; and induces a habit of writing with looſeneſs thoſe very preliminaries, which ſeem to demand the moſt cautious preciſion—an indolence natural to the human mind, which is rarely brought to execute with care, what is not likely to be regarded with attention.

It

It may, however, be affirmed, that the majority of caſes in which the merits of writers have been miſtaken by the public, might be fairly referred to thoſe defects in the outſet of their acquaintance, which a due regard to ſome prefatory ſteps would have ſufficiently ſupplied. Works of travel ſtand particularly expoſed to the danger of an erroneous judgment. Preſenting in many inſtances a picture of the times, and embracing a variety of circumſtances and events, they may be conſidered as bearing upon modern hiſtory; and therefore, like that, encountering the jealouſies, ſuſpicions, and prejudices of minds variouſly intereſted, and affected by different, and yet exiſting, impreſſions. Theſe obſtacles can only be with any colour of expectation diminiſhed, by the eſtabliſh-

ment of ſome premiſes, which the reader may adopt, and to which he may refer, as a rule for interpreting the author's mind on points of critical and delicate deciſion.

The volumes of travel with which the public are now preſented profeſs to ſtand on more hazardous ground, in reſpect to a fair and equitable judgment, than any ſimilar work with which they might be compared; and the author is unwilling to commit them to the world, without anticipating, in ſome premonitory remarks, the leading objections by which they may be attacked.

1. It may be urged, that books of travel have been greatly multiplied, and that the route which the author purſues has in it no chance of novelty. To this the author, with little varia-

tion, concedes. He is ready to admit, that the cabinet is already ſupplied with a numerous catalogue of entertaining travellers; he is ready to admit, that the outline of his tour differs in very few reſpects from the ordinary track of faſhionable travel; and that the places alluded to in the ſucceeding volumes are, with few exceptions, ſuch as have been repeatedly viewed and repeatedly deſcribed. The attention of the public to travelling journals has however, he preſumes, not yet been ſatiated by all that has been, nor will probably be ſatisfied by all that may be ſaid, of foreign countries and foreign manners. The neceſſity of ſupplying ſome ſpecies of light and unelaborate reading is felt by all who are acquainted with the public taſte: and no productions are,

generally ſpeaking, more readily digeſted, than thoſe which conduct the fire-ſide traveller through an extenſive tract of country without diſturbing him from his arm-chair; and introduce him to all the beauties of a country without expoſing him to any of its ſtorms. Relying upon this paſſion for travelling journals, and the endleſs variety of an active mind, the author engaged in a correſpondence for furniſhing expreſsly the materials of the preſent volumes. Whether he has rightly judged of the public feelings, and his own powers—will be hereafter decided.

A ſecond objection may probably ariſe, from the interval which has been ſuffered to paſs between the cloſing of the Letters and the period of publication. In accounting for this it

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is neceſſary to remark, that a conſiderable portion of the Letters had been transferred to private hands for the ſecurity of conveyance, at the time of the author's proceeding upon his expedition into Auſtria; and that the non-arrival of theſe at the period expected very conſiderably delayed the compilation. The publication of Mr. Grey's tour at nearly the ſame period was alſo a ground of diſcouragement. If to this be added the obſtruction occaſioned to the proceſs of printing by the author's diſtance from the metropolis and the preſs, the hiſtory of this delay will have been completely given. The reaſons for ſpecifying theſe cauſes with ſo much minuteneſs, will be ſufficiently obvious to thoſe who are acquainted with the buſy inſinuations of calumny and malice. Events of

late occurrence have ſplit ſociety into ſo many factions, that jealouſies are now excited, againſt which too much precaution cannot be employed. The author expects to hear it inſinuated, as it has been already candidly rumoured, that the publication was delayed for the convenience of adapting it to the humour of the times. If the circumſtances already enumerated had not ſufficiently done away this imputation, the very difficulty itſelf of effecting ſuch a taſk, in the varying circumſtances of the preſent period, would diſcover the folly of the charge. To theſe, however—if theſe ſhould yet be inſufficient—the author is ready to annex his moſt ſerious declaration; that in no inſtance, the moſt trivial particulars alone excepted, has he ſhaped or accommodated the original ſpirit

and

and train of the journal; and that a conſiderable number of the Letters have been printed, with no other alteration, than that of a literal or verbal correction.

A third objection may poſſibly ariſe in the minds of ſome, from the internal character of the Letters themſelves, the circumſtances of which they treat, and the unreſerved freedom with which theſe circumſtances are treated. To this it may be replied, that the author has availed himſelf, in travelling and in writing, of that liberty which has in ſuch caſes ever been deemed admiſſible: and that as he travelled to ſee and report, he conceives that he could only do juſtice to himſelf, the public, and his ſubject, by depicting, as he has done, manners and ſentiments in their natural

tural colours; and expreſſing, on juſt occaſions, the undiſſembled feelings of his own mind. If the reader maintains a ſtrict attention—in adjudging theſe Letters—to the particular periods in which they were written; if he conſiders the circumſtances of the times and the ſtate of public opinion; the author is convinced that his enthuſiaſm will be pronounced to have been of a venial, if not of a commendable character. But events of ſuch variety, and in many particulars of ſuch importance, have taken place during the lapſe of the three laſt years, that the mind will not, without ſome difficulty, acquire that temper with which it ought to peruſe the reports of a preceding period. Labouring under the influence of ſome recent impreſſions, the reader will probably be

be led to confound thoſe dates which ought to be kept religiouſly diſtinct; and thus condemn, by a reference to ſubſequent tranſactions, what in the *then* circumſtances he might have been forward to approve. It muſt not be diſſembled, that the largeſt portion of the author's anxiety for the fate of his work is founded in an apprehenſion of this dangerous, yet almoſt inevitable, confuſion in the public mind of dates and feelings. For his own part, he is free to confeſs, that though his mind has been affected with the moſt ſenſible emotion at the horrors which have deformed the name of *Liberty*, he yet can ſee no reaſon for reverſing all the maxims of the wiſeſt men and the beſt times; he ſtill can contemplate it—in its genuine characters of benignity and order—as the

friend of man, and the happieſt cement of civil ſociety. Not all the diſorders which have deluged Europe ſince the æra of the French revolution have induced him to depart from the *principles** which ſupported his original admiration of this extraordinary event. The downfal of limited monarchy, the irruption of Jacobiniſm, Briſſotiniſm, and all the modifications of republican tyranny, have cruelly inverted the original picture; but the very hoſtility which *theſe* declared againſt the *firſt* reformers, and which themſelves have experienced from the preſent leſs outrageous and democratic rulers, is an argument in favour of the firſt legiſlative aſſembly, which cannot be defeated by any ſpecies of regular and ingenuous rea-

* Vide Preface to Retroſpect.

ſoning.

ſoning. The evils which have been ingrafted upon this convenient ſtock, the factions of diſorder and equalization, are indiſputably leſſons of inſtructive caution againſt haſty enthuſiaſm and raſh experiment. A torrent of political licentiouſneſs has certainly poured in upon the peaceful and prudent inſtitutions of ſociety; and thoſe who occupy reſponſible ſituations are loudly called upon to ſupport the tottering pillars of civil ſubordination. In the diſcharge, however, of this duty, no compromiſe ought to be made of truth and juſtice; nor ſhould zeal tranſport us to criminate, what prudence may have forbidden us to admire. So much it ſeemed expedient to ſay for the publication of ſentiments, whoſe bearings upon preſent opinion might elſe be expoſed to miſconſtruction.

conſtruction. The author is aware that expreſſions may have been curſorily employed, which the faſtidious ſcruples of ſome might wiſh amended or expunged. But he cannot diſcover any ſentiment, with which a candid mind *can*, or a Britiſh mind *ought*, to be offended. His opinions on the leading political changes are already before the public; and theſe will afford a ſufficient clue for unravelling and reconciling what might elſe appear myſterious and inconſiſtent.

After ſo much ſaid by way of anticipation, it may now be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the execution. The Letters are ſhort, for the commodiouſneſs of detached reading; and as they were in moſt inſtances diſpoſed in packets containing a number, they were originally conſtructed upon this

conciſe

conciſe model, in order to ſupport the analogy of chapters in a regular journal. Dates are for the moſt part ſuperſcribed; but where this is omitted, the Letter is to be conſidered as forming a part of a packet, and referred to the date of the preceding. As they are intended for the amuſement of the *domeſtic* traveller, they are not charged with any ſyſtematic calculations of diſtance or coin, or any critical adjuſtment of names and hiſtories. Charts and Itineraries are beſt ſuited to the minuteneſs of the firſt, and profeſſed diſquiſitions to the gravity of the laſt. The ſtyle, it is hoped, will be found not wholly unſuiting the familiarity of the occaſions; and the errors and redundancies—if ſuch ſhould appear—will probably be viewed with ſome portion of indulgence, when

when it is conſidered, that the Letters were written in the warmth of youthful impetuoſity—and that it would have been a breach of tacit faith to introduce any further emendations, than thoſe which are juſtified by uſage and acknowledged licence. That the volumes have appeared at all, and that they have not appeared in a leſs correct ſtate, are owing to the flattering encouragement and the critical ſervices of W. Belſham Eſq. to whom theſe Letters were originally addreſſed, and whoſe judicious reviſion they had the good fortune to receive. In revealing this circumſtance, the author is but diſcharging a debt of gratitude to a man, of whoſe character—while the public may reaſonably differ—his friends can entertain but one opinion. The ſoundneſs of his judgment, and

the

the accuracy of his taſte, were a ſecurity to the author for the juſtneſs of his corrections; and a friendſhip of long and ſtrict familiarity, undiſturbed by the diviſions of politics and theology, have afforded him occaſions of general improvement, which it is equally his duty and his pride to acknowledge.

In taking leave of the reader the author has only to requeſt, that a candid diſtinction may be made in peruſing his volumes, between the caſt of his mind at the period of his travels, and that which he now profeſſes to have received. The demands of a ſituation the moſt grave and important have now engaged him in duties and concerns, which neceſſarily occupy and ſolemnize his thoughts; and to the faithful diſcharge of which,

he is desirous of rendering the experience he has acquired, in every respect subservient. He cannot therefore consign his volumes to the public, without confessing, that the Letters discover, in particular instances, a levity, which in his present character he should feel himself bound to condemn. Amongst those errors in the progress of his tour which he has most to regret, and with which the public have the most concern, are the little respect for the solemnities of the Sabbath, and the rare acknowledgment of a beneficent Providence. These it is judged expedient the rather to mention, as they are errors of easy growth, and which it is of the first importance to discountenance and destroy.

The

The cuſtom of travelling on the Sabbath is of great and notorious prevalence; but certainly the law, which devotes it to religious offices, is broken by ſuch abuſe. The looſeneſs of *Catholic*, forms no juſt precedent for an equal licence in *Proteſtant*, diſcipline. Vice is the ſame on an iſland or continent, and cannot alter its nature by any change of meridian. The ſame rule will with equal ſtrictneſs apply, to the general views of events and circumſtances. For if it be an obligation of Chriſtian piety to aſcribe the turns of human felicity to the wiſdom and benevolence of the Deity, this acknowledgment ought in juſtice to pervade the details of a long and eccentric tour, beſet with hazards, and interſperſed with adventure.

With theſe preliminaries, the author is content to meet the public eye. Convinced that the ſentence of the world, when fairly collected, is rarely unjuſt, he has endeavoured to furniſh in the remarks premiſed, the means of eſtabliſhing an equitable judgment.

> Speak of me as I am—nothing extenuate,
> Or ſet down ought in malice—

Such is the rule, by which, as he ſhould judge of others, he wiſhes himſelf to be judged.

JANUARY 7, 1796.

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LETTER I.

Bruſſels, April 21, 1791.

MY engagement with you on leaving England ſtands full in my recollection. The delay, be aſſured, has not ariſen from any change of inclination or purpoſe, but ſolely from circumſtances of accidental embarraſſment. The channel is now opened, and you ſhall have no reaſon to charge me with a want of punctuality.

That your expectations may not however be unreaſonably elevated, I will juſt ſtate the ſort of entertainment I undertake to furniſh. The track of Europe, which we are to purſue, is already explored: all that could create wonder or

afford delight, has been ſo often and ſo fully diſplayed in the volumes of ancient and modern travel, that curioſity ſeems nearly exhauſted. What in ages paſt were marvels, are now *bagatelles;* and if aſtoniſhment yet remains to be excited, Mandeville and Munchauſen have written in vain.

I undertake not to unlock the cabinets of princes, or to diſentangle the intrigues of courts: tranſient obſervation muſt ill ſucceed in developing the myſteries of political ſyſtems. Mine will neither be the voyage of the connoiſſeur, nor the journal of the naturaliſt: I can neither pretend to throw light upon the ſchools of painting, nor the ſcience of phyſics. If I climb the mountain, it will not be to gauge the atmoſphere, to analiſe the ſoil, or to claſs the pebbles: if I range among the vallies, it will not be to gather the lilies, or catch the butterflies. But to human nature in all her varieties, to the

manners of men and the temper of the times, to the habits of life and the ſtate of opinions, my attention will be directed; and my obſervations will be delivered, with only ſo much of order or ornament as may happen to ſuggeſt itſelf at the moment of impreſſion.

Apprized therefore of my plan, you will not, if I depart from the ſtrict line of gravity or criticiſm, cenſure me as volatile, nor condemn me as ſuperficial. I appeal from your judgment, to your candour; from the critic, to the friend: and if, after all, the merit of *originality* be wholly wanting; you may at leaſt derive a ſort of pleaſure from that *variety*, under which the moſt exhauſted ſubjects rarely want ſucceſs. Faſhions the moſt obſolete are daily advanced by ſome new colourings; and an old play ſeldom wants attractions, when revived with new ſcenes and dreſſes.

LETTER II.

THERE is ſomething very peculiar in the firſt ſenſations of a man who finds himſelf transferred to a foreign clime, whoſe aſpect exhibits a groupe of novel images. This ſenſation is perhaps felt with additional force by the inhabitant of an iſland who has been accuſtomed to regard himſelf as "penitus toto diviſus orbe." The country he leaves, ſeems explored in every receſs, though he may not have traverſed half its provinces: all before him forms a mighty viſta, which he contemplates with eager anxiety.

I confeſs the firſt ſight of the French coaſt operated upon me like enchantment. With it ſeemed aſſociated all the images which bore relation to the hiſtory of this wide extended empire—the magnificence of its kings, and the luſtre of its heroes; its

celebrity

celebrity in arts, in letters, and in arms. When I conſidered that this gallant nation, once the admiration and the dread of Europe, was become the ſeat of internal diſtraction and the theatre of political experiment, I ſighed over the recollection of its departed grandeur. But when I traced with deeper reflection the foundation of theſe diviſions, and the objects of this experiment—when I viewed in impartial retroſpect, the ambition and perfidy which ſo remarkably characterized the government of that nation; how incompatible its wars with the principles of reaſon or humanity, how formidable a rival it had ever proved to the power, how determined an enemy to the repoſe, of Britain—when I reflected how the cabals of this court had perpetuated diſſenſion in the kingdoms of Europe, to gratify the paſſions and aggrandize the power of its princes; and in how many inſtances the blood of nations had been ſacrificed to the caprice of

a miſtreſs, or the intrigues of a confeſſor, I could not but exult in the changes effected by the united energies of philoſophy and patriotiſm.

The diſorders which accompany every revolution of political moment, are the indiſpenſable terms upon which ſuch felicity is to be obtained; torrents of blood have been deemed not wantonly ſpent, to procure a leſs good: and I could not but anticipate the coming æra, when the laſt touches ſhall be put to a revolution, which has aſtoniſhed, and may inſtruct mankind: —when out of the ruins of tyranny and ſervitude, ſhall ariſe a government, flouriſhing in all the luſtre of reaſonable authority and juſt ſubordination; a government whoſe *internal* policy ſhall exhibit a king ruling by law, and a people obeying by choice; whoſe *external* policy ſhall diſplay the happy effects of an unambitious and equitable ſyſtem of conduct, in the permanent tranquillity of Europe.

The

The ancient prejudices of this nation acknowledged no heroiſm but that of the ſword, and applauded no atchievements but thoſe of conqueſt. It was reſerved for a later æra, and a more enlightened legiſlature, to eſtabliſh the dominion of reaſon on the ruins of prejudice; to annex to the life of each individual, an importance hitherto unfelt; to convert the laurels of war into civic wreaths; and decree thoſe triumphs to the defenders of liberty, which had been preſcriptively appropriated to the deſolators of their country, and the deſtroyers of mankind.

LETTER III.

We landed at Oſtend, and took the route by Ghent to Bruſſels. This gave us an opportunity of ſeeing a town, which has occupied an important place in the hiſtory of Europe. Ghent, or Gand, poſſeſſed in ancient times a population far ſuperior to its preſent numbers; and was of ſuch extent as to occaſion a humorous boaſt of Charles V., that he could put all Paris in his glove, "dans ſon Gand." This town, the capital of Auſtrian Flanders, was long the ſeat of commerce in time of peace, and the bulwark of defence in time of war; no place has acquired more military fame, nor been witneſs to more heroic acts.

The early records of its hiſtory report the ſpirit and intrepidity of the Gantois. The

The pacification of Ghent forms a great epoch in their hiſtory. This was formed in 1576, by a union of the eſtates for the eſtabliſhment of their religious and civil privileges, and ratified by Philip II. Famed for revolt and ſedition of old, it became again the ſeat of tumult in 1787. Ghent had till that moment taken no decided part, but the entrance of the Brabanters in military force, joined to the inſolence of the Auſtrian ſoldiery, drew the citizens to the party of the inſurgents, and the Auſtrian army quitted the place with diſgrace. If we may credit the accounts given of this defeat, it redounds infinitely to the diſcredit of the Auſtrians, who, to the amount of ſeveral thouſand diſciplined troops, abandoned the town, citadel, and magazine, to the depredations of three or four hundred vagabonds, "flying," as a writer expreſſes it, "devant quelques malheureux de la po-" pulace, ſans chefs, ſans armes, and ſans " culottes."

The

The iſſue of theſe revolutional tumults had caſt a gloom over the place. It wore the aſpect of war, though in a ſtate of actual tranquillity. The majority of its inhabitants ſeem compoſed of ſoldiers and eccleſiaſtics; and promenades, ſtreets, and avenues were thronged with huſſars, prieſts, and beggars.

The churches are the grand ornament of Ghent, as of every country under the influence of ſuperſtition. Theſe ſacred edifices are adorned with all that art and riches can contribute to conſtitute ſplendour; but what renders them moſt the object of a traveller's attention is, that they are the grand repoſitories of the chefs d'œuvres of the Flemiſh ſchool.

The cathedral of St. Gedule is a magnificent building, and crowded with paintings of the Flemiſh maſters. Though it was paſſion week, and the prieſts were conſtantly upon duty, the altars were not as uſual thronged with devotees. The population of a Catholic town may be eaſily inferred

inferred from the aſpect of its churches at this ſacred ſeaſon. Some few miſerable wretches only were to be found engaged in their devotions, and bowing round the deſerted ſhrines. I ſhall not enter into a detail of the works of the admirable artiſts which embelliſh this place, nor attempt to deſcribe the ſenſations created by them. I ſuffered my ſenſibilities to be ſpontaneouſly excited, and probably often felt emotions at variance with academical law. Criticiſm may decree what *ought* to pleaſe; but in painting, as in poetry, an appeal will not fail to be made from the underſtanding to the heart. Shakeſpeare has charmed, not only *without*, but even *againſt* rule: and yet the Engliſh nation would rather ſacrifice the laws that control, and the critics that cenſure, than yield to oblivion and obſcurity one drama of the immortal bard.

A town in the circumſtances of Ghent, could not long find amuſement for a traveller; the ferocious aſpect of the military, whoſe

whoſe numbers and diſcipline are ſcarcely ſufficient to retain in ſubjection the turbulent malcontents, added to the gloom of evacuated houſes and a deſerted theatre, induced us to quit Ghent on the following day, and purſue our route to Bruſſels. I could not leave the town without lamenting the evils which have defaced and depopulated a place, that once poſſeſſed ſuch ſtrength, ſplendour, and opulence. The miſeries of unſucceſsful revolt are here accumulated upon the head of the laborious and peaceful citizen.

Political grievances when extended to an enormous height demand political reform; and this can, in certain caſes, only be effected by popular oppoſition. That there exiſted circumſtances ſufficiently aggravating, and ſufficiently oppreſſive, to warrant the remonſtrances preferred by the Brabanters, cannot be diſputed. The cabals of his miniſters and agents, rather than the diſpoſition of the Emperor, prevented the equitable

equitable arrangements at firſt required; till the ſpirits of either party became heated, and ineffectual remonſtrance was ſucceeded by outrageous revolt. The knavery and miſconduct of thoſe who headed the refractory Belgians, were the cauſes of thoſe diſtreſſes and diſtractions which afterwards attended them.

The conceſſions of Leopold are a demonſtrative proof of the injuſtice of Joſeph. Had Belgiojaſo poſſeſſed the conciliating talents of Merci d'Argenteau, the ſword probably had never been drawn; and had there been prudence and patriotiſm in the leaders of the revolt, had the poſts of Vandernoot and Van Eupen been ſupplied by a Mirabeau and a Fayette, the ſword had not been ſheathed till Belgic independence had been eſtabliſhed.

I have ever commiſerated the lot of a country, which by conqueſt or ceſſion has become the appendage of a great empire. An arbitrary monarch may poſſeſs in ſome

happy moments the feelings of a man, and all that lies within the compaſs of his own adminiſtration comes more or leſs under his own inſpection; but a government by agent, ſuffragan, or viceroy, is ſurely a government moſt formidable to the liberties of a people. How are they to preſs through that phalanx of miniſters, penſioners, and courtiers, which fill up all the avenues of appeal? The diſtance from the fountain of authority extinguiſhes hope of redreſs, and urges them to remedies the moſt violent and deſperate.

LETTER IV.

WE find Bruſſels inveſted with the ſame military terrors, and deformed by the ſame melancholy rites, as Ghent. That part of the town in which the people of faſhion reſide, is of modern date; the houſes are built of ſtone, the apartments ſpacious, and the general aſpect of the place is magnificent. The gloomy ceremonies of the holy week have thrown a veil over the uſual gaieties of this capital, and interrupt for the preſent the tide of amuſement. Even active occupation is in great part ſuſpended; and the church has ſupplanted the theatre, the ball-room, and the exchange. The avenues of the cathedral are crowded from morning to night. All ranks and conditions ſeem unanimous in the celebration of the ſacred ſeaſon.

The

The carnival, which I underſtand was uncommonly brilliant, has left behind it the memory of ſome irregularities; but if the moſt aſſiduous and uninterrupted attendance upon the ceremonies of the church can avail, there will not remain a folly to bluſh for, or a crime to repent of. It is really amuſing to ſee the multitudes that throng around the ſacred porticoes, and the ardour of the devotional penance which they diſcover. Not content with worſhipping at one ſhrine, and making intereſt with one ſaint, they fly from altar to altar, ſeek an intereſt in every ſacrifice, and mingle their devotions with the incenſe of every order. In England, it is deemed unneceſſary for the great to interfere in the ſervices of religion; faſhion and convenience are there paramount to reaſon and duty; but here the greateſt blend with the meaneſt in all the ſervices which are called religious, however jealous of rank and ſuperiority in civil and ſocial life.

A card-

A card-party was formed on Friday evening, being the Vendredi Saint, the ſingular object of which induces me to mention it. It was held at the apartments of the Comteſſe de Choiſeul, and attended by moſt of the faſhionable people. Agreeably to the law of the aſſembly, the gains of the evening were to be diſpoſed of, at the diſcretion of the lady of the houſe, in purpoſes of charity. This is a cuſtom of ancient eſtabliſhment.

An aſſembly of this nature, where pleaſure and religion are combined, muſt give birth to many ſingular impreſſions. No day in the calendar can wear a more gloomy face, or excite more devotional ſentiments in the breaſt of a catholic, than the day of the crucifixion. Every means are employed to excite ſuperſtitious horror, and recal to the mind the memory of that darkneſs which enveloped the face of the earth. All that breathes the air of diſſipation muſt be entirely baniſhed, and amuſement ſo qualified

by motive, and so chastised by austerity, as to receive the serious cast of religious exercise. To-morrow is, I understand, the concluding day of this severe penance: consolation will then be administered to the consciences of the devotees, who will emerge, fully acquitted of all past guilt, and at liberty to commence a fresh account. The streets, parade, and promenades will resume their brilliancy: at present, they exhibit a striking picture of spiritual indolence. Superstition has long since consecrated this week to purposes which are deemed incompatible with secular occupation. The days being too sacred for labour, and too long for devotion, a great part of time is yawned away in listless *ennui*.

The consecration of days* is a custom of barbarous origin; and the pious enthusiasm of the first christians gave it the sanction of their own observance. The church of Eng-

* This is only to be understood in reference to days consecrated to *particular persons*.

land,

land, which has had the merit of reſtoring to ſociety the days and weeks hallowed by bigotry, ſtill retains ſome few, which ſhe refuſes to ſecularize, and which ſerve, like the ancient hangings in a modernized manſion, to mark the date of the edifice, and perpetuate the taſte of thoſe who undertook its reform. It is plain, the contract between prieſt and people in thoſe regions of ſuperſtition, is very much in favour of the former, though equally to the ſatisfaction of each. The latter ſurrender without reluctance the fruits of their labour to the uſe of the former, who only engage for an undefined retribution—a bright reverſion in the ſky—at ſome future and diſtant period.

LETTER V.

Bruſſels, April 24, 1791.

I AM juſt returned from aſſiſting at a ceremony, in which I appeared to myſelf to make no very reſpectable figure. A proclamation, poſted in a public ſpot near the Hotel de Ville, announced the return of a celebrity, in which all pious catholics take great intereſt, and from which, agreeably to the tenor of the advertiſement, every devout chriſtian might derive great advantage. It was the celebration of an event moſt important to the cauſe of religion, in the preſervation of the Image of the Virgin Mary, from the anti-catholic zeal of the reformers of Scotland. The attachment of her friends induced them to hazard much for her ſafety. They fled beyond ſea with her, and after a thouſand

thouſand miracles, and experiencing numerous viciſſitudes, " per varios fluctus et " tot diſcrimina rerum," they auſpiciouſly reached Bruſſels. Many honours were paid her upon her arrival on the Continent, and particularly at the ceremony of her ſolemn reception among the Auguſtine monks. Succeſſive popes concurred in granting plenary pardons to all who would commemorate the anniverſary of her happy deliverance. The Image was placed in the centre of the church, and illuminated with numberleſs tapers. High maſs was ſung, to which ſucceeded a variety of religious *divertiſements*, intended to repreſent the *hair-breadth eſcapes* the Virgin had experienced, and the efficacy which this wonderful Image ſtill poſſeſſed. All ſeemed eager to croud around her, and ſome never quitted her feet. A ſplendid proceſſion concluded the ſervice: and the holy fathers chaunted their lays, preceded by all kinds of myſterious inſignia, from their own to the church of St. Gedule.

As I was not so deeply interested in the ceremonies as the rest of the congregation, I had more leisure to comment on the drama. The devotion of the people was unquestionably sincere. They bowed, and prostrated themselves, with an energy and fervour, which indicated the most unsuspicious faith in her more than magnetical virtue. I observed several walking round the shrine, and bowing with the utmost inconvenience to themselves, lest they should accidentally turn their backs upon her. As I had disposed myself in the middle of the aisle, the procession passed me, and gave me an opportunity of admiring the happy influence of a religious life upon these holy fathers, who seemed to have profited much from the residence of the Virgin among them. Countenances more expressive of pleasure and festivity could not be found, even in the paradise of Mahomet. It was not a little surprising to see so great a multitude assisting at those services, considering the recent

recent penance performed in the holy week.

It ſhould ſeem that the people of Bruſſels muſt be deſperate ſinners, or exemplary ſaints. The quantum of holineſs, including all the beads that are counted, and the *Ave-Marias* that are ſaid, bears certainly, if any allowance be made for human frailty, more than a juſt proportion to the ordinary *quantum* of ſin. But here mankind are perſuaded that none of thoſe pious duties will be loſt. When ſufficient has been done to cancel their own crimes, all ſupernumerary acts become a ſort of clear gain, which reſts entirely at their own diſpoſal. The canons of the church allow the tranſfer of this, with the ſame eaſe as any other ſpecies of alienable property. If a man die inteſtate, it naturally reverts to the church, and becomes a part of the eccleſiaſtical fund. This commerce, in paſt ages ſo productive to the proprietors, has ſuffered conſiderably in its revenues. A great

part of Europe, however, continues piouſly attached to the old traffic, and multitudes yet ſacrifice ſolid poſſeſſions for this imaginary property; convinced, it ſhould ſeem, that the exchange is decidedly in their favour.

LETTER VI.

Bruſſels, April 27, 1791.

THE gloom is diſſipated, the curtain is drawn up, and the gay orgies of pleaſure ſucceed to the melancholy ſolemnities of penance. The theatre is opened, the artificers reſume their occupations, and the circles of the faſhionable world their amuſements. If I read aright the countenances of thoſe who are emerged from religious auſterity to pleaſurable relaxation, they are not a little gratified by the change. The torrent of feſtivity, which is now opened, appears

appears to insinuate, that religious austerity has had its effect; that its devout subjects have amply cancelled all past guilt, and made, as it were, Heaven their creditor for future sins.

The theatre is under very bad management. The edifice itself is sufficiently large and commodious, but the scenery and the performers are much below mediocrity; though the enormous price paid for the boxes, which are engaged by particular persons, brings in a revenue fully adequate to its support. The society here is numerous and brilliant; regular evenings are appropriated to those ladies who lead the *ton*.

In addition to those which are established, and of ordinary recurrence, concerts and dances are occasionally given. An introduction once effected, and the regular ceremonies of etiquette performed, the whole field of amusement is opened, and wherever you hear mention of festivities, you are at liberty to participate them. The

Comteſſe de Choiſeul is at the head of theſe parties; at a very advanced period of life, ſhe poſſeſſes ſound health and hilarity of ſpirits. The duties and the pleaſures of life occupy the whole of her attention, and her time is divided between amuſement and devotion. The dignity of her age and ſtation, and the courteouſneſs of her manners, give her the higheſt importance in the faſhionable aſſemblies.

The modern champion of chivalry has expreſſed in terms of brilliant lamentation, his ſorrow for the extinction of the ancient gallantry of France. But this I aſſure you, that, however expatriated, and rooted from its native ſoil, gallantry flouriſhes here with increaſing vigour: and in no part of Europe, perhaps, is the empire of the fair ſex ſo firmly eſtabliſhed. All who would move in the ſphere of polite life, muſt paſs the ordeal of female ſcrutiny.

The "Ladies club," is by far the moſt brilliant ſociety here, and this club diſpoſes of

of the fates of every ſtranger, who ſolicits a part in the amuſements of the place. The ladies who compoſe it have their regular times of meeting, and of ſettling buſineſs. The ſtranger who ſues for initiation muſt in due form be propoſed; and, under the direction of the lady preſident, the club proceeds to a ballot. Nor is this always an ineffective form.

The club gave a ball lately at the hotel "Prince de Galles." Each female member has the privilege of introducing a gentleman for the evening, and it was in virtue of this privilege that I obtained admittance. The company were numerous, and exhibited a ſplendid ſhow of beauty and rank. The greater part was formed by the fugitive nobleſſe of France. Here were rallied the ſcattered members of the diſ-embodied phalanx; and, in defiance of decrees and ſpoliations, gave brilliancy and hilarity to the aſſembly.

LETTER VII.

Bruſſels, May 1, 1791.

POLITENESS is a term with all mankind of familiar and continual uſe; all ſuppoſe they underſtand it; and to requeſt a definition, would be to offer an affront. I had an opportunity a few evenings paſt, of ſeeing it exemplified, at leaſt in a manner very entertaining, by the Marquis de———, who has lately purchaſed an eſtate in the vicinity of Bruſſels, upon the excellence of which, he was enlarging to ſome Engliſh ladies—the convenience of his houſe, and the elegance of his gardens, in which he had exactly copied the Engliſh ſtile. He had ſtored his cellars with excellent wine, and nothing was wanting to his felicity, but the honour of their opinion upon the taſte and execution

execution of the whole. The ladies gave him to underſtand, that his deſcription had ſo faſcinated them, that they would certainly not loſe ſo fair an opportunity of being amuſed.

This was what the Marquis neither intended nor expected, yet the embarraſſment cauſed no viſible interruption of his converſation. Nothing could indeed charm him more than the honour the ladies intended him, but he muſt not at the ſame time neglect to inform them that his houſe had ſuffered conſiderably in the late tumults—his ground had been ravaged—his plantations deſtroyed—his cellars robbed—and, in a word, ſuch diſorders committed, that the preſent ſituation of his villa would not recompenſe the ladies for the trouble they would be at in viſiting him; and, concluding with a turn of pleaſantry and a handſome bow, left the room with an air "*par* "*faitement bien.*"

I was

I was forcibly ſtruck by the *addreſſe* with which the Marquis extricated himſelf from this delicate diſtreſs, without any ſymptom of alarm, or violation of gallantry. His advance and retreat were equally finiſhed in their kind; and we were compelled to acknowledge, that no man could make an offer with more politeneſs, than a Frenchman; and no man could relieve himſelf from the pain of fulfilling it, with a better grace.

LETTER VIII.

Bruſſels, April 29, 1791.

THERE is a philoſophy which can triumph over the accidents of life, which can ſmile in the face of the moſt calamitous events, and blunt the ſhafts of the moſt adverſe fortune. It is the philoſophy of the heart, and has no connection with the fabricated ſyſtems of the ſchools. No nation upon earth exemplify ſo ſtrongly the truth

truth of this maxim, nor give ſuch evidence of the operation of its principle, as the French. Expelled a country which gave them birth—diveſted of all that gave them importance—ſtript of their hereditary honours and patrimonial fortunes, they retain what gold or titles could never give, and what no decree can take away, "*la* "*gaieté de cœur*." Bruſſels, at this moment, proves an aſylum to almoſt all the expatriated nobleſſe of France. Every hour announces ſome new arrival, and hotels and promenades are thronged to exceſs.

The accumulated evils which purſue theſe ſplendid fugitives, the fatal diſlodgment they have experienced from the ſeats which their anceſtors had occupied for ages, and which the ſanction of government, the preſcription of time, and the temper of their vaſſals, ſeemed to augur eternal, would be ſufficient to depreſs a people leſs inſenſible of calamity. The morning is however occupied in councils, the evening in cards; the preſ-

sing exigencies of business have not weakened in them the thirst of pleasure; though plots, assassinations, and all the horrid machinations of defeated aristocracy fill the hours of cabal, they find no place in the circles of society. Counter revolutions fall before "*La bagatelle.*" No plots are agitated beyond intrigue; and no assassinations meditated but of time and spleen.

No man who mixes with the evening parties would imagine that the countenances he beholds on those occasions, are worn by men who are bankrupts in fortune and in title. The charms of song, the movements of the dance, and the evolutions of Faro equally interest the whole: the same gesture, the same volubility, the same enchanting vivacity animate the assemblies, that prevailed in days of better fortune.

The most vigilant observer would not discover a moment in which the memory of annihilated grandeur induces a transient gloom. If reports transpire of any new patriotic

patriotic ravages, an involuntary ſigh eſcapes, which is inſtantly replaced by returning gaiety; and neither air nor feature are ſuffered to betray the moſt diſtant ſymptoms of dejection or deſpair. An Engliſhman in ſimilar circumſtances would fly for refuge to ſolitude, perhaps to ſuicide.

The character of a Frenchman is to be found in his language. A *moderate* man can ſcarcely ſatisfy himſelf with the terms ſuited to the temper of his mind. All is exaggerated and exceſſive. If you attempt to be natural, you will yet be figurative; and can ſcarcely make yourſelf comprehended, without a metaphor.

Such is the tone of this language, that praiſe and blame, pleaſure and pain, joy and ſorrow, admit of no mediums. *Charmant* and *ſuperbe* is the leaſt you can ſay of what is recommended to your approbation: if you ſay leſs than *vilaine* of what you diſlike, you will be deemed phlegmatic;—if you are pleaſed, you muſt be *ravi*;—if you are

vexed, you muſt be *deſolé*;—if you are not in extacies, you muſt be *au deſeſpoir*. All theſe you may heighten by a thouſand arts, and you will do the language very little juſtice without theſe augmentatives. If *charmant* is not ſufficient, repeat it, and you will talk more like a Frenchman. There are a million little prefixes which you may employ to great advantage, *très*, *fort*, *infiniment*, &c. which ſerve to colour your ſenſations, and raiſe your expreſſions as far beyond nature as imagination extends.

The genius of the people accords exactly with their language. The moſt lively ſorrow or rapturous joy is excited by the moſt trivial incident: but lively ſenſations, like vivid colours, are not made for permanence. Thus the man endued with this temper of mind, will triumph over all the efforts of malice or misfortune. He is poſſeſſed of reſources, which will illumine the darkeſt ſcenes of miſery. He will combat with undiminiſhed confidence, though thouſands fall; and continue to hope, where all others would deſpair.

LETTER IX.

Bruſſels, April 30, 1791.

NATIONAL varieties form the grand ſource of entertainment to a traveller: nor is it of conſequence to him, whether the manners and cuſtoms of the people he viſits, claim any manifeſt ſuperiority over thoſe of his own country; it is ſufficient for the purpoſes of his curioſity that they *differ*. Novelty is the charm which commends them to his attention, and the merit of the difference is a ſubject of ſubſequent reflection.

A celebrated moral philoſopher has aſſigned three laws for the government of man, and as the rules of human conduct—the law of honour, the law of the land, and the divine law. Theſe are certainly very competent to the deciſion of any queſtion

in morals, but had he chosen to have been more universal, he might have added a fourth law—I mean, the law of etiquette; for the law of honour, in which some might suppose it included, only prohibits the perpetration of any act which would degrade the gentleman, or interrupt the offices of social harmony. This, therefore, applies only to the more prominent parts of conduct, and those actions which border upon morality. The law of etiquette confines itself wholly to those minutiæ of deportment, which have as little connection with morals as with physics. A word, a look, or a motion, contrary to etiquette, fixes upon you the stain of culpability. And then, though you had observed the other three with the spirit of a man, the fidelity of a citizen, and the virtue of a saint; you would stand no fairer chance of maintaining your rank in polished society, than a Hottentot. And so various are the character and sentiments of the people of different countries, that a man might

might as well attempt to find the reaſonings of Newton in the ſyſtem of Des Cartes, and deduce the doctrines of the Koran from the writings of Voltaire, as to determine from the general principles of politeſſe the maxims of national etiquette.

I was led to theſe reflections by a circumſtance which took place the evening of the ball given by the ladies club. An Engliſh gentleman, who had been introduced as a ſtranger, and whoſe ignorance of French etiquette might ſeem to plead his excuſe, was actually obſerved holding converſation with his partner when the dance was ended. Had ſhe been a married lady, this would have attracted no notice. The circumſtance would have been imputed to gallantry, or intrigue, in either of which caſes, the lady is ſubject to no authority, and the gentleman reſponſible to no tribunal—but that of her huſband. *He* is in all probability engaged in too many ſimilar intrigues, to find leiſure for ſo irkſome a buſineſs. Thus a *tête-a-tête* of this nature would neither have been

deemed criminal nor dangerous. But the lady was *unmarried*, and the extraordinary conduct of the gentleman was referred to the sudden influence of a soft attachment. The eyes of the company were upon him. "Le pauvre homme! il est amoureux," was circulated in whispers. This sudden passion filled up the chasm of conversation in the morning circles; and my friend, who had hitherto continued unsuspicious, was surprised the following evening, by finding the eyes of the company pointedly fixed upon him. He received with astonishment the congratulations of some, the condolences of others, and the assurances of all—that he was really in love. It was in vain that he denied the charge, and persisted against the existence of the passion; it was in vain that he urged the shortness of the conversation, and the innocence of its object; all were unanimous in deciding against him: and it was resolved *nem. con.* that when a gentleman holds conversation with an unmarried

married lady, love muſt be either the cauſe or the conſequence.

I ſhould perhaps intreat your indulgence, when I record thoſe trivial details. But though the bold and prominent lines of character are to be found in acts of higher importance; though heroiſm is moſt ſucceſsfully traced in the field, and ſagacity in the cabinet; manners are only to be deciphered in the leſſer incidents of ſocial intercourſe. It is the zephyr and the ſhower which diſcloſe the foliage of the roſe or the myrtle, though ſtorms and tempeſts may be neceſſary to prove the ſtrength of the oak or the cedar.

LETTER X.

THE park at Bruſſels is a very charming promenade. The walks are indeed for the moſt part ſtraight, cutting each other at right angles, and ornamented with ſtatues. There are, however, ſome varieties in thoſe walks, not uſual in continental gardens.

The buildings which face the park on each ſide, appear very magnificent from the different avenues. In addition to the amuſement of walking, you may retire into ſome rooms, which are to be found in the receſſes of the gardens, to drink *coffee*, *liqueurs*, &c. and read the papers of the day. The faſhionable people are to be ſeen upon the walks uſually from twelve to one, and mixed ranks of people in great numbers promenade here in the evening.

I have been to viſit a place in the environs of Bruſſels, which is eſteemed one of the moſt ſtriking beauties of the vicinity; it is the palace of the arch-ducheſs, and built of a beautiful ſtone. It merits well the eulogium that has been paſſed upon it. The apartments are large and well finiſhed, and the ſituation commands a very charming and extenſive proſpect. The grounds are, agreeable to the reigning faſhion on the continent, laid out à l'Angloiſe, and diſcover

cover ſome taſte. The furniture of the Palace, which is ſaid to be uncommonly elegant, was removed, in conſequence of the outrages committed during the late troubles. It is now about to be replaced, and the arch-ducheſs is daily expected to reſume her court at Bruſſels.

All the accounts I have received here, reſpecting the *dernier coup* of the revolutioniſts, are filled with the tragical horrors experienced by the inhabitants of Bruſſels and its environs. Public men and public meaſures were at firſt the ſole objects of the popular indignation; but upon the ill ſucceſs of the Brabanters, and the triumphs of the Auſtrians, the face of affairs changed, and private property fell a ſacrifice to the madneſs of the multitude. Abandoned by their leaders and purſued by their enemies, theſe unhappy wretches formed the deſperate reſolution of reſtoring their ruined hopes and fortunes by a general pillage. The ravages committed on this occaſion

were

were unparalleled in number and enormity. Not bounding their inſolence to the public roads and ſtreets, they entered private houſes, and committed all the outrageous acts of an unprincipled banditti. The entrance of the Auſtrian troops terminated thoſe depredations, and reſtored to the diſordered town the appearance of tranquillity.—I ſay, *the appearance*, for I cannot reconcile myſelf to the aſpect of a place in the ſituation of Bruſſels at this moment. The ſtern countenances of the huzzars, who are ſtationed in all poſſible avenues—who eye all our motions with the moſt ſavage jealouſy—and who are authorized to fire upon us at their diſcretion, ſtrike me with a horror which I ſhould ſcarcely have felt in the tumults which preceded their entrance.

The diſorders of a mob are hideous, yet if property is to be ſecured at the expence of liberty, and perſonal ſafety to be bartered for general protection, I cannot conceive the

the ſituation greatly meliorated. For my own part, I can as eaſily imagine miſery to prevail in a free government, as enjoyment to exiſt under the control of military law.

LETTER XI.

Bruſſels, May 2, 1791.

OUR reſolution is formed for quitting Bruſſels to-morrow, and entering upon the tour of Holland. I leave with regret this court of amuſement, though the objects which lie before me moſt warmly intereſt my curioſity. A traveller ſhould not long reſt at one place. He may reſide with ſafety the period neceſſary for obſervation; but if he paſs that limit, curioſity ripens into attachment: he ſtrikes his roots into the ſoil, and is not torn away without reluctance. A longer reſidence at Bruſſels might produce this effect.

If

If I have framed juſt ſentiments of the character of a modern Fleming, this people have ſuffered conſiderable degeneracy. In the higher ranks of life, the intercourſe of nations has very much aſſimilated the external characters of men, and the genuine traits of nature are only to be developed, where neither force nor faſhion have been employed to new-model or refine.

The opinions which I have eſtabliſhed, from my beſt inveſtigation, are very diſadvantageous to the preſent race. The moſt prominent features in their character are ignorance, dulneſs, and obſtinacy. A more provoking trio of evil properties cannot be imagined. It was our misfortune, in more than one inſtance, to be the victims of them. In the high road between Ghent and Bruſſels, we eſcaped by a miracle, from the accidental fracture of the ſhaft of the carriage, the conſequences of an overthrow. The alarm occaſioned by this cataſtrophe ſoon brought around us the

the boors of the adjoining village, who, with folded arms and vacant countenances, encircled the chaiſe, offering no aſſiſtance, and talking, as if each were emulous to out-croak his fellow in their horrid guttural jargon. At length the arrival of the poſt-maſter was announced. Scraps of cordage were immediately employed, and this expert veteran, having ended his job, bade the poſtilion lead forward. " Allez," ſaid he, and turning to me, " Soyez tranquilles " meſſieurs—tout ira bien, vous ne riſquerez " rien; J'en reponds." Theſe words were ſcarcely uttered, when every knot gave up its hold, with an exploſion which induced us to diſmount with all convenient ſpeed; the carriage was then dragged to the neareſt town, and put into the hands of a profeſſed artificer. It was difficult, among the multitude of workmen, to diſtinguiſh who was principal, not fewer than fifteen or twenty being employed in this paltry buſineſs. We ſoon perceived that this Herculean taſk ſurpaſſed

their talents, and urged to them the inefficiency of their contrivances; but our advice and directions were treated with equal contempt, and the consequence was, that the shaft broke from its hold before we had lost sight of the town.

The inhabitants of the Belgic provinces were always a brave and a hardy people, but never famed for quickness or penetration. The pillars of their fame are monuments rather of industry than of genius. They have acquired the praise of agricultural skill, for the patient labour which they bestowed upon the improvement of their marshy lands. Their tapestries were the admiration of Europe, before the reign of good taste commenced; and if their school of painters be excepted, they have, I believe, little else to boast. As to their moral qualities, they rank, if possible, still lower than their intellectual. Imposition and extortion circumvent you on all sides—no vigilance of your own will avail you;

you; and no magiſtrate will attend to your complaint. Againſt fraud and diſhoneſty there are no laws, or the laws have no energy. You even frequently become the victim of rapacity to the very organ of juſtice; and the man whom you would puniſh, is the judge to whom you muſt appeal.

LETTER XII.

Spa, May 17, 1791.

THE ſcenes which have intervened ſince my laſt, are ſo numerous, and their ſucceſſion ſo rapid, that I ſeem to have made a viſionary journey. In thirteen days we have deſcribed a courſe which might well have occupied thrice the number. Our route lay by Antwerp, where we paſſed the firſt day after quitting Bruſſels. No town has been more celebrated for its ſplendour and its importance than

Antwerp. Entering it with expectations raiſed to no common height, my diſappointment was proportionably ſevere. Its buildings are, indeed, formed upon a bold model, and exhibit fine ſpeciments of ancient architecture.

The church of Nôtre Dame is a cabinet of rare workmanſhip and exquiſite paintings. It has not the poliſhed elegance of St. Bavon at Ghent, but it is in my opinion more majeſtic and venerable. The grand altar piece by Rubens, however, made me regard all other objects with comparative indifference. This celebrated painting is a deſcent from the croſs, and poſſeſſes an energy, a beauty, and an expreſſion, which entitle it to rank with the firſt productions of this maſter. I believe it is generally allowed of this painting, that it has the united excellencies of deſign and colouring in a very eminent degree, and connoiſſeurs give it a place in the higheſt claſs of crucifixion pieces.

The

The churches and convents are so numerous at Antwerp, that no one but an amateur of the fine arts, of the most exhaustless patience, could attend to a particular investigation of the whole. For my own part, I could scarcely resolve upon undertaking the routine, such a melancholy aspect clouded the face of every thing—the streets appeared depopulated—the best houses cleared of the inhabitants—neither the bustle of trade, nor the rattle of amusement, were to be heard. The channel of commerce has been diverted, and pleasure flown to other climes: six thousand Austrian troops were in possession of this town, the fanaticism and violence of which made so conspicuous a figure in the late Belgic revolution. Though Leopold's clemency passed an act of amnesty and oblivion, numbers refused to return, either from obstinacy or distrust.

We went to the theatre in the evening, which exhibited a melancholy picture of

deſertion. The only amuſement which attracts at preſent, is derived from the evolutions of the parade, which are performed in the Place de Mer. Here you may obſerve a motley aſſemblage, of which Abbés compoſe the greater part, ranged on the ſeveral ſides, and with folded arms ſeeking ſome occupation for the heavy hours. Scarcely any proviſions are to be purchaſed in the town, and the ſmall market which has ſurvived holds up a price beyond the capacities of all but the rich.

The ſtorm, though huſhed, is not diſſipated. Many unquiet ſpirits remain, whom neither force nor favour have yet ſubdued. Secret combinations ſtill exiſt; the cap of liberty is occaſionally exhibited, and the name of VANDERNOODT devoutly invoked. A convivial meeting had, ſome few evenings paſt, expanded the hearts of ſome old rebels; and the orgies of Bacchus having rekindled the flames of freedom, this ſally of intemperance was not terminated without

without the intervention of the military. Dangers more ſerious may be apprehended from the ambition of the Pruſſian court, which will doubtleſs loſe no opportunity of re-animating the Belgic diſcontents; nor is it quite clear that the Houſe of Orange will hold itſelf bound by the faith of the laſt treaty to continue neuter.

The manœuvres of the Houſe of Brandenburg are generally known in the late revolution, and the negotiations of Vandernoodt with the Houſe of Orange have not loſt their impreſſion. The fate of Belgia is not yet decided, and Leopold holds on a very unſure tenure this part of his dominions.

The general temper of the people may be inferred from the general aſpect of the country, in which nothing is to be read but dejection or diſcontent. Were the overtures of the Emperor cordially embraced, cheerfulneſs would have relumined the countenance; induſtry and amuſement would have been proſecuted as uſual, and

every thing ere now have recovered its tone. But, when all ſtagnates—when trade has no vigour, and pleaſure no attraction—a juſt foundation exiſts for ſuſpicion, that the wound is not yet healed; – that though quelled by terror, the ſpirit of ſedition yet rages in ſecret; and only wants a favourable moment for breaking forth with aggravated fury.

LETTER XIII.

ANTWERP is one among thoſe numerous cities which have experienced the viciſſitudes of fortune. For near two centuries it aſtoniſhed Europe by the magnitude of its riches, and the extent of its commerce. Equally celebrated for the arts of war and peace, it ſuſtained with firmneſs the attacks of its enemies. The obſtinate reſiſtance made by this city to the Duke of Parma, and the ten months ſiege

it ſuſtained in 1585, form a very honourable part of its hiſtory. In common with the other Belgic towns, it has repeatedly changed its maſters, and been repeatedly the ſubject of war and pillage. Rubens and Vandyke, Cramage, Plantin, and Muretus, are among the number of thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed Antwerp as a mother of the fine arts, and a nurſe of literature.

Weakened by ſucceſſive aſſaults from its neighbours, and its tyrants, Antwerp experienced its laſt and moſt deciſive blow from the Hollanders, by the treaty of Munſter. This treaty, conſigning to Holland the excluſive navigation of the Scheld, cut off the reſources of commercial wealth, and precipitated the declining grandeur of this ancient city, the gloomy and deſerted edifices of which ſtill remain the monuments of its paſt ſplendour. One *trait* which ever diſtinguiſhed this city, is ſtill to be found in its decayed and fallen ſtate. Fanaticiſm has ſuffered no diminution, nor

have any of thoſe rude aſſaults which ſubverted its wealth and its commerce, weakened or impaired its rooted attachment to the Catholic faith.

No place in Europe is ſo immediately under the influence of every religious abſurdity. All the long ſeries of monkiſh iniquities has not convinced theſe people of the poſſibility of error in eccleſiaſtics; and their conſciences, their faith, and their purſes, are ſtill at the diſpoſal of prieſts and prelates. The late revolution owed much of its energy to the religious prejudices of this deluded people; and Antwerp and Malines diſcovered the genuine fury of fanaticiſm. The notorious Van Eupen, who acted ſo principal a part in that political drama, was originally a canon of this place; and if we may credit the intelligence received in thoſe parts, and the univerſal tone of the writings of that time, his hiſtory is not greatly to the credit of eccleſiaſtical purity. In the capacity of Grand

Penitentiary, to which he was exalted by the liberal patronage of the Biſhop of Antwerp, his province comprehended all ſpiritual juriſdiction over the numerous inhabitants of this great ſee. All caſes of conſcience, doubts of faith, and religious embarraſſments, came under his review, and were determined by his deciſions. The duties of his office introduced him into the cloſets of all, and the illapſes of the ſpirit were ſometimes made ſubſervient to the impulſes of the fleſh. * * * * *

Such was the man who moved the principal ſprings in thoſe tumults, which ſo lately ſhook the Belgic ſtates. Vandernoodt, though foremoſt in name, was but the organ of this arch-politician; who, expatriated by crimes which inſult heaven and earth, had no hope of recovering his forfeited fortunes, but by entering his country ſword in hand. To compaſs his re-eſtabliſhment, he practiſed all the arts of political hypocriſy. He is naturally cool, ſubtle, and enterpriſing—

under the garb of ſanctity, he has a heart capable of any crime. Patriotiſm was the lure he held out, and by his addreſs he contrived to obtain credit, till he was detected in embroiling, by inſidious artifices, the ſeveral parties of the ſtate; aſperſing by his emiſſaries the intentions of thoſe, who from principle eſpouſed the cauſe of the Belgians—covering with the mantle of religion the machinations of rebellion;—and labouring to eſtabliſh the empire of the church and the nobleſſe, upon the blended ruins of imperial authority and democratic freedom. The conciliatory meaſures of Leopold were very ill calculated to ſerve the ends of this arch-hypocrite. He therefore employed every ſiniſter engine to prevent a union. The reconciliation which took place between the contending parties defeated his deſigns of perſonal aggrandizement, and compelled him to fly from juſtice into ſome diſtant clime, where his hypocriſy may hereafter play a more ſucceſsful game upon the credulity of mankind.

LETTER XIV.

WE took the route by Breda into Holland, and for a few leagues rolled along a good *pavée*, and then entered upon a road, which, had we not actually paſſed it, might very fairly have been deemed impaſſable. A deep ſand formed the ſoil, elevated into mounds on one ſide, ſunk into hollow pits on the other, and in many places completely buried in water of conſiderable extent; every ſtep the horſes took required great exertion, and their utmoſt efforts could never accelerate them beyond a foot-pace. It was near ten o'clock when we entered Breda, and it was fortunate for us that the gates do not finally cloſe before that time.

All the country between Antwerp and Breda, for many miles, exhibits a melancholy

choly ſcene—vaſt wilds and deſerts which ſeem to defy the hand of culture, and upon which the moſt laborious induſtry would operate in vain. The lateneſs of the evening concealed from our view the change of country which takes place as you approach Breda, which is a neat and well fortified town.

We experienced a very ſtriking change in every object around us; the houſes and ſtreets had neither the awkwardneſs nor the filthineſs of the Brabant towns. An air of eaſe, vivacity, and content pervaded the countenances of all—the ſoldiers wore a leſs hoſtile aſpect—neither folded arms nor ſauntering paces were to be ſeen; activity, vigour, and induſtry ſeemed to prevail; and each appeared emulous to perform the duties of his occupation.

Breda may claim no inconſiderable merit from the public places which adorn it. The palace of the Prince of Orange is delightfully ſituated, and the gardens which ſurround

round it are a great ornament to the town. The church of the Proteſtants is a very noble edifice—it is hung with eſcutcheons, which diffuſe a gloom around the ſacred walls, and are but an indifferent ſucce-daneum to the maſterly paintings which fill the Romiſh churches. The monuments which are raiſed againſt the walls in the Engliſh churches oftener deface than adorn the buildings; but the numerous eſcutcheons which inveſt the walls of the beſt churches in Holland give them more the air of mauſoleums, than of places of worſhip. There is a very ancient tomb of marble in one of the receſſes, now crumbling into ruins. What remains is however a curious monument of early taſte and primitive ſculpture.

Breda was diſtinguiſhed as the head-quarters of the late revolutionary intrigues. It was here that the firſt committee was formed under the joint conduct of Vander-

noodt

noodt and Van Eupen. This committee, at which the factious nobles of Brabant attended, declared Vander-Merſch general of the troops which they reſolved to raiſe; and publiſhed a manifeſto, dated at Hoogſtraten, in the name of the people of Brabant. This manifeſto was, by a decree of the Auſtrian government, deſtroyed at Bruſſels, and ſeveral members of the ſecret committee taken into cuſtody. Three thouſand inſurgents upon this attacked and captured the forts of Lillo and Liefhenſhoek. This was the firſt blow ſtruck by them, and the government diſtracted by internal diviſions now loſt all energy. The defeat of Chroeder at Turnhout ſoon followed, which gave ſpirit to the revolutioniſts, and excited the higheſt alarm at the court of Bruſſels. The entry of the rebels into Ghent, and the diſhonourable retreat of D'Arbers with his four thouſand troops, gave to the revolution a force and a reſpecta-

reſpectability, which proſelyted thoſe who, averſe to its principle, would yet profit from its ſucceſs.

The impolitic meaſure of concluding an armiſtice at Tirlemont by D'Alton, at the head of an army fully competent to annihilate the rebels, was the finiſhing ſtroke of this ill-judging infatuated miniſtry. The armiſtice opened a channel for communication between the regular troops and the vagrant rebels; and the glow of patriotiſm being thus diſſeminated, not leſs than 500 men deſerted at once—filling the air with the moſt outrageous ſhouts of liberty and revolution. Theſe were of the regiment of Murray; their example operated upon others---deſertions took place from all quarters, and every part of Bruſſels reſounded with the popular cry of "Vivent "les Patriotes! Au Diable les Royaliſtes!" This was ſhortly after ſucceeded by the departure of the Auſtrian troops from Bruſſels, which Vandernoodt on the 18th December

cember 1789 entered with all the triumphal honours of a proud victor; was hailed with the loudeſt acclamations as the ſubverter of tyranny, and the author of Belgic independence.

I muſt entreat your pardon for the frequent reflections with which I trouble you on the Belgic affairs. Every part of Brabant bears the veſtiges of the late commotions, and intereſts by its melancholy aſpect our pity and indignation. The court of Berlin had doubtleſs ſome objects of profound policy to compaſs in fomenting the diſcontents of the Belgians againſt the Auſtrian government. The transfer of the Belgic provinces to the Pruſſian ſovereignty would have furniſhed that power with a vaſt aſcendant, and enabled it to aſſume a tone with the Emperor very much to the advantage of its authority. Holland, ever attentive to the main point, contemplated with a feeling beyond indifference the apprehended diſunion of the Belgic ſtates from the Auſtrian government---

ment—regardleſs who ſways the ſceptre, provided they occupy the market, theſe prudent ſpeculators promiſed themſelves an augmentation of their commercial advantages. This is the notorious object of Dutch intrigue, and their neighbours, who experience its effects, were not at a loſs to account for the ſecret fuel added to the flames of rebellion. "Le ſeul avantage "qu'ils en veulent tirer," ſaid the Brabanters; "c'eſt de vendre aux Belges "de mauvaiſes munitions a très-haut "prix."

LETTER XV.

HOLLAND is certainly a very convenient country to travel through, provided a man will make up his mind to diſpenſe with the ſplendour of equipage. All the roads which communicate with its environs are intolerably bad, but a carriage of the country will roll over them without difficulty, yet not always without alarm to the traveller. Had we availed ourſelves of the precaution given before we quitted Bruſſels, of leaving our carriage at Antwerp, we ſhould have experienced leſs difficulty in paſſing the moor between that place and Breda. The grand advantage in making the tour of Holland ariſes from the canals which pierce the country, and form an agreeable mode of communication between the ſeveral places.

We

We had been led into an error by the inſtructions furniſhed us at Breda, and had entered a veſſel for Rotterdam, which we ſoon found ill-adapted for the conveyance of paſſengers. Our ſituation in it became irkſome—the veſſel was dirty—the cabin filled with children. The air without was extremely cold, and the Captain could only reply to our complaints in a language we did not underſtand. Theſe diſagreeables, added to the apprehenſions of a long paſſage, the wind blowing hard and contrary, induced us to form a reſolution of abandoning the veſſel the firſt opportunity, and trying our fortune by land.

Shortly after our forming this determination the veſſel came to a mooring in the vicinity of ſome few houſes, from which we promiſed ourſelves information reſpecting the route to Rotterdam by land. We diſembarked, to reconnoitre; and after many fruitleſs experiments, had the good fortune to diſcover a ſchool-maſter, who underſtanding French, ac-

quainted us with the particulars which we wiſhed to learn.

Inſtructed by him that we could procure a cabriolet in the adjacent village, we returned to the veſſel, in order to ſettle with our Captain. It was a work of no ſmall difficulty to make him comprehend our intentions. We endeavoured, by ſigns, to teſtify that we were completely *ennuied* of this mode of travelling. Every motion we made embarraſſed him, till paying him the whole fare of our paſſage, we threw our luggage over our ſhoulders, and left him to meditate on the ſingularity of our conduct, at which he had little reaſon to repine. By the good offices of the village ſchool-maſter we obtained a carriage, and traverſed upon a wretched road, through the moſt wild, ſwampy, and deſert country, for more than a league and a half. In our driver we had the firſt picture of a real Dutchman. In his figure he was ſhort, with broad hips, and ſpherical ſhoulders: his features were ſharp,

yet ſteady—a two-inch pipe iſſued from his mouth, and completed his profile.

One of the *agrémens* of travelling in theſe cabriolets, which are the only carriages that can run over the heavy roads, is, that if the wind ſhould ſet againſt you, it always comes ſtrongly impregnated with tobacco. It was our fate, whenever we travelled in thoſe carriages, to receive the incenſe which thoſe amateurs of the pipe are conſtantly offering to thoſe who ſit behind them. Our ſituation reminded me of the inhabitants of the upper regions, who are uſually repreſented as riding in cabriolets, inveſted with circumambient clouds.

By eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the extreme limit of our journey by land. Mynheer transferred us to the *commiſſaire*, who was to anſwer for our conveyance over the Bieſbock, uſually ſtiled the Moerdyke. There are no harlequins in Holland. There may be ſuch a thing as *diſpatch*, in the warehouſes and manufactures; but I queſtion if the language con-

tains an expreſſion ſynonimous to the Engliſh word *haſte*.

All I mean by this, is, that though the evening was ſo far advanced, and we had ſo much water to croſs, theſe ſteady-pacing wights would not accelerate their movements in arranging the few preliminaries neceſſary to embarkation. At length we entered the boat, and caught a breeze, which continued in our favour but a ſhort time; then veered and blew a head, and in the third and laſt place ſunk into a dead calm. Night had now thrown a gloomy veil over heaven and earth—a pale and ill-formed moon afforded a few faint glimmerings, which opened our eyes to the tracks which ſurrounded us. A mighty waſte of water, whoſe boundaries were only to be diſcerned on one ſide, preſented a moſt chilling ſcene; and the deſolate ſwamps, which ſurrounded it, ſcarcely wore a leſs melancholy aſpect. A man and a boy were all who compoſed the crew of the veſſel conveying us over this

melancholy lake. We were barbarians to each other: we could neither animate them to activity, nor queſtion them of our danger. How often have I deplored in my tour through this country, the fatal ambition of thoſe proud architects, who, by their raſh deſigns upon heaven, provoked the diviſion of tongues, and the annihilation of univerſal language.

Not to aggravate our perils by water, I ſhall remark that all was perfectly calm—that, if you except the extreme cold that prevailed, the little proſpect of coming to an anchor in any reaſonable time, the apprehenſion natural to a ſituation of the moſt dreary deſcription, at the mercy, and under the direction of two ſtrangers, whom we could neither ſoften by promiſes, nor alarm by threats; if you except theſe, and ſome trifling concomitant inconveniences, we encountered no evil of moment. But I muſt tell you, that our perils, which appeared at their zenith on the water, were conſiderably

augmented when we gained the land; for, wearied with their exertions, our conductors brought us to a mooring, which ſuited their convenience, but was very little to our accommodation. No veſtige of a houſe, or habitable ſpot, appeared. Our guides pointed to us that we were to uſe our feet; and one preceding, and one bringing up the rear, we traverſed a region of the moſt doleful appearance. Like the fiend that bewilders the lorn traveller, our pilot carried us over marſhes and fens, where we could with difficulty find ground ſufficiently firm to bear our feet.

The facility with which our leader ſurmounted thoſe embarraſſments, was an aggravation of our diſtreſs. It was important to our ſafety that we kept cloſe: we could not check him, becauſe we could not explain; and ſome part of the track over which he hurried us, was piled into heaps of ſwaſhy clay, and, at numerous intervals, divided by ſtreams that broke from the adjoining

joining canal. At length a gleam of light darted upon us, and preſſing with anxious exertion we arrived at a *cabaret*, where it was deſtined we ſhould paſs the remainder of the night.

If you tell me that I have drawn a melancholy picture of theſe pigmy perils, I aſſure you that they appeared to us in gigantic forms. Though I guarded you againſt the expectation of prodigious events, I did not intend to encounter danger, or combat terrors, without making you a party in our adventures. If it ſuit the mournful temper of your ſoul, you may commiſerate our painful ſenſations. If, on the contrary, this finds you in the moment of gaiety, you are welcome to laugh at our embarraſſments, provided you triumph in our ſucceſs,

LETTER XVI.

THE Dutch are repreſented as very trickiſh and impoſing. This character applies in the great towns, but I have a better opinion of the villagers. They have all the marks of honeſty, and certainly all the *agrémens* of cleanlineſs. An old woman opened the door to us, after having ſatisfied herſelf by queſtions to our guides of our good intentions. She conducted us into a chamber, which, from its ſituation, I ſhould rather ſtyle a cellar. We were thoroughly wetted by, what an Hibernian alone would call, our land expedition; and a very few ſigns made the old matron comprehend that we wiſhed for a fire, which, by her induſtrious attentions, ſoon blazed before us. She

She then opened, what appeared to us, a cupboard-door, full three feet from the ground;—when a voice from within addreſſed us in French. We held a ſhort dialogue, in which the inviſible perſon engaged to furniſh us a carriage in the morning, when, wiſhing us a good night, the old woman cloſed the door upon him.

The Dutch are very induſtrious, and riſe very early—men of all ranks drink coffee in great abundance. The labourers ſip their coffee before they go out to their toils, and appear to eat very little. This may, in all probability, be owing to the quantities of ſpirits which they are accuſtomed to ſwallow. I have repeatedly ſeen the moſt robuſt men taking their morning's meal, previous to the fatigues of the field, and this has conſiſted in two or three cups of weak coffee, a glaſs or two of Hollands—then the pipe is kindled, and with *one*, ſcarcely ſquare inch of bread, theſe laborious hinds are equipped for the moſt ſturdy ſervices. Our old hoſteſs had

kindled

kindled a fire, and boiled our coffee by five o'clock; and notwithſtanding the late hour at which we entered, all were up and active, and by ſix o'clock we were ſeated in a cabriolet, and took leave of this curious company.

A great change of ſcenery takes place as you proceed to Rotterdam. The country is ſtill open, but leſs deformed with wild waſtes, or marſhy grounds. The roads alſo improve, and you have an agreeable variety of villages and rivers. The Old Maeſe, which we firſt paſſed, exhibited a noble view. This is navigable for veſſels of conſiderable burden. Numbers of theſe were lying in the river, and gave a very commercial appearance to the country. Our route after this lay through ſome villages, whoſe extreme neatneſs attracted our particular attention. Nothing can equal the purity of theſe cottages. The exceſſive labour they beſtow on every article of the moſt minute importance, leaves nothing to offend the

eye,

eye, and gives the humbleſt cot that air of elegant ſimplicity which palaces do not always poſſeſs.

Rotterdam is a fine object for many miles before you reach it. The country is quite open, and the road purſues a very ſerpentine courſe, which gives you ſufficient time to meditate on the ſingular beauties of that celebrated city. Rotterdam will ſtrike the traveller with wonder; perhaps no town in Europe poſſeſſes objects ſo expreſſive of commercial importance. The canals are numerous and large; crouded with veſſels in all parts, and covered with numerous draw-bridges, they exhibit a magnificent ſcene. All theſe canals are bordered with trees and *promenades*. Wherever the eye turns, objects of commercial grandeur ſtrike it with aſtoniſhment. The public buildings are all conſecrated to the ſame purpoſes. The churches are heavy and taſteleſs. There are cabinets of paintings in the poſſeſſion of ſome private individuals; but the only public

lic monument of letters and the fine arts, is a ſtatue to the memory of Eraſmus, who was a native of this place, and among the few luminaries of ſcience which this country has produced. The artiſt has inſpired the countenance with wonderfully fine intelligence.

The different degrees of zeal with which the memory of Eraſmus was cheriſhed, beſpoke in paſt times a growing taſte for literature. The ſtatue firſt raiſed in honour of this great ſcholar, A. D. 1540, was of wood. Seventeen years refined their feelings, and bluſhing for the little reſpect they had ſhewn to the memory of the man who had immortalized their city, the ſtatue of *wood* was exchanged for a ſtatue of *ſtone*. A ſucceeding age, emulous of its predeceſſors, gave to the Apotheoſis of Eraſmus the laſt touch, and raiſed this ſtatue of *bronze*. Doubtleſs this œconomical people had at the firſt well calculated the extent of the future expenditure, if literary characters

ſhould

ſhould abound in the republic; but finding this ſwampy ſoil unpropitious to genius, and productive only of dull commentators and ſombrous logicians, they converted the image of *wood* into a ſtatue of *ſtone*, without riſquing, in conſequence of this precedent, any material diminution of the public revenue. In the ſixty-five years which ſucceeded, no rival Eraſmuſes yet appearing, the utmoſt extravagance of civic honours was exhauſted upon him, and a ſtatue of *bronze* erected, all apprehenſion of future claim being at length entirely diſſipated.

LETTER XVII.

WHAT Rome is to the antiquary, and Florence to the connoiſſeur, that is Rotterdam to the merchant. The manœuvres of a Pruſſian army are grand and ſtriking; but the ſtrength there diſplayed excites reflections,

reflections, at which the heart revolts. When the olive is exchanged for the laurel, though the eye may be dazzled with military ſplendor, the heart ſickens with grief. Commerce is the only art of national aggrandizement which reaſon ſanctions, and humanity approves. This increaſes the ſtrength, and extends the limits of an empire, without abridging the liberties, or ſhedding the blood of mankind.

Regarded in this view Rotterdam claims a diſtinguiſhed rank among the objects of curioſity. Streets, markets, and quays, are crouded with the ſons of active induſtry. Every coffee-houſe is a *bourſe*, and all the ſociety that is there cultivated, refers to bargains, transfers, and contracts. Here are no theatres, but warehouſes; no routs, but on the Change; no amuſements, but counting of gains. They have little deference for a ſtranger, particularly if he appears to take no intereſt in their commercial tranſactions. You may dine in company

company with them, yet ſcarcely obtain the interchange of a minute's converſation: this being with them uſually taken up by topics of infinitely higher moment, than thoſe which the vague curioſity of a traveller would ſtart. Their language, it muſt be owned, ſeems formed for them, and they for their language. Rude, harſh, and guttural—it never was intended for the polite intercourſe of ſociety, nor the ſoft effuſions of an amorous paſſion. But gallantry and politeneſs are playthings to tare and trett; and all the courtly graces of language are baubles, compared with thoſe ſinewy terms that tie and untie with effect the knots of trade.

We ſoon ſatisfied ourſelves with the rarities of Rotterdam, and as we did not enter feelingly into the ſublime ſpeculations of theſe, we could not help regretting the dearth of public entertainments. The objects which ſtruck us at firſt, ſoon loſt their energy. Familiarized in a few hours to their

their canals and their warehouſes, we panted to find ſome new ſcene; and parting from this mart of traffic, this depoſitary of commercial wealth, we entered a paſſage-boat at the cloſe of the Saturday evening, and made the beſt of our way to the Hague.

LETTER XVIII.

THE lateneſs of the evening obliged us to paſs between Rotterdam and the Hague, more rapidly than we wiſhed. On our way we ſcarcely ſtopped at Delft, which is a pretty town of no great extent, but diſtinguiſhed by two churches, in one of which is the monument raiſed to the memory of the famous Admiral Van Tromp. The china manufacture has been long celebrated throughout Europe, and ſtill preſerves its vigor and reputation. The town is charmingly ſituated, and the canal runs by it.

We

We quitted the barge at Delft, and took carriage, in order to reach the Hague before the gates ſhould ſhut. Here a new ſcene opened upon us. The Hague exhibits a ſtriking contraſt to Rotterdam. It is a town built in a ſtile of uncommon elegance, with all the air of faſhionable reſidence. It has not the buſtle, the population, nor the crouded objects of Rotterdam, yet it has the aſpect of cheerfulneſs, and combines the vivacity of trade with the poliſh of pleaſure. The *promenade* towards Scheveling is one of the fineſt things in Holland, and perhaps in Europe. It extends more than two Engliſh miles in length, and is kept in the moſt delightful order. The village at Scheveling, which terminates it, forms a very agreeable boundary, and the ocean riſing above the land cloſes the viſta, and gives to the whole a wonderful ſublimity. Scheveling is a fiſhing town, and is ſituated on a fine ſand—the view of the ſea from this ſand is beautiful and extenſive. As to the

gardens of Count Bentinck and other *maiſons de plaiſance*, they are certainly curioſities in Holland, where the moſt uncouth diſtribution of grounds prevails, but merit little the attention of an Engliſh traveller, who will have ſeen in his own country more taſte diſplayed in the green which ſurrounds the cottage, than in the moſt admired villas * of Holland.

When I remarked that the houſes were built in a ſtile of elegance and grandeur, I did not mean to applaud the taſte of the architects, as many of them wear a heavy and ſombrous aſpect; but the general effect is ſtriking. The palace of the Stadtholder is more celebrated for the paintings and cabinets which adorn it within, than the face it exhibits without. The churches are ſpacious, but not numerous: the whole town poſſeſſes but *three;* of which one is the church of the reformed,

* Mr. Hope's manſion at Haerlem is a known exception to this general character.

the

the ſecond the Lutheran, and the third Romiſh. The firſt is the handſomeſt, and was, at the time I ſaw it, filled with a ſplendid audience. The preachers here preſerve thoſe immenſe wigs, which in England ornament only the heads of the judges. Thus accoutred, and with only a ſmall bible before them, they wear a very oratorical appearance—reſort to an action by no means ungraceful, and appear animated and energetic. The ſtill ſilence which prevailed throughout the hallowed edifice, convinced me that the impreſſive ardor of the preacher was not without its deſired effect.

We were fortunate in being at the Hague during the fair. This began on the Sunday afternoon, agreeable to the practice in theſe countries, which, if it does not enjoin Sunday as the beginning, uſually includes it within the number. This fair may poſſibly have given us a more cheerful idea of this place, than it would ordinarily excite. Theatres, reviews, public breakfaſts, and every

ſpecies of amuſement, took place; all the public roads were filled with carriages, paſſing and repaſſing, and the ſtreets were crouded with puppet-ſhews, mountebanks, and wild beaſts. What amuſed me beyond other novelties, was the ſingular dreſs of the Dutch girls. Any one would have imagined, that the figures which appeared on theſe occaſions were maſques, or deſigned as caricatures; but the numbers which crouded all the public ways, and the winning airs they affected, convinced me, that nothing but my want of taſte reſiſted the influence of ſuch ſingular attractions. Imagine a ſhort figure, with more breadth than goes to the proportion of elegance, and with very little alteration in the width downwards to the waiſt, the petticoats deſcending half way only below the knee.—Imagine further, a round face, uſually ſmall, covered with a hat of near three feet in diameter, perfectly circular, and applied to the head in a part contiguous to the cir-

cumference. You will readily perceive, that the hat, thus diſpoſed, will project before the face, nearly the ſpace of the whole diameter, touching the head, agreeably to the property of ſpheres, only in one point. Now you have nothing to do but to conceive a number of theſe figures in motion, brandiſhing their horizontal hats, rolling their diminutive eyes, and affecting a thouſand ridiculous graces, under cover of this extenſive canopy. The *tout enſemble* brought to my recollection thoſe ſculptural vagaries, in which a human figure is often made the prop of a cathedral ſeat, the ſupport of a wainſcot pulpit, or the ſtand of a mahogany table. If you deem my obſervations ſomewhat ſatirical, I muſt, in my own vindication, ſay, that this is a country in which few objects are to be found for panegyric or applauſe. The ſingularity of its ſituation, and the extent of its commerce, are almoſt the only topics on which curioſity would dwell, without terminating in cenſure: and

our daily obſervation evinces, that a nation, great in the arts of commerce, and poſſeſſed of all the reſources of ſplendor and affluence, may yet be ignorant of the arts of refinement, and yield to nations leſs important, and leſs opulent, in the more faſcinating attainments of elegance and good taſte.

LETTER XIX.

THE paſſage by water from the Hague to Amſterdam exhibits ſome pleaſant ſcenery, and the boats are under ſo dextrous management, that you never travel ſlower than four miles an hour. They will pretend to greater ſpeed, but I never found the motion exceed this. People are uſually counſelled to engage the *ruffle*, which is the name diſtinguiſhing the beſt cabbin; and for thoſe who are averſe to mixing with a promiſcuous ſociety, and have a decided antipathy to ſmoke, it is certainly a very wiſe precau-

precaution. Motives of curiosity always determined us to prefer the opposite measure; and we had many opportunities, by this means, of commenting upon the manners of this singular people.

Every man who enters the boat, whatever be his condition, either brings a pipe in his mouth or his hand. A slight touch of the hat, upon entering the cabbin, franks him for the whole time of his stay; and the laws of etiquette allow him to smoke in silence to the end of the passage. We see, as at a meeting of quakers, fixed features and changeless postures; the whole visage mysterious, and solemn, but betraying, it must be confessed, more of absence than intelligence. Hours will pass, and no mouth expand, but to whiff the smoke; nor any limb be put in motion, except to rekindle the pipe. The *coutume* of those societies, in the liberal use of the *crachoir*, does not preserve that attention to delicacy which some constitutions would require.

On our way to Amſterdam we had an opportunity of taking a tranſient view of Leyden, and of Haerlem. The Dutch towns have ſo cloſe a reſemblance to each other, in their canals, their bridges, and their buildings, that a traveller's curioſity is ſoon ſatiated. The univerſity of Leyden owes its celebrity more to the talents of its profeſſors, than the ſplendor or magnitude of its edifices. The oil painting by Jean de Leyde, is the only attraction which the Hotel-de-Ville poſſeſſes. Haerlem boaſts Laurentius Coſter, one of the inventors of printing, as a native. The great church, and the ſuperb organ which it contains, are known throughout Europe.

A ſhort time ſuffices to examine all the objects of curioſity in thoſe towns, which are a perpetual repetition of the firſt impreſſion. The banks of the canals are ornamented with various gardens and pleaſure grounds, which the maſters of the veſſels are induſtrious to diſplay. I ſhall ſuſpend my

my obſervations upon this claſs of curioſities till a future occaſion. The firſt coup-d'œil, as we approched Amſterdam, was ſingular. I counted between 70 and 80 windmills, as we were coming down the canal. A grander object ſoon preſented itſelf—the harbour crouded with veſſels, and exhibiting all the apparatus of commercial opulence.

We entered this city at the cloſe of the evening, and took up our quarters at Young's Hotel, which is uſually eſteemed the beſt, but for ſituation and convenience does little credit to a city of ſuch magnitude.

I ſhall indulge you with the privilege of recreating your ſpirits, and recovering from the *ennui* which this unintereſting recital muſt have occaſioned, before I venture my remarks upon Amſterdam. If the paſſage has appeared dull and heavy in the relation, I aſſure you it was not leſs ſo in the performance. The equable motion of the barge,

barge, the uniform ſolemnity of our ſociety, and the unvaried face of the country, gave birth to a ſombrous depreſſion, diſſipated only by the change of ſcene, which took place in the great and populous town of Amſterdam. We quickly perceived, that Amſterdam had few attractions for *delicate* curioſity. Amuſement, however, we could not fail to derive from the novel ſcenes it incloſed, though they were uſually deformed by ſome offenſive appendages: ſatisfaction was, in moſt inſtances, lowered by diſguſt, and one ſenſe generally gratified at the expence of another.

LETTER XX.

THE city of Amſterdam is renowned throughout Europe for its population, its traffic, and its opulence. Nothing can equal the grandeur of its port, which is thronged

thronged with veſſels of all magnitudes. Wherever the eye ranges, maſts and ſails appear, covering the whole ſphere of viſion, and exhibiting the proud triumphs of commercial enterprize. It is contended of this harbour, that it wants depth; and that veſſels of great burden, which enter the Texel, are reduced to numerous inconveniences: yet the toiling induſtry, and the perſevering talents of this laborious people, have baffled all the oppoſition, and ſurmounted all the difficulties of nature and ſituation. They have ſtripped the ſurrounding nations of their reſources, and concentrated the rays of commerce in their own republic. Not content with barricadoeing their realms againſt the rude aſſaults of Neptune, carrying off his waves by artificial channels, and preſerving, by daily efforts, their empire from diluvian deſtruction—they have ſought a good beyond the narrow pittance which their chill and cheerleſs ſoil produces, have emulated the greateſt powers in navigating the ocean,

and in importing from diſtant parts of the globe the luxuries of happier climes.

While I viewed this harbour, and ruminated on the ſucceſſive advances of this people to the higheſt pinnacle of national proſperity *, I turned my eye to that city which once diſputed the palm of commerce with this republic, and which, by the growing importance of this neighbouring power, had been reduced to inſignificance. The treaty of Weſtphalia raiſed the grandeur of Holland upon the ruins of Antwerp. The forts of Lillo and Liefenſhoek determined the fate of that unfortunate city, and the antient majeſty of the Scheld now bows to the uſurped authority and furtive honours of the Texel.

The ardour, the activity, the croud, and the buſtle, which prevail in all quarters of the

* The trade of Amſterdam has of late years been very much on the decline, and now conſiſts chiefly in the negociation of bills of exchange. The real imports and exports do not probably much exceed one half of what they were ſome years paſt.

port,

port, are inconceivable. Bells are ſounding, and veſſels parting, at all hours. Piles of merchandize, and throngs of paſſengers, fill all the avenues. It appears the mart of exhauſtleſs plenty, and the grand depoſitary of Europe. The ſtreets of Amſterdam are narrow and filthy—the whole city pierced by an infinity of canals, which cut each other in every poſſible direction. The Bourſe is convenient, and not inelegant. The Maiſon de Ville, or Stadthouſe, is ſpacious and magnificent—encumbered nevertheleſs with fanciful ornaments, and ill-proportioned in its ſeveral parts; but the ſcale on which it is built is immenſe, and the general effect ſtupendous. The churches are raiſed after no very ſuperior model, and can boaſt of few attractive ornaments. I entered three the ſecond evening of our ſtay, where ſervice was performed; numerous congregations hung attentive on the preacher's accents, and zeal on the one part was returned by correſponding emotion on the other.

It

It requires no ſmall perſeverance to run over the objects moſt deſerving attention at Amſterdam. The uniformity of the ſtreets, and the uncleanneſs incident to a crouded population, offend the eye, while the action of the ſun upon the ſtagnant waters increaſes in a high degree the difficulties of being pleaſed.

Nothing can wear a more aukward appearance than the carriages, the bodies of which are placed on low ſledges, and drawn by one horſe. The driver is on foot; and in addition to the concern of the horſe, he is obliged to watch every movement of the ſledge, that the carriage may not be overſet. The origin of this cuſtom is well known to be founded in the apprehenſion of danger to the houſes by the violence of wheel-carriages, and all the *fiacres* are therefore, by authority of the government, conſtructed upon ſledges. Some few years paſt, no four-wheel carriages were to be ſeen. Later refinements have at length introduced

troduced them, and this inelegant and inexpeditious mode of viſiting and airing is abandoned to perſons, whoſe fortune or frugality admit not a more coſtly equipage.

The bridge over the Amſtel isconſidered as a choice *morceau* of antient architecture, and is a great ornament to the river, which rolls beneath its arches.

I ſaw nothing beyond theſe, which merits a moment's diſcuſſion; and I haſten from thoſe ſcenes of uncleanly aſpect, this compound of villanous ſmells, as Falſtaff would call it, to one of the moſt charming viſions that ever feaſted my eyes—where all that preſented itſelf gave birth to oppoſite ſenſations, and baniſhed for a moment every obnoxious image this city had excited. But I muſt reſerve this account for a ſubſequent letter. Your nerves might ſuffer by too ſudden a tranſition, and ſome interval may be neceſſary to purify the channel of thoſe ideas which have ſo long dwelt upon polluted

luted objects. The scenes to which I shall conduct you, will repay the penance of a short delay. They are curious, on the score of singularity, if not upon the principle of taste. They boast a neatness unexampled in courts or palaces, and in a certain mode of ornament have no parallel in Europe.

LETTER XXI.

In my last I engaged to furnish you with a relation of a little excursion made into North Holland, for the purpose of visiting the village of Broek. It was early in the morning, that, curious to examine a place of which report had spoken so loudly, we entered a vessel for Buyk-sloodt. This passage took up an hour, and gave us a very gratifying view of the scenes which most adorn Amsterdam.—Parting from the port, we turned our eyes to contemplate the mighty

mart

mart of commerce we had quitted—the objects were crouded, and the groupe ſublime.

The city appeared inveſted with numerous flotas, which reared their towering maſts, like foreſt-trees, into the air. All that offends the eye, and deforms the aſpect of this celebrated city, was obſcured and concealed by the more prominent objects which form its grandeur. The opening ſcenes of North Holland preſented a beautiful contraſt to the country behind. All was ſoft, ſtill, and flouriſhing—the houſes exhibited the appearance of eaſe, affluence, and neatneſs: the lands, highly cultured, diſplayed the marks of laborious induſtry, and growing fertility.

From Buykſloodt, which is charmingly, ſituated, at an equal diſtance from Amſterdam and Broek, we entered a ſecond boat, which was to convey us to the latter—the canal ran along a moſt pleaſing country—the banks were occaſionally crowned by

ſome neat villa of private reſidence, or ſome beautiful rendezvous of public reſort.

We were gradually prepared by the different cottages on the banks of this canal, for the ſcenes to which our ardent curioſity tended. Broek at length caught our eye. It is a village of no great extent, ſituate on the weſtern ſide of the canal, and forming the moſt raviſhing landſcape. As we eyed it from the boat, it reſembled a finiſhed picture, and appeared to exiſt only in imagination, or upon canvas. We landed with anxious curioſity, and purſued ſome winding-paths, in order to examine, with more minute attention, this enchanting viſion. Placed within the boſom of theſe ſurrounding beauties, I fancied myſelf in that Elyſium, which poets have deſcribed, where all that meets the ſenſes is creative of pleaſurable tranquillity. The houſes were painted with the moſt vivid and varied colours. The windows were tranſparent as chryſtal; and the tiles which roofed theſe pure abodes,

adorned with varniſhed ſurfaces, reflected a thouſand hues from the rays of a meridian ſun. The gardens were framed with ſingular art and ingenuity, and were diſtributed into the moſt fanciful diviſions. Each ſeveral department exhibited a groupe of fantaſtic forms. The ſhrubs, which had ſhot their roots deep into the ſoil, were ſculptured into all the forms of real and imaginary nature. Birds, beaſts, and reptiles of every deſcription, were here congregated in peaceful union, as in the ark of old: all wore the ſame livery, and derived their nutriment from the ſame elements. The church, however, was excepted from the law of univerſal decoration. The only ornaments of this ſacred building were finiſhed ſimplicity, and ſpotleſs purity—happy emblems of thoſe ſacrifices which alone adorn the altar of religious adoration. Wherever the eye could penetrate, or the feet could ſtray, throughout this faſcinating village, all was completely correſpondent.

The areas which ſurrounded the houſes—the winding walks, alleys, and avenues, were equally correct.

Nor is it alone exterior elegance to which theſe people aſpire—the inſides of many houſes are richly decorated, and finiſhed with the moſt coſtly ornaments. We obtained admittance into one, and were aſtoniſhed at the poliſhed ſurfaces which every article of the moſt minute deſcription poſſeſſed. One apartment, which we entered, was paved with ſmall ſquare tiles, put together without any cement, and preſenting the moſt pleaſing aſpect. The furniture of a chamber in the ſame houſe was very ſumptuous, compoſed of ſilken ornaments, richly embroidered. This is, agreeably to antient preſcription, bequeathed from father to ſon, and preſerved as an offering to Hymen—ſuch is the cuſtom of theſe Arcadian villagers—from generation to generation. There is alſo a practice prevailing here, common, I believe, to all the natives of North Holland:

land: To every houſe, of whatever quality, there is an artificial door, elevated near three feet above the level of the ground, and never opened but upon two occaſions. When any part of the family marries, the bride and bridegroom enter the houſe by this door; and when either of the parties die, the corpſe is carried out by the ſame door. Immediately after the due ceremonies are performed in either of thoſe caſes, this door is faſtened up, never to turn on its hinges again, till ſome new event of a ſimilar nature demand its ſervices. The extraordinary neatneſs which prevails throughout the whole is a prodigy.

On a viſit which the late Emperor Joſeph made to this village, he is ſaid to have experienced the rigour of thoſe injunctions, which are laid upon all who view the Orphan Houſe; and before he was admitted to tread the ſacred floor, he conformed to the ceremony of taking off his ſhoes. That care and attention may preſerve the

ſeveral apartments in a ſtate of internal neatneſs, is readily conceivable; but that the outſides of their houſes, roofs, and fronts,—their gravelled grounds, and open paths, ſhould exhibit no marks of occaſional violence, ſhould betray no ſymptoms injurious to their ſyſtematic correctneſs, is a myſtery for which I cannot account. The natural action of the elements—the blowing ſtorm, and the driving ſhower, might well be deemed, too ſtrong opponents of art and nature: yet, expoſed to all the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, not a veſtige of injury could be traced. How patient muſt be that aſſiduity, which watches thoſe accidents, which imperceptibly repairs their ravages, and gives to thoſe unexampled productions of induſtry, uniformity and permanence.

I quitted this ſingular ſpot with reluctance. As the barge moved ſlowly along, my eyes feaſted upon the parting fairy landſcape. I could not govern my ſenſations,

tions.—Did ever poet image aught ſo fair?

> Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe brook,
> Or prophet, to whoſe viſion heaven deſcends!

The picture gradually diſappeared, as the colours faded, and was at length raviſhed from my ſight. The vulgar ſcenes of Amſterdam reduced my ideas to a leſs rapturous ſtandard. Were I to meaſure exiſtence with the antediluvian antients, I ſhould never be able to eraſe thoſe ſcenes from my mind, nor entirely convince myſelf, that the whole was not a delightful illuſion of the fancy.

LETTER XXII.

I WAS ſo extremely delighted with the little I ſaw of North Holland, that I could, with great pleaſure, have penetrated farther; but our time did not admit of any extenſion of the tour. At a very ſhort diſ-

tance from Broek lies Saardam, a village in many reſpects ſimilar to that we viſited, but more particularly celebrated for the temporary reſidence of the Czar Peter the Great, who ſpent a conſiderable time here; and *Peterſhoff*, or Peter's houſe, is ſhewn to the preſent day. We contented ourſelves with viewing it as we paſſed, and quitted Amſterdam the following day. We continued to travel by water, and the paſſage between Amſterdam and Utrecht diſplayed a greater variety of ſcenery, than we had yet met with in any part of Holland. The country wore a more fertile aſpect, and the banks of the canal were covered with gardens.

Utrecht is built very much upon the model of the towns we had before ſeen. Its public buildings poſſeſs no particular beauty. Its univerſity owes none of its celebrity to the magnificence of its ſtructures. The great tower of St. Martin is indeed a very noble remnant of antient art. The view from

from the ſummit of this tower is very extenſive. Near twenty cities may be diſcovered by the eye, within a very bounded ſpace. I aſcended the tower with great eagerneſs, and was impatient to reach the point of obſervation. But, when arrived at a certain height I took a ſurvey of the country—my ſituation was not perfectly to my ſatisfaction: the ſtone, mouldered by the finger of time, and apparently looſened by decay, wore a tremendous aſpect. Having climbed within a few paces of the ſummit, I deſcended, with a ſober determination to take in future my views from ſome leſs aſpiring eminence, where, if I ſaw objects to leſs advantage, I ſhould alſo ſee them with leſs trepidation. I took little pains to examine the town. It wore a very dull appearance, and was animated only by the images it revived, of its political importance. This city was diſtinguiſhed in 1572, for the union of the provinces, which was there formed. And the celebrated Congreſs of

1712,

1712, has interwoven the name of Utrecht, with the hiſtory of the greateſt ſtates in Europe. Duclos's Hiſtorical Records of thoſe Times, have ſome particulars of a very intereſting nature, reſpecting the conduct of the Dutch in this Congreſs. One anecdote related by him, I will tranſcribe. Villars, you recollect, had gained an important victory over the allies at Denain. The Dutch miniſters ſtill however preſumed, notwithſtanding this diſaſter, and the armiſtice concluded between England and France, to talk in a ſtyle of great haughtineſs, But the Cardinal de Polignac aroſe and ſilenced them, by declaring in a firm and deciſive manner, that the period for haughty and imperious language was paſt. "Meſſrs." ſaid he, "les circonſtances "ſont changées—il faut changer de ton. "Nous traiterons chez vous, de vous, & "ſans vous."

From Utrecht we took cabriolets for Bois-le-duc, or, as the Dutch call it, Hertzogenboſche.

boſche. This occupied a night, and part of the following day. The route we purſued is not very frequently travelled. It gave us however an opportunity of ſeeing another part of the country. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when we reached the banks of the Leck, and the lateneſs of the hour was pleaded as an excuſe for not paſſing the river; ſo we ſlept in our clothes till morning, and paſſed the river at ſun-riſe. We then proceeded to Bommel, croſſing that arm of the Rhine which bears the name of the Waal.

From Bommel to Bois-le-duc, we had to encounter a road worſe than any yet ſeen, and which admoniſhed us momentarily to prepare for the chance of an overthrow. The country around was wretched, barren, and ſwampy. After croſſing the Maeſe, we arrived ſafe in the middle of the day at Bois-le-duc, where the carriage waited for us. It had been our plan, previous to commencing the expedition, to take this courſe,

and

and iſſue by Bois-le-duc, which formed a more extenſive tour than is uſually made. The cuſtomary track is to quit Holland by way of Gorcum and Breda, on which ſide the country is more fertile, and the roads infinitely better, than by the route we took; and I know of no advantages which can be mentioned, to counterbalance thoſe inconveniences, except that of traverſing more extenſively the country, and making ourſelves acquainted with ſome of its worſt parts.

Bois-le-duc had nothing to attract us; but for the purpoſes of refreſhment, we determined to continue there the day. We had travelled very hard for a week paſt, and had ſeldom reſted night or day. The inn at which we were lodged, offered us comfortable quarters, had we reſolved to ſpend a longer time; but, impatient to enter upon the preſſing parts of our tour, we ſettled every preliminary for our journey to Maeſtricht, and held ourſelves in readineſs for an early departure.

LETTER XXIII.

THE Dutch are univerſally celebrated for their attention to cleanlineſs; and *artifice* is not more proverbial of this nation, than *neatneſs*. I have before remarked, how well this obſervation is founded with reſpect to the villages: here, indeed, it prevails in every poſſible ſhape, and pervades all ranks. No labour is ſpared to give ornaments and luſtre to the meaneſt cottage, nor is it in the power of the painter to do more than juſtice to thoſe poliſhed ſcenes. But this extraordinary attention to neatneſs has a nearer connection with neceſſity than choice. The moiſt exhalations which ariſe from the ſwampy ſoil they inhabit, would be an over-match for inferior induſtry; and without thoſe repeated exertions, their health and their property muſt be deſolated by

by their invariable foes, Damp and Mildew. What was firſt their irkſome duty, is now become their pleaſure and their pride.

In many houſes the beſt chambers are kept conſtantly cloſed. Suites of apartments are in many inſtances reſerved for the ſingle purpoſe of oſtentatious neatneſs, while the rich poſſeſſor himſelf inhabits a garret, or a cellar. A Dutchman is not remarkable for perſonal cleanlineſs, and the crachoir, of which they make ſo general a uſe, demonſtrates that they have at leaſt a ſet of feelings not ſtrictly in uniſon with delicacy.

It is univerſally remarked of this people, that they are knaviſh and extortionate—their trading avarice would ſeem to render this charge not wholly undeſerving of credit. The extreme paſſion for wealth which actuates them, and the credit attached to extended poſſeſſions, are not very favourable to the cultivation of uncorrupt integrity. The mind abſorbed in the adoration

of

of such an idol, is often found slipping: the darling pursuit will not suffer check from slight obstacles, and the progress from one stage of avarice to another, is imperceptibly rapid. The tender feelings of honour and honesty once repulsed, become less obtrusive in their monitions, till at length the most essential principles of morality are regarded as shadowy distinctions.

That such reasonings are strictly applicable to the Hollanders, I shall neither pretend to affirm or deny.—Such is at least the turn of general opinion; but I think, however, that justice has not always been done to those laborious people. The character they may have merited in the great towns, and the most notorious places of resort, is ill-applied to the hardy inhabitants of the humble cot: and a numerous class undoubtedly exists, who, secluded from the crouded mart, have not yet become tinctured with the national foible. Were I to pronounce upon these, agreeably to the experience I have had

had of ſome, and the obſervation I made upon others, I ſhould rank them with the more meritorious part of mankind, over whom honeſty, virtue, and content, maintain an equal influence. There was an expreſſion in the countenance of thoſe toiling villagers, which diſarmed fear in the moſt perilous ſituation.

When we entered the dark abode, after croſſing the Bieſboch, and found ourſelves ſurrounded with men whoſe language we could not ſpeak—the ſolitary and deſert ſituation inſpired alarm; but a few moments interview with thoſe uncouth cottagers diſcovered how groundleſs had been ſuch terrors. The language of nature ſpake in their looks the integrity of their hearts, and we paſſed the evening with leſs dependence upon the arms we carried, than the unſuſpicious honeſty we found. The little apartment which we occupied, exhibited a circumſtance rarely found in houſes appropriated to the purpoſes of a *cabaret*. In one

one corner of the chamber was a book, apparently deſtined for general uſe. One of our guides had taken up the volume, and was occupied great part of the night in ſtudying its contents. Curious to know the object of his amuſement, I intreated his permiſſion to view the book, and found that the lad was regaling himſelf with ſcripture hiſtory, and though nearly exhauſted with the fatigues of the voyage, he ſpent great part of the night in reading the Bible.

Our paſſage between Leyden and Haerlem gave me an opportunity of remarking another circumſtance of ſimilar report to their religious character. The maſter of the veſſel had prepared his dinner, which conſiſted of ſome potatoes, boiled to a powder over the little fire-pan which kindled the pipes. He had placed his little diſh upon a bench—when, taking up his hat, he held it before his eyes for ſome moments; and having conſecrated by this act of devotion the proviſion before him, he devoured it

without apprehenſion or delay. I obſerved his partner, who ſucceeded him, perform the ſame ſacred rite upon beginning his ſimple meal.

Thoſe circumſtances made me decide, that great reſpect was paid to religious obligations, ſince the preſence of ſtrangers did not interrupt the order of duty. An equal curioſity induced me to take up a book which lay open upon a table at the *cabaret* on the banks of the Maeſe, of which I confeſs I could not report ſo favourably. The balance, however, yet ſtands on the better ſide; and if I were to draw any concluſions from my own obſervations in relation to religion and morals, it would certainly contain an encomium upon their virtue, which I am willing to believe the Hollanders deſerve in a higher degree than is conſiſtent with general opinion.

LETTER XXIV.

I KNOW not any thing which ſtrikes a traveller more, in entering upon Holland, than the nature and general face of the country, preſſed by the riſing ocean, whoſe mighty waves are elevated beyond the level of the land. It appears the country of art, wreſted by the induſtry of its natives from the realms of Neptune, and guarded by eternal toils againſt his irruptions. Nothing can equal the impreſſion excited by a view of the diſtant waves, whoſe ſwelling ſurges ſeem ready to ſwallow up lands, cities, and hamlets, in primæval ruin. Goldſmith's accurate picture of this country recurred to my memory, as I meditated upon its miraculous exiſtence:

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embоſom'd in the deep, where Holland lies:
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,

And ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride;
Onward, methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm compacted bulwark ſeems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While the pent ocean, riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile,
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation—reſcued from his reign.

It will naturally be imagined, that a country under ſuch circumſtances, can boaſt little beauty. Flat, ſwampy, and open, it exhibits no variety to the eye—the ſoil appears coarſe, the proſpects dreary, and the atmoſphere chilled, and impregnated with conſtant exhalations.

But if no pleaſing varieties exiſt in the general aſpect of the country, a ſtill greater uniformity appears in the beſt and moſt populous towns. Divided and ſub-divided by an equal multiplicity of canals—pierced by ſtreets, and crouded by buildings in the ſame mercantile ſtile of taſteleſs grandeur, they

they afford only a perpetual repetition of the ſame impreſſion. The water, which uſually contributes to variety, here adds to the uniformity, and is indeed its grand ſource, conducted, as it invariably is, in thoſe channels which beſt ſuit the purpoſes of commodious navigation. The gardens are only ſo far eſtimable, as they exhibit at one period of the year a ſhow of beautiful flowers, and ſerve to convince the traveller that vegetation *actually exiſts*, amidſt the profuſion of water, which overſpreads the face of the country. In all other reſpects, the Dutch gardens are proverbially at variance with every principle of taſte and elegance.

I dwelt with rapture on thoſe which ornamented the village of Broek, becauſe they pretended to no magnitude or ſtile. They were conſiſtent with every other part of the ſyſtem, and contributed eſſentially to the decoration of that artificial ſcene. They had a merit in that ſituation, which they

would have wanted in another, where any thing beyond neatneſs and ſingularity were attempted. But to examine thoſe mangled grounds which cover the banks of their canals, and which are denominated gardens, is only to ſee how far depraved taſte can extend. Nature is, in thoſe regions, wholly out of repute. From ſome ſecret ſuſpicions of her awkwardneſs, they impoſe a code of vegetative laws, agreeably to which it ſhould ſeem ſhe *muſt* act, and condemn all deviations from it as inelegant luxuriances. Hence the pruning knives, and a thouſand inſtruments, are perpetually in hand to keep her in order. They think that trees ought to grow like animals—like door-poſts—like walls—or in ſhort like any thing but what they were intended for. Hence you ſee what theſe people call a garden, is often a range of parapets, a ſtring of alleys, or a very menagerie. They ſeem to have found out the art of effecting what the elder ſages thought impracticable, and

weakened my faith in that maxim of Horace, which I before deemed univerſal:—

"Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen uſque recurret."

A more complete victory of art over nature never exiſted. Proſtrate, enchained, expiring, the latter ſeems now to ſubmit without a ſtruggle to the tyranny of the former, reſolving to wage no longer a war upon ſuch unequal terms. Moſt of the gardens, I ſaw, led to thoſe reflections: they were adorned with the trophies of victorious art. Shaped into the fantaſtic forms of dragons, griffins, or dolphins—the deſpairing ſhrubs ſeemed to meditate no further irregularities, but conformed their vigorous ſhoots to thoſe arbitrary laws by which they had been diſciplined. A garden *a l'Angloiſe*, is not without its imitators in Holland, yet almoſt the whole country is ſtill over-run with thoſe Gothic devices. They are ſtill held in ſecret reſpect, and cultivated with unwearied attention. They

are eſteemed the precious monuments of *antient* art—the invaluable bequeſts of their induſtrious anceſtors, and the chief ornaments of their country.

There is certainly a conſiſtency in this predilection: it is very much in character with the air, the dreſs, and the habits of life, which thoſe people cultivate in themſelves. Moulded perſonally on no principle of elegance, they borrow no improvements from their dreſſes, which are equally at war with convenience and beauty. Nature ſeems to have hewn them with a rough chiſel, and formed them upon a plan of buſineſs. All their purſuits bear reference to the ſame principle: taſte is induſtriouſly excluded from all their deſigns, to whatever they apply; and their buildings and gardens are not more groteſque and uncouth, than their habits and manners. Any man, however, who ſees the intenſeneſs with which they purſue their plans of traffic, will ceaſe to wonder that ſo wealthy a nation ſhould yet

be

be so far removed from refinement. The elegancies of life have scarcely a name in their vernacular tongue; the vortex of trade ingulphs all considerations; and wealth is sufficiently respectable, to atone for the absence of every other quality. These maxims, which are here reverenced by all ranks, are sufficient to preclude the introduction of those improvements which adorn society, and give a lustre to states. It would indeed be a novel event in the history of mankind, if any thing great in arts or refinements should arise from a nation, whose sole talent is industry, and whose ruling passion is the love of gain.

LETTER XXV.

THE kings of Spain, from the time they became maſters of the mines of Mexico and Peru, have been conſidered as the caſhiers of Europe; and it was well ſaid by Boccalini, that Spain is to Europe, what the mouth is to the body, "tout y paſſe, et rien n'y reſte." However Holland may ſtand in the ſame predicament in one reſpect, it certainly differs very widely in the other. The Dutch are at this moment the caſhiers of Europe, and the bankers of every ſtate; but with a policy peculiar to themſelves, they convert the weakneſſes of other nations, into the inſtruments of their own aggrandizement. Their ſpeculations are uſually formed upon ſolid principles; and though they appear to hazard much, they ſeldom ſuſtain loſs. So completely are they occupied

occupied by the predominant concerns of negotiation, that they appear indifferent about their government. Naturally they are bold, ſteady, and enamoured of liberty, Europe has witneſſed their courage when provoked. Few nations have entered the liſts of war with more reluctance, or quitted them with more renown. A ſlight injury will not arouſe, nor a ſlight revenge appeaſe them. Inveigled into treaties by hope or fear, never by choice, they uſually relieve themſelves from ſuch obligations. They hold them no farther binding, than their intereſt dictates, and never ſcruple to traffic with the declared enemies of their allies—provided it can be done with ſecrecy and ſafety. Conſidering themſelves rather in the capacity of a commercial aſſociation, than a ſtate of Europe, they regard the cabals of cabinets, and the revolutions of empires, with political indifference. Unambitious of thoſe laurels for which monarchs too often interrupt the peace of mankind, they

they calmly cultivate the arts of induſtry, and ſtudy to fill their coffers; while kingdoms, inflamed by trivial animoſities, are exhauſting their treaſures to equalize dominion, and preſerve the balance of power. The ſame phlegmatic inattention is apparent to the political movements which take place in the boſom of their own country. Conſtitutionally averſe to monarchical authority, and inheriting from their anceſtors a rooted attachment to republican government, they yet ſubmit to forms which ſhadow forth a ſubjection that their forefathers had bluſhed to acknowledge. We were under the neceſſity of wearing the orange cockade, throughout every part of Holland. All ranks of people continue to wear this badge of princely authority. Formerly it marked the diſtinction of parties—at preſent it covers thoſe diviſions, familiarizes theſe tame deſcendants of a hardy race to a yoke at which they ſecretly revolt, and tends to eſtabliſh the authority of a power

whoſe exiſtence at one moment appeared equivocal.

The reaſonings which determine the Hollanders to ſuch paſſive meaſures, are not founded on the extinction of antient prejudices, or the forfeiture of original ſpirit; but the inconveniences which would reſult to *trade* from an oppoſition to the victorious power. The grand wheels and ſprings muſt be for a period neglected—revolutions would generate confuſion, and arreſt for a time the tide of commerce: nor can plans of revolt be ſucceſsfully ſupported, without great expence of time, labour, and manufactures.

It is evident, that conſiderations of this nature muſt influence the Dutch to their preſent conduct, as they are by no means reconciled to the authority of the Stadtholder. Perſonal ſafety was pleaded as the reaſon for aſſuming thus univerſally this badge of ſervitude, yet diſcontents are numerous, and the *throne* of the Stadtholder appears

appears but ill-ſecured. The government which exiſts at this moment is certainly ill-ſuited to the temper and genius of a people whoſe reigning prejudice is an averſion to princes. It is a government, whoſe parts do not well aſſimilate, and which never have accorded. The ſuperaddition of an hereditary Prince to the pre-eſtabliſhed authority of the ſtate, has counteracted their antient labours—has deſtroyed the uniformity, the purity, the correctneſs of their republic, and opened a channel for political interference from the Powers of Europe. Louis the XIV. and XV. by turns, gave them a Stadtholder; and the late commotions, which ſhook the Houſe of Orange, were not viewed with political indifference by the Powers of Europe.

What will be the iſſue of thoſe diſcontents, which, though quelled, are not compoſed, time can alone decide; but certain it is, that the temper of the Hollander is not the moſt placable, nor the moſt diſpoſed to forgive-

neſs.

neſs. Princes are, in general, obnoxious to this people, who acknowledge no diſtinctions but thoſe of property; and if a Hollander has ever imagined the reigning Prince tinctured with principles of tyranny—if he has at any period detected him in deſigns to aggrandize his own authority, and contract the public liberties, he will ever regard him with ſuſpicion, and no after-acts can purge the memory of this delinquency.

Louis XV. experienced in this ſtubborn people, the laſting effects of firſt impreſſions. Maſter of Flanders, and in poſſeſſion of 35,000 Dutch priſoners, he preſſed them to accept a peace, which their ſituation would have rendered a more proper requeſt on their part; but they obſtinately refuſed to attend to his offers. Impreſſed with the *hauteur* of Louis XIV. in 1672, they could not conſider a ſucceſſor of the ſame *name*, as diveſted of the ſame *qualities*. Deeming that what a prince could offer, a republic ſhould not accept, they viewed with a ſuſpicious

ſpicious eye all his overtures—referring his moſt ſpecious declarations to artifice or neceſſity, and deeming every effort to effect a conciliation, a ſymptom of weakneſs, or a ſnare for their ſeduction.

Voltaire has remarked this conduct in the Dutch with his uſual animation: "L'irruption de Louis XIV. & l'année 1672, etoient encore dans leurs cœurs, et j'oſe dire que je me ſuis apperçu plus d'une fois que leur eſprit frappé de la hauteur de Louis XIV. ne pouvant concevoir la moderation de Louis XV. ils ne la crurent jamais ſincere. On regardoit toutes ſes demarches pacifiques, et tous ſes ménagemens, tantôt comme des preuves de faibleſſe, tantôt commes des pieges."

LETTER XXVI.

THE journey from Bois-le-duc to Maeſtricht was very laborious for the horſes, and very irkſome to ourſelves. The road continued to exhibit numberleſs difficulties; it was almoſt the whole way compoſed of a ſandy ſoil, ploughed into deep and dangerous furrows; and we had the mortification to be dragged for two days, at a foot pace, over a country which wore the moſt deſolate aſpect. The only objects which roſe out of this barren ſoil were ſome ſcattered gibbets, which well aſſorted with the murderous face of the country.

Our firſt night was, however, paſſed at a very pretty village, whoſe name was ſo guttural, that I could not divine how many conſonants went to the formation of it; for you know, both in Dutch and Flemiſh lore, a few vowels go a great way. I muſt content myſelf, therefore, with telling you,

that it was about half way between Bois-le-duc and Maeſtricht—was ſurrounded in its immediate precincts by ſome charming village ſcenery, and wore a very picturesque appearance: and this will, I hope, compenſate for the omiſſion of a hoarſe name, "quod verſu dicere non eſt."

Our ſecond day's journey was equally forlorn, and equally diſguſting, till our eyes caught the banks of the Meuſe, and the lofty bulwarks of Maeſtricht. It was fair-time when we entered it. All were dreſſed in their holiday attire—the ſtreets were crowded with old and young, and the air was filled with the ſounds of mirth, interrupted by the diſſonant braying of trumpets. We ſaw nothing in Maeſtricht beyond the ordinary run of towns. Its fortifications are, indeed, poſſeſſed of immenſe ſtrength, and exhibit an impregnable ſyſtem of defence. There is a cave into which the curious ſometimes venture; but the circumſtances accompanying it did not induce us to add to that number.

Our

Our next day was taken up in the journey from Maeſtricht to Spa, which gave us an opportunity of ſeeing Liege. I have before remarked, that Amſterdam was the moſt uncleanly town I ever ſaw. I ſhall now except Liege. I never could have imagined a town in ſuch a ſituation deformed by ſo much filth. The ſtreets were paved, the buildings faced, and the houſes lined with dirt of the blackeſt colouring. In addition to this, the whole town was in uproar. Huſſars, with naked ſabres, were ſtationed at regular intervals throughout every avenue of the town; and the ſavage countenances of theſe rude barbarians, were to be encountered at every ſtep. The cathedral is noble, the *bourſe* ſpacious and commodious. We were not a little rejoiced to quit this town in the afternoon, and I think we left behind us the aggregate of every thing that is dark, tremendous, and offenſive.

Our route then lay upon a good *pavée*, with no inconſiderable hills, to Spa, and we entered this ſingular place in the duſk of

the evening. The great charm of Spa conſiſts in the blended ſociety, which is there found from various motives. The country is romantic, and the *promenades* pleaſant. The places of uſual reſidence are emboſomed by hills of no great magnitude, but whoſe relative ſituation to the town gives a picturesque air to the ſpot. The ſalubrity of the ſprings firſt formed the importance of this place: but as mankind are oftener afflicted with *imaginary* than *real* complaints, as the diſorders of the ſpirits are more numerous than the maladies of the body, Spa is leſs in repute for its medicinal noſtrums than its more potent attractions—the ball-rooms, the concerts, and the galas.

If one may judge from the exorbitant charges here made, health is not purchaſed upon moderate terms; and though the ſprings guſh unbribed from the ſoil, their waters do not continue to flow with equal liberality. A Spa reſidence, of the ſhorteſt duration, is not made without conſiderable expence. Were a palace to be converted

into

into a caravanſera, ſcarcely would an higher price be fixed upon the apartments than is here demanded. Yet our kind landlords aſſure us, that the price of our apartments will increaſe in, what appears to me, a geometric progreſſion with the advancement of the ſeaſon.

One would imagine, that in a place which nature deſtined as an aſylum for the ſick, as a kind of grand hoſpital of invalids,—wine would be a ſuperfluous article, and ſcarcely fetch any price. The contrary is the fact: the afflicted multitude who crowd here, ſeem to ſwallow down—no doubt by the advice of their phyſicians—larger potions of this favourite beverage than even of the pure and unadulterated element: by which judicious medical arrangement, this place maintains its reputation, as the grand continental mart, not only of health, but of feſtivity and pleaſure.

LETTER XXVII.

Spa, May 20, 1791.

MANKIND have almoſt uniformly converted neceſſity into a virtue, and what has been originally ſubmitted to with reluctance has uſually terminated in choice. The ſwampy ſoil of Holland, and the numerous nervous fevers which aroſe from this circumſtance, gave birth to thoſe black patches upon each temple, which, by the ſuperſtition of antient times, were deemed ſpecifics againſt nervous affections. Theſe are now become a part of the Dutch dreſs. In vain does "La petite Hollandoiſe" put on her broad orbicular bonnet, or coiff herſelf in uncouth luſtre; till the large black patches are affixed, ſhe can expect to make no conqueſt. She may diſplay her rounded ſhoulder, and exhibit her ſlip-ſhod heel; yet will

will her artillery prove ineffectual without the aid of these proud ornaments.

Something similar has taken place in the numerous springs and baths throughout Europe. Accident discovered their salubrious effects in remedying disorders, and restoring shattered constitutions. Amusements are deemed necessary to the dissipation of that languor, which ill health and medicinal regimen are apt to engender. The colours of pleasure are never displayed in vain. The votaries of amusement soon crowded to that standard, where the banners of their goddess were exalted, and the empire thus became divided between the valetudinarian and the voluptuary.

This commerce is not without its advantages. Doubtless the associated supplicants of Esculapius had formed a ghastly band, and might have passed a miserable *sejour* in the society of each other. The pallid face, the leaden eye, the hollow cheek, and the emaciated frame required the introduction of

ſome more cheerful countenances; the commixture of thoſe in whom the tide of blood is not chilled by age, nor tainted by malady, would enliven the ſcenes thus deformed, and tend to accelerate the ſalutary effects of the ſprings. But mankind know no medium; at preſent the rivulets of health are ſwallowed up in the torrents of pleaſure, the ſeverity of regimen relaxes into the luxury of debauch, and the medicinal potion is ſupplanted by the Bacchanalian draught. Nor is this all—the harpies of fortune are diſpoſed in every quarter of this Circean Elyſium. The young and the incautious are inveigled by the ſpecious appearances of perſonal ſplendor and titled conſequence. Fortunes are thus committed, not to the mercy of a card, or the chance of a die,—but to the artifice of thoſe, whoſe ſole talent is impoſture, and whoſe ſole property is veſted in the funds of human weakneſs.

The anecdotes which are here circulated, and the eſtimates here formed upon the iſſue

of

of former ſeaſons, render it more than probable, that the vaſt influx of company in the preſent, will exhibit various revolutions of fortune in the gaming circle. Charmed, as I am, with the aſpect of its hills, and the fame of its waters, I cannot but conſider Spa as firſt amongſt thoſe places of general reſort, which ſwell the tide of human corruption. I cannot but believe, that more morals are debauched by the contagion of its vices, than nerves braced by the vigour of its air; and that more fortunes are ruined by the faſcination of its amuſements, than conſtitutions reſtored by the ſalubrity of its ſprings.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dusseldorf, May 25, 1791.

THE man who travels for higher purposes than those of pleasure, will not make a long residence at Spa. We left it after having bestowed a whole week upon contemplating its deserted springs, and strolling amongst its silent promenades. I glanced on the Sunday over the tablets which decorate the church; and found, that superstition has *once* enjoyed as great dominion here as pleasure *now* does. I could not forbear remarking one in particular, which held out a variety of indulgences to the *confrères* of the holy sacrament. One of those grants purported, that if any one of this fraternity visit the sick with the holy sacrament; or, if indisposed, write "Pater "Noster," and "Ave Maria," five times, he shall be entitled to indulgence for sixty days next

next enſuing. This appears a very reaſonable purchaſe, and is, I imagine, the only article at Spa, which has not advanced in price. Aix-la-Chapelle finiſhed our journey of Monday. The road paſſed for the greater part through a hilly country, and ill-announced, by its vaſt inequalities in the neighbourhood of Aix, the entrance to an aſylum of invalids.

Aix is, indeed, a grand infirmary; the baths are ſalubrious and convenient; they are deemed highly reſtorative of decayed conſtitutions; and are, therefore, frequented by numbers, whoſe debaucheries have ſcarcely left them the ſtrength to complain. That quarter of the town in which the hotels ſtand, is alſo the ſituation of the baths, and for the moſt part, the reſidence of the invalids. There is an air of vivacity in the ſhops, the porticoes, and the aſſembly rooms; and the general exterior is not without a pleaſant and cheerful effect. But ſo many ghaſtly figures are perpetually moving

ing before you, wrapped in ſedans, or crawling from ſeat to ſeat, that cheerfulneſs is croſſed by a thouſand painful emotions; and amuſement in ſuch a ſcene would ſcarcely have upon me a better effect, than a dance in a dungeon, or a concert in a lazaretto.

The cathedral of this town is a very noble monument of antient times, and ſtands in high repute for the regalia of Charlemagne, and other precious toys, which it is known to contain. The greateſt curioſity it had for me, was the groupe of worſhippers, which was planted round one of its altars. An old Franciſcan was conducting the religious ceremonies; and the people, who were of various qualities and conditions, had thrown themſelves for the moſt part into the attitude reſembling a croſs. They extended their arms as they knelt, and preſerved both theſe and their countenance immoveably fixed,—notwithſtanding the interruption they might be ſuppoſed to

experience

experience from the paſſing and repaſſing of ſtrangers. An equal fervor of devotion preſented itſelf at Juliers, to which we paſſed in the evening of yeſterday. The rain was falling inceſſantly; yet this did not deter a number of people from repairing to an altar erected in the open ſtreet, facing the window of our hotel, in order to perform their veſpers. For nearly an hour they ſucceeded each other in theſe ſacred ſervices,—kneeling upon the naked ſtones, without the leaſt precaution, in contempt of the frowns of weather, or the ſmiles of the rude ſpectator.

I confeſs I feel rebuked, rather than diverted, by ſuch examples; nor can I withhold my reſpect from thoſe, who, after the way which *we* call ſuperſtition, ſo fervently worſhip the God of their fathers. We left Juliers this morning by ſun-riſe, and taking a breakfaſt with an honeſt German, three leagues on our way, obtained from him inſtructions for our route; and having croſſed the

the Rhine, in face of Duſſeldorf, find ourſelves agreeably accommodated by the good offices of Zimmerman, at the Hotel de Deux Ponts.

LETTER XXIX.

May 26, 1791.

I KNOW not how others may feel, but I muſt confeſs very little pleaſure is by me derivable from the *ſolitary* contemplation of works of art. When the eye has feaſted upon the charming tints of a captivating picture, and is called to gaze upon others in ſucceſſion,—it appears as though ſome diſcuſſion of the firſt, and ſome communication upon its excellencies were indiſpenſable. Such at leaſt was the temper of my mind in viewing the gallery of Duſſeldorf; and as we are now houſed under the roof of an honeſt poſt-maſter, five leagues on our way to Cologne, I am impatient to diſcloſe

to you the impreſſions I received from the invaluable collection that place contains.

You muſt not expect *as yet* much ſcience in my deſcriptions; for I have not yet learnt the technical phraſeology. From ſome motive which has eſcaped me, I choſe to invert the uſual order of obſervation, and intreated to ſee the chamber of Rubens firſt. The three principal paintings in this department were the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Death of Seneca, and the Laſt Judgment. In the firſt of theſe the countenance of the Virgin was wonderfully expreſſive of ſolemnity and joy—the looks of the ſhepherds of ſurprize and congratulation. The Death of Seneca made me ſhudder. Of the Laſt Judgment, I *ought* to ſpeak in raptures, but ſhall refer you to thoſe, whoſe optics are better qualified to do juſtice to this vaſt and ſublime groupe.

The ſecond chamber was that of Vander-Werf. The paintings of this maſter, whoſe poliſhed pencil defies the ſtrictneſs of criti-

ciſm,

ciſm, preſent little that can move the heart. I gave him but a ſhort trial, and haſtened to the third, or Italian chamber. Where Raphael formed his gay and youthful idea of St. John the Baptiſt, I know not,—but I ſhould rather have expected to find this great preacher of repentance in the Hermit of Salvator Roſa, which hangs in the ſame apartment.

Two admirable productions of Carlo Dolci, of very different characters, ſhared my next attention. The firſt preſented our Saviour bearing his croſs. I was particularly ſtruck with the delicacy of execution in the livid hue, which the burden of a croſs, and the anguiſh of a crown of thorns muſt naturally induce. The ſecond was a St. Agnes the Martyr, in whoſe countenance the painter had contrived to introduce ſuch touches of ſweetneſs, that I could have gazed upon it for ever.

Two paintings of Schalken intereſted me greatly. The firſt repreſented " la lumiere

" vraiement

"vraiement ſoufflée," or "the candle actually "blown out." This is one of the pleaſanteſt things I ever ſaw. A girl is pictured as holding in her hand a lighted candle, which a boy endeavours to blow out, and ſhe—by a counter-action of breath—to recover. The boy's lungs are, however, too ſtrong for the girl's reſiſtance: he gives a ſteady blaſt, and the candle is ſeen upon the point of loſing its flame. All theſe circumſtances and effects, with the correſponding fluctuations of light and ſhade, are rendered with inimitable accuracy.

The ſecond of this maſter was of a more ſerious deſcription, and repreſented "the "wiſe and fooliſh virgins." The painter has choſen the moment, when the call is heard of, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! "Go ye out to meet him."—The wiſe virgins are deſcribed, as obeying with promptitude the ſummons; their countenances wear the air of confidence, and ſpeak the language of preparation. Their lamps are

trimmed, the lights are brilliant, and they appear to have heard the ſudden call without fear or ſurprize. On the other hand, a greater ſcene of confuſion and derangement cannot be imagined, than that in which the fooliſh virgins are found. Their air is that of perſons perplexed and diſconcerted: ſome of their lamps are already out, in others the light is expiring. They are buſied in fruitleſs endeavours to preſerve the fading, or rekindle the extinguiſhed flame. The agitation, with which they ſupplicate a ſupply of oil from their wiſer companions, is extreme. Thoſe latter regard their ill-timed petitions with looks expreſſive of aſtoniſhment at their improvidence, and inability to ſupply them. This is ſurely a maſter-piece of painting for the artful diſpoſition of lights, and the ſtrong delineation of circumſtance and character.

The beauteous groupe of the Holy Family, by Raphael, came unfortunately too late to produce its perfect effect. Schalken had

had full poſſeſſion of me,—and while diligent to ſtudy the chaſter lights of that perfect maſter, the flaſhes of the Dutchman danced like a meteor before my eyes. Such is the influence of firſt impreſſions on future habits; and—to indulge a tranſient moral reflection—he has ill ſtudied life and nature, who ſhall think it indifferent, which of two oppoſing principles ſhall have been the *firſt* inculcated.

LETTER XXX.

Coblentz, May 30, 1791.

COLOGNE was the firſt town we entered after leaving the poſt-houſe from which I laſt wrote. It is a very antient and dignified city. The Romans knew it by the diſtinction of Colonia Agrippina; and it has been beſieged and plundered as often as its rank and dignity demanded. Would you wiſh for more honours? It is an Hanſe

town, poſſeſſes an univerſity, boaſts an archbiſhopric, a principality, and a thouſand other important appendages. The city is of wide extent; its churches are numerous and ſplendid, its fortifications ſtrong, and its inhabitants civil and obliging. You will, by this time, aſſuredly allow, that I have not made a bad uſe of my time, in learning ſo much of the hiſtory and manners of a town, in which I paſſed *four hours*.

Before we entered Cologne, we had to paſs the Rhine. Ourſelves and equipage were embarked in a large ferry-boat, and quickly whirled acroſs. The inn, where we ſtopped, abounded in German barons and French counts: a peep at the cathedral, and a ſtroll about the ſtreets, were all the actual obſervations I had opportunity to make.

We paſſed the night, and a conſiderable portion of the following day at Bonn, which, in reſpect of ſituation, far ſurpaſſes Cologne. The palace of the Elector commands

mands a very fine landscape of mountainous country, and, at the time I entered the gardens, a groupe of velvet suits—retired from the *ennui* of the drawing-room—were cooling themselves with a *promenade*. I attended the mummery of the cathedral—a mixed emotion of indignation and respect possessed me; and I knew not whether most to despise the absurdity of the worship, or admire the devotion of the worshippers.

The village where we passed last night is called Remangen, between four and five leagues distant from Bonn. The country now begins to wear an interesting appearance, and the road which conducted us from Bonn to Remangen was distinguished by beauties of a peculiar nature—mountains on the one hand clothed with vineyards, the Rhine flowing in silent majesty on the other.

The approach to Remangen was marked with circumstances of singular sublimity. The road passed under a rock, upon whose

boſom were thrown, as it were in rude confuſion, houſes and vineyards; and from whoſe ſhady ſummit glittered the ſpire of a church. This maſs of rock over-arched the road, which was here very narrow; and the whole appeared to project in formidable magnificence over the Rhine that rolled below. I ſtrolled in the evening over theſe picturesque ſcenes; and, ſeated upon the heights, was charmed with the landſcape ſoftened by the laſt tints of the ſetting ſun, and the harmony of three ruſtic voices, which ſung a *trio* upon the rocks below me—a practice very frequent among the Germans.

We left Remangen the enſuing morning, and paſſed through a continuation of that ſcenery I have deſcribed, but ſtill improving in beauty. The mountains to our right were of conſiderable magnitude, and ſhaped in various forms; yet all appeared in an high ſtate of fertility and culture. Andernach, where we breakfaſted, is a curious

remnant

remnant of antient ſtrength. It is ſurrounded by ramparts mounted with a covert way, by which one can make the tour of the whole place, and view from a ſufficient eminence the houſes beneath. I know not the hiſtory of this place, but judge, from the magnitude of its fortifications, that it has once been of conſiderable note, and not unfrequently the ſeat of war. My mind was occupied by ſerious reflections, when I trod among its ruins, and counted its dilapidated towers. "And ſuch, ſaid I, is human grandeur, and ſuch the boaſted monuments of arms and heroiſm—" I had continued my reverie, but the crack of the whip announced the moment of departure; and I was dragged in ſullen ſilence to the place from which I now write.

LETTER XXXI.

Mayence, June 2, 1791.

SITUATED at the confluence of the Rhine and Moſelle, and flanked with mountains overſpread with ſhrubs and ruins, Coblentz preſents a very charming picture to the traveller's eye. I have kept a tolerable look-out upon the countenances of the fair-ſex as I aſcended the Rhine, and have found their beauty upon the increaſe as I advanced into the country.

The dreſſes of the men are ſtiff, formal, gothic. It is truly ridiculous to look from the window upon the bag-wigs, ſwords, and chapeaus-bras that paſs. I told you above of mountains and ruins that entered into the ſcenery of Coblentz; but croſſing the Rhine to the oppoſite vine-

yards,

yards, the fairy viſions faded, the objects grew leſs intereſting in proportion as they were more nearly viewed; and my difficulties increaſed, when I had flattered myſelf with the idea of conquering them. After encountering much heat and fatigue, I relinquiſhed my project, and retired to my old ſtation. Thus, like the greater part of human proſpects, theſe diſtant delights appeared to advantage only in the expectation.

There are two evils in travelling, for which a man muſt prepare himſelf with fortitude,—a change of language, and of money. This latter is extremely perplexing in running through the different Electorates and Principalities. Every tranſition of half a dozen leagues has introduced us to a people—not indeed of a different ſpeech—but of a different coin; and it would require profound ſkill in calculation to paſs without detriment from Duſſeldorf to Mayence.

I have

I have viewed the town of Coblentz, and read its hiſtory; but as the firſt has furniſhed me with nothing extraordinary, and the ſecond would preſent to you nothing intereſting—I ſhall neither amuſe you with the meaſurement of its ſtreets, or the detail of its revolutions; ſtudious to avoid (though not always with ſucceſs) the foible of thoſe travellers, who, in the hope of giving importance to their temporary journals, forget themſelves into hiſtorians—while the reader is left to murmur at being introduced to a people, not of modern, but of antient manners.

In the room, then, of erudite intelligence, I ſhall relate to you two grievous evils, which we experienced at Coblentz,—in the extortion of our landlord, and the deſertion of our coachman. The firſt is an old and unintereſting complaint, the latter has ſomething more of novelty and importance. Our coachman—he, alas! I mean, who once occupied the office—was known at Bruſſels, his

his native town, by the name of Antoine: all our intercourſe with him diſcovered but one *fault*, and one *virtue*. His fault was *obſtinacy*—his virtue *univerſal language*. His obſtinacy was cool, phlegmatic, and invincible. It ſhewed itſelf in a ſtrict adherence to firſt habits; and, in defiance of advice and remonſtrance, he to the laſt continued to carry his long green whip like a weeping willow bending ſolemnly over his right ſhoulder.

But juſtice muſt be done to his *virtue*. As an univerſal linguiſt, he ſerved us for guide, interpreter, caterer—and in ſhort, in every poſſible way of mediation. Such were the powers of his tongue, that he would argue with equal volubility in Dutch, Flemiſh, French, or German. He turned reſtive at Coblentz, where he ſeemed to have found a ſociety he approved; and folding his arms, when ſummoned to his duty, peremptorily refuſed us the further ſervices of his whip, and his tongue.

Thus

Thus disappointed, we continued our route, not without difficulty, to this place. We were amused, as we passed, with the varying views of a very fine country, visited some hot springs in our way, and arrived without accident before Mayence at the close of yesterday.

LETTER XXXII.

Spire, June 4, 1791.

MAYENCE, or, as it is stiled in German orthography, Mentz, is a very fine town. The approach to it from the bridge of boats here thrown across the Rhine is strikingly beautiful. It possesses a very noble quay, extending along the banks of the river; and is rendered, by its fortifications, capable of a strong defence.

The day after our arrival was the festival of the Ascension, and I attended the celebration of high mass at one of the principal churches.

churches. It was a grand ſolemnity, accompanied with very excellent muſic, and the audience very crowded. I was particularly ſtruck with the beautiful countenances of a long range of children, who attended the performance. But what has ſurprized and diverted me, at this and ſome other towns through which we have lately paſſed, is, that boys eight or nine years of age walk the ſtreets with queues literally reaching half way down their legs.

The table d'hôte where we dined was attended by a very brilliant circle of officers and Abbés. The latter appeared of more than ordinary conſequence, were dreſſed in very ſhowy ſuits, and wore half a dozen ſtars, croſſes, &c. Their hands were wrapped up in very wide ruffles, and their profeſſion was only to be traced in the ſhortneſs of their hair.

I have often been led to remark the very ſtriking ſuperiority in accommodation, which a ſtranger finds in a French ſociety,

above that of every other nation. By whatever name it be called, and from whatever cauſe it proceed, the attention of a Frenchman to the embarraſſment of a ſtranger is wonderful. I have witneſſed on many occaſions the exerciſe of this diſpoſition. At a Dutch table d'hôte, one finds the reverſe of this. Buſineſs ſwallows up all. The concerns of the change, the rate of merchandize, the riſe and fall of the ſtocks, are the objects which take place of every conſideration; and leave them neither leiſure nor inclination to conſult the eaſe, or relieve the embarraſſment of a ſtranger. One is but little bettered at a German table: *themſelves* are the parties whom they are anxious to oblige, and their attentions are excited to provide in the beſt manner for their own entertainment. I ſhall not draw the compariſon between either of theſe, and what prevails at our public tables in England, leſt my national vanity ſhould be humbled by the concluſion.

I was not at a loſs to account for the *hauteur* of the eccleſiaſtics in this town, as the chapter is compoſed of dignified characters; and no man can become a canon, till he has proved himſelf noble four generations deep. The wines drank here were exceedingly good. The richeſt vineyards are to be found in the neighbourhood; and Hocheim, which has given name to the Hock, is at no great diſtance from Mentz.

We employed the cloſe of the day in making a journey of four leagues to Oppenheim, a town no longer of conſequence. It ſtands cloſe upon the Rhine, and is ſurrounded with ſcenery of no ordinary beauty. We paſſed our night here, and advanced the following day through Worms to Manheim. You will not expect me to deſcribe with minuteneſs a town where I only took a breakfaſt. I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with ſaying, that Worms is a pleaſant town, ſituated about five leagues from Mentz. As to its antient hiſtory, you will find

find it more celebrated in eccleſiaſtical than civil records. Within this town, that intrepid champion of reformation, Martin Luther, made his celebrated defence before the ſtates of the empire.

Our entrance into Manheim was obſtructed by ſome military formalities, and the treatment we received indicated much ſeverity and vigilance. I was very much ſtruck with the beauty of Manheim, whoſe appearance eclipſes, indeed, all the towns I have ſeen upon the Rhine. On entering the ſtreets, we could diſcover little beſides French officers ſtrolling arm in arm, bearing the white cockade. We very ſoon learnt, that this place is the rendezvous of the emigrants; that here they are ſuffered to poſſeſs, not only an aſylum againſt danger, but a nurſery of vengeance; that here they are indulged with a particular ſpecies of protection and countenance; and that hopes the moſt ſanguine are by them entertained of recovering their forfeited domains,

mains, and humbling in their turn those by whom they have been humbled. All the inns were crouded with those dignified Refugees; and the day after our arrival, great preparations were making to receive the Comte d'Artois.

I could not but reflect, when I saw them assembled on the parade, and considered the impossibility of their return,—how strikingly public justice is executed upon them, as a body, in their proscription. A century past, Germany received into its hospitable bosom, Protestants, exiled by the ancestors of those who are now paying the forfeit of ancient oppressions. So true is it, that the ways of Providence are filled with equity; and the revolutions of empires resolve themselves into so many dispensations of retributive justice.

LETTER XXXIII.

Strafbourg, June 7, 1791.

I TOLD you in my laſt, that the diſcipline of Manheim appeared very ſtrict; and I found upon enquiry, that regulations of great ſeverity were enforced. I was cautioned, by the waiter at our inn, when proceeding to walk with my *ſword-ſtick*, to diſarm myſelf before I left the room; as orders the moſt rigorous had been iſſued on that ſubject. I muſt refer you, for particulars of this beautiful town, to thoſe who have ſeen more of it; and you will not have any great difficulty in finding deſcriptions of its palace, its gallery, its ſquares, and its fortifications. I paſſed but a day here, and ſlept at Spire the following evening. There is nothing very remarkable in Spire, excepting

cepting its remote antiquity. It ſtands about ſix leagues from Manheim.

The following morning, we entered the province of Alſace. This was announced to us by an Office of the cuſtoms, bearing the inſcription of "Bureau National," and ſuperſcribed "La Loi et Le Roi." We were commanded to halt, and the Officers inſpected all our luggage. We were happy to be informed, that this is the ſole inconvenience of this nature we ſhall experience till we quit the kingdom. This, therefore, is one of thoſe improvements in the police of the country, for which we ſtand indebted to the wiſdom of its Reformers. The recollection of what we experienced in Flanders, and of what was practiſed in France under the old ſyſtem, diſpoſed us to wiſh all poſſible proſperity to the new Government.

Paſſing the wood, which conducts to the town of Lauterbourg, we were incommoded with a deep and hot ſand, and purſued by flies of an extraordinary magnitude. I

was amuſed with the very ſudden change which I diſcovered in the appearance, the dreſs, and the air of the inhabitants, in paſſing from the head-quarters of Ariſtocracy. The people all wear, without exception, the national cockade; and each town has its *Garde Nationale*. I never ſaw people more at their eaſe. They appear not yet to have recovered from thoſe paroxyſms of tranſport, into which the Revolution firſt threw them; and they are frolicking without apprehenſion, at a time when the exiled nobleſſe are plotting ſchemes for their deſtruction, at the diſtance of half a dozen leagues from their frontier.

The town of Lauterbourg was enlivened by the notes of military muſic; and the popular air of "Ca ira" reſounded in every ſtreet. The wine in this town was delicious, and appeared more abundant than we had yet ſeen it. We roſe at an early hour, and made a journey of twelve leagues, which brought us to Straſbourg. The heat

continued

continued to perſecute us all this day, but we found relief by bathing in the Rhine.

Our entrance into Straſbourg was obſtructed for a ſhort time by the demand of a paſſport. Againſt this we ſtood out with ſome violence, perceiving the object of the officer was to obtain a fee, and were at length victorious. So difficult is it for the wiſeſt and beſt regulations to defeat, in every inſtance, the attempts of corruption. The heavings of ſubdued oppreſſion will occaſion ſome temporary interruption; but truth, juſtice, and order will finally triumph.

I have, I believe, omitted in its place to mention, that our route from Coblentz was obſtructed by a long religious proceſſion. A very large croſs was borne at the head of thoſe devotees: prieſts in ſurplices ſucceeded; and a promiſcuous throng of men, women, and children brought up the rear. They chaunted—as the proceſſion moved—various ſervices; and produced a very agreeable harmony. We had ſome dif-

ficulty to pass them; and soon encountered a second sett, who were descending the hill to meet them, and chaunting their matins with the same musical solemnity. The picturesque scenes through which we were passing, received an interesting colouring from those ceremonies of superstitious devotion.

My mind is, indeed, full of the varied imagery, which a rapid movement through such an extent of country has introduced. I have a thousand pictures continually before me, of lofty mountains and level plains, of craggy rocks and cultured fields; but the succession has been so quick, that I can hardly review them with distinctness. You will have much to supply, as you travel with me, from the histories of those who have gone before. Such observations as circumstances suggest, shall be duly registered as I pass; and so much shall be recorded for your entertainment, as the current of thought may at that moment supply; but I pretend to

answer

anſwer for no higher amuſement than can be found in the imperfect colourings of a rapid pencil—faithful rather to the idea impreſſed, than to the ſubject which may give it birth.

LETTER XXXIV.

Baſle, June 10, 1791.

WHAT a ſtupendous event is this Revolution! The evil which has baffled ages of reſiſtance, and which ſeemed to know no limits of duration, has in a moment vaniſhed. Surely, it is an intereſting ſight to contemplate upon the ſpot, thoſe changes which have taken place upon a people, bound in the chain of immemorial tyranny. There is ſomething ſo novel in the phraſeology now employed, that the very language ſeems animated by the Revolutionary ſpirit. Liberty, Law, Conſtitution, Rights

of men, are terms indeed of no new creation; but they had ſlept for ever in the cabinets of the learned, if the event—now the ſubject of univerſal celebration—had not awakened them into life and action.

I told you in my laſt, that we entered Straſbourg on the evening of the 6th. The following morning I amuſed myſelf in examining the different parts of the town. You have heard ſufficiently of the Cathedral, its brazen gates, its ſtupendous tower, its wonderful clock, &c. On thoſe ſubjects nothing can be added; but the temper of the people has aſſumed a new feature; and thoſe long converſant with the country, are alone competent to tell,—how great are the changes which have been introduced into the manners, the ſentiments, and converſation of the French.

For myſelf, who have not had that advantage,—I find it tolerably ſupplied by the intercourſe I held with the Emigrants at Bruſſels, upon whom no change whatever had

had paſſed, except a tranſient chagrin, which yielded to the firſt occaſion of merriment. I find a very ſtriking contraſt between the manners of the Revolutioniſts and the Ariſtocrats. The turn of politics which the firſt have adopted has conſolidated very greatly their natural vivacity, and reduced the buoyancy of their former levities to an agreeable humour.

All is political at Straſbourg. The corner of every ſtreet is covered with *Programmas*, and the walls of every church decorated with Proclamations and Decrees. The greater part of the latter, advertiſe the ſale of the national effects. It is very gratifying to ſee, how rationally the language of the Preamble is worded; and what juſt modifications of expreſſion now convey the ſanction of royal authority: "Louis XVI. "par la grace de Dieu et la loi conſtitu-"tionelle de l'état, Roi de François, ſalut. "L'Aſſemblee Nationale a decretée, et nous "voulons et ordonnons," &c.——O Spirit of Louis XIV! what a contraſt does this preſent

preſent to the ancient form of the Royal decrees; and what a complete reformation of ſyſtem does it beſpeak, in thoſe who *will*, and thoſe who *obey!*—One ſcarcely walks twenty yards now, without meeting in places of public obſervation—a declaration of civil rights; and all the ſhops of muſic and prints, are hung with national ballads and political caricatures.

The counterpart to this, may be read in an extract from one of the late King's letters to Marechal Richelieu: "Je ne puis "plus differer à faire ſentir à mon parle-"ment, que je ſuis *le maître abſolu*,—et que "ma *puiſſance abſolue* vient de DIEU,—et que "je n'en dois compte qu'à *lui*, le jour où il "me retirera de ce monde." And again, in another letter, he tells him: "Je leur ferai "voir, que je ne tiens mon pouvoir que "de DIEU,—que je n'ai de compte à rendre "qu'à *lui*,—et que perſonne dans mon roy-"aume ne doit s'oppoſer à ma volonté." It forms a very intereſting ſpeculation to bring

bring together thoſe ſentiments of a few years paſt, and the patriotic declarations of the reigning ſovereign. Louis XVI. is ſaid to have expreſſed on every occaſion the greateſt readineſs to accommodate his conduct to the wiſhes of the nation. "Je ne veux que "le bien de mon peuple," is a ſentiment in which he has frequently indulged.

Moore was certainly no mean ſtudent of the French character. Perhaps no man ever caught with more accuracy, or rendered with more felicity, "the living man-"ners" of this nation. But he was not endued with the ſpirit of prophecy. The *ſteadieſt* ſight ſees *diſtant* objects darkly and confuſedly. Let him ſpeak for himſelf; "If any of their kings were to behave in "ſuch an imprudent and outrageous man-"ner as to occaſion a revolt, and if the "inſurgents actually got the better, I que-"ſtion if they would think of new-model-"ling the government, and limiting the "power of the crown, as was done in Bri-

"tain

" tain at the Revolution, ſo as to prevent " the like abuſes for the future. They never " would think of going farther, I imagine, " than placing another prince of the Bour- " bon family upon the throne, with the " ſame power that his predeceſſor had, and " then quietly laying down their arms, " ſatisfied with his royal word, or declara- " tion, to govern with more equity." *Letter VI. on France.*——Upon ſuch prediction, the events that have ſince happened are a ſufficient commentary.

LETTER XXXV.

Baſle, June 10, 1791.

THE general complaint at Straſbourg was want of money. Nothing is to be found in circulation, but paper and copper. " Tout iroit bien," ſaid an old man, " ſi " on avoit de l'argent." At all the ſhops, the greateſt apprehenſions are entertained of

of being paid for their merchandize in paper. This, amongſt each other, they are obliged to admit; but in their intercourſe with ſtrangers, they ſtruggle very hard for ſpecie.

I turned into the ſhop of a *Marchande de modes* to purchaſe ſome articles. The bargain was ſtruck, the ſeveral particulars wrapped up, and I was ſearching in my pocket for the money; when obſerving me draw out ſome paper by accident, ſhe laid immediate hold upon the packet I had purchaſed, and demanded with haſte, "Allez-"vous me payer en papier, Monſieur?" "Si fait," ſaid I. "Eh bien donc," replied ſhe, "je garderai ma marchandiſe." I ſoon relieved her of the anxiety ſhe felt, and brought a glow upon her cheek, by counting out upon the table the ſum agreed. This is indeed the greateſt—I had almoſt ſaid the only—grievance that I have diſcovered among them; and they ſcruple not to predict, that the very favourable ſale of the national domains will raiſe the credit of

their paper, and give them as much money as they have liberty.

I must assure you, that I found the state of the people in this part of France very different from what it had been represented. At Manheim and Worms, reports prevailed of the most serious tumults now reigning in France; and we were more than once cautioned against trusting ourselves amongst a *canaille*, who would hang us up at the lamp-post for a word or a look. This statement has so little connection with truth, that every thing passes with the utmost order; and, so far as I can judge from observation and report, freedom of remark encounters less danger here than at the court of Manheim. Nothing could surpass the strictness which prevailed in every quarter where the fugitive nobility are received; and if I might draw conclusions respecting the country at large from what I see around me, restraint of opinion is exiled with those who owed to its existence their guilty pre-eminence.

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The day after our arrival, was rendered feſtive by a new enrolment of National guards. This was formed out of the citizens over the age of eighteen years, and was effected without the leaſt ſymptom of diſorder. Beſide the guard thus regularly embodied, the citizens are ſeen every evening in different parts of the town, learning, againſt an emergency, the uſe of arms. It certainly is animating to read, in a thouſand conſpicuous places, proclamations ſetting forth the right of private judgment; allowing to every man the free exerciſe of his opinion in matters of religion; and eſtabliſhing to each individual the liberty of adopting that mode of worſhip he beſt approves.

This would, nowever, be nugatory and ridiculous, were the ſlighteſt encouragement given to contumacy and diſorder. This has been ſaid *out* of the country; but the contrary has appeared wherever I have enquired. I read upon the door of the ca-

thedral at Straſbourg an advertiſement, which ſtated, "That a young man having "behaved improperly in the Cathedral du- "ring the performance of divine ſervice; "and, after admonition from the centinel, "perſiſted in a conduct *unbecoming the ſo-* "*lemnity of the place and occaſion*, was, by "the officers of the police, ſentenced to im- "priſonment for this *inſult offered to religious* "*worſhip*." This accords but ill with a toleration of diſorder.

Before I left Straſbourg, I viſited the mauſoleum of Marechal Saxe, at the church of St. Thomas; and had an offer of ſeeing the National armoury, but it came too late to ſerve me. We reached Colmar in the evening, after a journey of ſixteen leagues. Yeſterday we made a very fatiguing one of fourteen leagues, and reached Baſle in the evening. The heat and the duſt were exceſſively troubleſome. It was not without difficulty that we procured a baſon of milk at a village where the horſes were baited.

Coffee

Coffee is in general abundant in these parts of the country; and this is one of the first instances of distress which we have experienced upon the article of breakfast.

At the village of Mulhausen, eight leagues from Colmar, we alighted to dine. The house was ordinary; and four travellers, wrapped in white night-caps, apparently of mean condition, were about to commence their meal. I enquired of the hostess, if we could be also accommodated with a dinner. She told me with an air of great unconcern, that we might dine with those gentlemen; or—if that did not please us—we might take what they left; for that was the whole that her kitchen could produce. We did not long deliberate upon the choice which our landlady had given us. The dinner was indeed better than the company. They were Germans, except one,—who conversed with us in French, and asked me many questions respecting the opinions entertained abroad of their Revolution. I told

him, I had ſeen many Ariſtocrats at Manheim. He aſked me, if they had raiſed any troops? I told him, No; there were none but Officers. "Ah, ma foi, Monſieur," ſaid he, "une armée d'officiers s'avancera "peu." Another, with whom I afterwards converſed, declaimed with ſome violence againſt the propriety of Alſace being continued under the French government: "On nous fait payer," ſaid he, "80,000 "livres pour être François; et c'eſt payer "aſſez cher, le *privilege* d'être gouverné par "des *etrangers*."

LETTER XXXVI.

Baſle, June 11, 1791.

WE entered Baſle at what would elſewhere be called eight, but what is here called nine, o'clock. I have never yet heard a ſatisfactory account of this advance of an hour in the time of the day, or what were

were the real circumſtances that occaſioned it. An old traveller, who paſſed this way near two hundred years ago, reports of it, that a conſpiracy had been formed to betray the city, and that the falſe ſtriking of the clock diſconcerted the plot. He further ſays, that they preſerved a certain ſtone, called the *Heiſteine*, upon which the heads of the conſuls and other conſpirators were ſtruck off; unluckily adding, however, that people were not agreed upon this piece of hiſtory,—and that ſome referred the advance of the clock to a deſign of haſtening the proceedings of the council. It is, however, a curious circumſtance, to ſee a whole city one complete hour in all their tranſactions before their neighbours; and to a ſtranger, it occaſions ſome embarraſſment, as the ſun will neither riſe nor ſet in conformity to the decrees of Baſle.

The hotel of the Three Kings is that to which all the world goes; and I ſhould ſuppoſe there is not a pleaſanter Inn in Eu-

rope. Situated on the weſtern banks of the Rhine, it commands a delightful view; and the ſaloon appropriated to the table d'hôte is the moſt cheerful apartment I ever was in. The walls are hung with various engravings, repreſenting ſome of the choiceſt ſcenery in Switzerland. The Rhine is here in its greateſt beauty, and fills a wider bed between this place and Straſbourg, than in any other part of its courſe. Nothing can ſurpaſs its colouring. The ſea, in all its azure and ſerenity, can alone furniſh a parallel to the cerulean tranſparency of its waters. It has conſiderable rapidity in its deſcent towards Straſbourg, and the boats which paſs thither are broke up and ſold. The ſame is done upon the Rhone and the Danube, it being impracticable, without infinite labour and coſt, to bring up a veſſel againſt ſo ſtrong a current.

The place and the people preſented to me an appearance particularly gratifying, by the ſtrong characters every where obſervable, of ſimplicity,

ſimplicity, cleanlineſs, and induſtry. Baſle has been a place of no ſmall dignity in the earlier periods of its hiſtory; though I queſtion if it ever poſſeſſed, in the days of its Imperial grandeur, ſo ſolid a proſperity as it now derives from its union with the Cantons of Switzerland. Baſle counts among its citizens, ſeveral men of eminence in arts and literature. Holben and Buxtorf were once, in their ſeveral departments, the ornaments of this town; and the great Eraſmus is honoured with a monument in the Cathedral, upon the ſpot that contains his aſhes. In addition to thoſe diſtinctions, it claims the merit of having invented paper in the year 1417.

I took a walk in the evening through the different parts of the town, which are connected by a bridge over the Rhine. The ſhops appeared abundant in commodities: every one active in his occupation, and content with his condition. It was ſun-ſet when I returned from my walk; and I

found the ſhops ſhut, and the families ſeated upon benches at the doors of their houſes. Here they enjoy the cool breeze of the evening, and relax from the fatigues of the day in cheerful converſation. I found this the caſe throughout all quarters of the town; and I ſeemed to myſelf paſſing through a ſaloon, the company in which was ranged in the higheſt order on both ſides. This ſavours ſtrongly of ancient and uncorrupt ſimplicity. Goldſmith has drawn the picture of it in his "Deſerted Village." I had the images in my mind before I ſaw Baſle, and was the more gratified in the revival of them, than I ſhould have been by the firſt impreſſion. Surely the nobleſt effect of the Muſe is to learn to appreciate nature; and that Poetry is of the higheſt character, which conveys the faithfulleſt images of unadulterated life. It is on this principle that I conſider Thomſon and Goldſmith, as the oracles of genuine poetry, and the very beſt inſtructors of moral

ral ſentiment. What volumes of verſe have been written with uſeleſs elaboration!

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
"One native charm, than all the gloſs of art."

LETTER XXXVII.

Berne, June 12, 1791.

THE dreſs of the women at Baſle was very ſingular. Their hair was combed ſmooth back from the forehead—bound at the crown with a fillet—and brought behind into two plaits of conſiderable length. Theſe are further lengthened by black ribbons appended to them, which deſcend almoſt to their heels. Their countenances, without much beauty, were very pleaſant and cheerful. They appeared very affable and unreſerved. The generality of them dreſs in black. This I had at firſt ſuppoſed to be particular to the Black Foreſters, but I find it is not confined to them; and that

the univerſality of this uſage originates in œconomical reaſons. The ſhort petticoats—ſo much the favourite of the *Hollandoiſe*—is here worn with much greater advantage; and diſcovers a well-ſhaped leg, uſually adorned with a ſcarlet ſtocking, forming—in the opinion of the females of Baſle—a fine contraſt to the *ſombre* ſhades of their accuſtomed habit.

I cannot diſmiſs the article of Baſle, without aſſuring you, that I was never more pleaſed with a place which pretends to ſo little. It owes all its beauties to nature and to induſtry. Its only ornaments are, the landſcapes which ſurround it, and the ſimple manners of thoſe who inhabit it. Men, women, and children, all appeared engaged in the common cauſe of enriching its markets, and ſupporting its commerce. Here are no paſtimes for the gay, no indulgences for the vicious: but the heart which can taſte of purer pleaſures, and rejoice in the felicity of the human race, may here receive

no

no common gratification, in contemplating a virtuous, a united, and a happy people.

We left Baſle in the morning of the 11th, and have arrived at Berne, after a journey of two days. I will endeavour to give you a faint ſketch of the country through which we have paſſed: but eloquent indeed muſt be that pen, and animated that pencil, which can do adequate juſtice to ſuch ſcenes of pre-eminent beauty. As we left Baſle, we gradually entered upon a mountainous country, with the Rhine flowing to the left of us. The road continued tolerable, excepting that in different parts it was ſcattered with looſe and inconvenient fragments of ſtone. The courſe is ſerpentine, for the facility of aſcent; and this gives a greater ſcope for variety in the different landſcapes that preſent themſelves.

At Lieſtal, where we reſted during the heat of the day, the mountains appeared to gather round us. I was induced, by the ſingular appearance of one of theſe, to

make

make an ineffectual attempt at reaching its ſummit, by catching at the roots, ſhrubs, and maſſes of ſtone which covered its ſurface. From Lieſtal we entered upon a route which exhibited to our eyes the grandeſt pictures imaginable. Mountains piled on mountains ſeemed to incloſe us on all hands. Theſe were of various forms and complexions. Some roſe in conical beauty; others preſented aſpects more rude and majeſtic. Some were clothed with verdure; others with duſky umbrage; and others, diſplaying their boſoms of naked flint, ſeemed to ſet vegetation and culture at defiance. The road in many parts pierces theſe rocks; among which, as you paſs, you hear the roar of waters—deſcending from precipice to precipice; and trace, among the ſtupendous ſcenery, the hut that protects the peaſant from the ſtorm. The approach of Bieſtal paſſes over a mountain, eſteemed a league in aſcent. The entrance to this place was particularly ſtriking. On our right,

right, were mountains of uncouth form and prodigious height — on our left, vallies clothed with verdure, and ſcattered with human habitations. It was duſk when we entered, and the ſun had given place to the ſofter ſhades of twilight.

This morning we left Bieſtal, and paſſed through Soleure to Berne. The ſcenery increaſed in beauty and magnificence as we advanced. Soleure is a town of very pleaſant appearance, and the Church is a very elegant building. This place is the capital of the Canton which bears its name; is of the Catholic religion, and the ordinary reſidence of the French ambaſſador to the Helvetic Union. It being Sunday, all the villagers and inhabitants of the town were parading in groups, with their ſhort cloaths and their ſcarlet ſtockings. At the table d'hôte there were many Emigrants; but no articles of intelligence tranſpired. Our object was to reach Berne in the evening, which we effected; and the neceſſity of

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ſome repoſe, muſt plead my excuſe for withdrawing myſelf thus abruptly from your ſociety.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Geneva, June 17, 1791.

THE night of our arrival at Berne we ſupped at the table d'hôte, and met ſome agreeable company. Among others, was a Frenchman, who appeared a well-bred man. We aſked him ſome queſtions reſpecting Berne. He pictured it in moſt deplorable colours. "Ah mon Dieu! tout "eſt tranquille ici: il n'y a point de ſpec-"tacles, ni de caffé, ni de ſocieté." His countenance interpreted very fully the calamitous ſituation in which he found himſelf. "Je me mourai!" was his concluſion. He was particularly complimentary upon the Engliſh nation as a nation of ſplendor and

and amuſements. "On y trouve tant de "belles choſes," ſaid he; and then began enumerating Bath, Vauxhall, &c. I could not help reflecting on this principle, which ſeems to enter ſo univerſally into the character of a Frenchman. This man was, to appearance, a well-educated man—at leaſt upon the ſyſtem of French Education;—and he was an exile from his country; yet the *gout* for amuſements ſtill continued to prevail over every other feeling; and the Revolution of his country, appeared to him only ſo far inconvenient,—as it had robbed him of his amuſements and his rank.

The ſituation of Berne is extremely fine. The ſcenery around it is indeed magnificent. The town is almoſt encircled by the river Aar; the houſes are remarkably well built with Arcades; and the utmoſt neatneſs is kept up in every quarter. Berne is not entirely without its amuſements. Theſe are principally the pleaſures of the Promenade; and perhaps no city in Europe can boaſt

boaſt a terrace whoſe view commands a more ſublime collection of natural objects. Our table d'hôte was enlivened, the day after our arrival, by a political diſputation upon the intereſts of Europe; and it was warmly contended, *à l'unanime*, that England ſhould unite with Spain, and ſtrike a blow at the Empreſs of Ruſſia.

We encountered at table, in the evening, one of thoſe inquiſitive characters who offer no ſmall annoyance to ſtrangers. He was a man of a certain age, but of a moſt voluble tongue. He attacked us the moment we were ſeated, with a ſucceſſion of interrogatories, of "What place we came "from?—Which way we were going?—"Whether we had made the tour of Swit-"zerland, or whether we intended it?" and then began, unaſked, to give us his advice. He inſiſted upon it, we *muſt* make an excurſion in the neighbourhood of Berne—that we muſt *not* content ourſelves with a direct route to Geneva—and enu-

merated

merated a variety of objects to which we *ought* to attend. Finding the anſwers we gave, were not likely to ſilence him—we began to be more laconic in our replies. This induced a calm of a few minutes; when, turning his head from us, he broke out aloud with, "D'où venez-vous, Monſieur?" to an officer at the further end of the room. A Frenchman makes great allowance for frivolous enquiry—The officer replied with the utmoſt readineſs to this firſt queſtion, and to thoſe which ſucceeded; and thus we became perfectly acquainted with his hiſtory. "Où allez-vous?—Quand par-"tez-vous?—Etes-vous marié?—Madame "doit être malheureuſe pendant vôtre ab-"ſence." Such was the nature of his attack upon the officer.

I feared the arrival of ſupper would bring our affairs again into play: and it happened juſt as I had ſurmiſed. He took his chair by me, and renewed the charge, with the ſame perſevering curioſity, during

the whole of the seſſion. "Eh bien, vous "allez à Geneve. Il faut, cependant, faire "des petites tours; ou bien, il faut revenir "à Berne. Comptez-vous reſter à Geneve? "J'y ſerai en quinze jours-moi. Je ſerai "mortifié de ne pas vous trouver." Such were the perſecutions I experienced during ſupper. Fortunately for me, he recollected that a gentleman, who ſat oppoſite him, had not yet been catechized. He opened the trenches againſt him, and drew out in a few ſeconds the whole of his hiſtory. We took advantage of this diverſion made in our favour, and withdrew ourſelves from his farther importunities. I had Horace full in my recollection, during this adventure; and when he opened his attack upon me, with "Comment vous va-"t-il, mon cher?" I thought I heard, "Quid agis dulciſſime rerum?"

We left Berne the following morning; and dining at the charming town of Morat, paſſed in the evening to Paliere; where we

had some difficulty to find accommodations —such were the numbers of French emigrants who are on their way to Worms and Manheim. From Paliere we proceeded early the next day, and arrived by the setting of the sun at Lausanne. It was not our intention to make any stay at Lausanne; and as the journey from Brussels had been long and fatiguing, we hastened to the place of our destination. Reposing therefore the night at Lausanne, we made our last day's journey, in the finest weather and upon such a road as we have not before witnessed, and arrived yesterday evening at Geneva. Here we fix for some time our residence, and such is the general aspect of the country, that I think we may promise ourselves a very agreeable *sejour*.

LETTER XXXIX.

Geneva, June 28, 1791.

I HAVE now been near a fortnight at Geneva, and have little more to report to you than the ſtate of the weather. Our mode of life is perfectly recluſe. The ſcenery with which we are ſurrounded is the object of our conſtant contemplation, and our evenings are invariably paſſed in ſauntering upon the banks of the Lake.

Here let me indulge for a moment in drawing ſome faint outline of this magnificent country. The Lake, which in magnitude is rivalled only by that of Conſtance, is ſituated in a valley between the Alps and the Jura, which runs through Switzerland as the Appenine through Italy. The width of this Lake is well proportioned to the height of thoſe mountains which incloſe it; and

and the form of its bed is ſuch as to give ſcope for all the varieties of ſcenery. Its waters are deliciouſly pure, and exhibit—particularly at their iſſue—the moſt enchanting tranſparency.

At the head of this Lake is ſituated Villeneuve, at the rectilinear diſtance of fifteen leagues. Along the banks of the Lake, on either ſide, are ſcattered towns and villages, whoſe magnitude is ſo reduced by the ſtupendous mountains which tower behind them, that they appear but cluſters of diminutive ſheds, and ſcarcely ſeem to riſe out of the waters. The mountains of which I ſpeak, are thoſe which ſtand on the ſide of Savoy, and form a part of the Alps. Theſe preſent a very noble range of bold and majeſtic objects: their forms, their magnitude, and their aſpect, have every variety neceſſary to the harmony of the ſcene. The grand Saleve is the firſt in order, proceeding from Geneva, which it flanks. This is a mountain of no pre-emi-

nent height. Its ſurface is covered with an agreeable verdure, and ſcattered with ſome cottages in thoſe declivities which approach the town. Its ſummit exhibits the form of a wedge whoſe angle is rounded off. Next to this ſtands the Petit Saleve, which bears a more pointed form, and whoſe roots approach more nearly the borders of the Lake. The Mole riſes next—of a very duſky hue, and conical figure, which contraſts well with the long and uniform appearance of the Voiſons ſtanding beyond it. The real figure of the Mole is ſaid to be by no means conſonant with its apparent form, which is indeed conveyed to the eye in the ſtrict character of the cone. Here are the mountains which ſtand along the ſouthern bank of the Lake, and which form to the imagination the rear-guard of the Alps.

Behind theſe darker maſſes are ranged the Glaciers, which exhibit through the interſtices of the former their lucid ſummits.

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This chain of icy ſubſtances preſents to the eye no uniform appearance: in ſome of its parts are glaſſy promontories diſcovered, ſhooting their ſilver points into the clouds. Theſe are known by the name of *Aiguilles*, from the figure they repreſent. In others the blended ſnows and ice are ſwelled into unequal maſſes, and exhibit different configurations of the moſt tranſparent materials. Parent of all—the Mont Blanc—ſtands clothed in a robe of the pureſt white, and appears indeed ſovereign of the ſurrounding ſcenes. The ſummit of this mountain riſes much above the reſt; and, though by no means ſo in reality, has the appearance of a conical figure rounded at its point. Such is the outline of thoſe objects which form the back-ground of this majeſtic picture; and the ſoftened light which beams at the ſetting of the ſun, paints them to the eye in all the chaſteſt colouring which fancy ever imagined.

The Rhone iſſues from the Lake at Geneva. This noble river takes its courſe through the town, and its ſteep waters exhibit a colouring of the richeſt blue. The Arve, rolling down its torrent from the ſnowy Alps, forms its junction with the Rhone in the vicinity of Geneva; and at an angle, which occaſions great turbulence to the commixing waters. Our houſe is ſituated at ſome little diſtance from the town, and our communication with it is not likely to be great. It participates, in common with all the ſtates of Europe, of that political ferment to which France has given birth; and, though the ariſtocratic party adminiſter the government at preſent, they are not without apprehenſions from the reſtleſs activity of their democratic rivals.

LETTER XL.

Geneva, July 12, 1791.

SINCE I laſt wrote, very important intelligence has tranſpired. The news of the King's flight was very ſoon conveyed to this place, and every precaution was taken to prevent its operating any miſchief in this little republic. All the avenues were beſet with guards, to prevent a ſtranger's paſſing the territory; and patroles of horſe paraded the whole of the night. I heard ſome private letters from Paris read, which announced the moſt perfect unconcern, on the part of the Pariſians, at the departure of their king. The converſation in the public places of reſort was ſaid to have been, "Le "roi a pris la fuite."—"Eh bien!" ſaid the reſt, "on s'en paſſera."

This event, and the ſubſequent arreſt, were variouſly received here, and in the *Pais de Vaud.* Many of the Geneveſe aſſembled every evening upon the promenades, comparing the ſeparate accounts which each had privately received, as many had ſons, couſins, or nephews in the national guard of Paris. "Le roi eſt parti," ſaid one;" "Tant mieux," ſaid an old democrat, "on ſera moins embarraſſé." The evening after the retaking of the king, the promenade was in ſingular commotion; and the people were divided by ſentiments of joy and ſorrow. "On l'a repri," ſaid one—"Tant pis pour eux," ſaid another—"Apparemment on lui tranchera la tête," ſaid a third. Such were the remarks upon the promenades of Geneva at this event.

At Lauſanne, I underſtood, that political ſentiment expreſſed itſelf in a more public manner. The news of the king's eſcape occaſioned ſo great joy at this laſt place, that the ariſtocrates—who compoſe by far the majority

majority—indulged themſelves in public illuminations. This triumph was however to undergo a mortification: the king was arreſted, and the news was not long in making its way to Lauſanne. The democrates would not loſe ſo favourable an opportunity of diſturbing their antagoniſts; they illuminated in their turn, and had the advantage of the laugh on their ſide.

I have mentioned the promenades at Geneva: they merit indeed more than a ſimple notice, at leaſt thoſe which are within the walls of the town. But as the gates are ſhut * irrevocably at half paſt eight o'clock—a time at which one ſcarcely begins to find the air ſufficiently cool for reſpiration—I am obliged to confine myſelf to thoſe walks which lie without the gates. Theſe are frequented of an evening by large companies, with whom I am become in ſome degree familiarized, without the aſſiſtance of letters recommendatory. The grand

* The ſhutting of the gates is regulated by the hour of ſunſet.

enquiry

enquiry on the ſubject of politics relates to Paine and *Pierce*—by which they mean Price—a name they cannot pronounce. I told them all that I knew about them, *i. e.* juſt ſo much as they knew, and all the world knew before—that they were reputed champions of no mean ſtrength in the field of politics.

Of this groupe is a veteran, leſs diſtinguiſhed by his own character than by a very elegant daughter, whoſe perſonal charms and brilliant converſation have given her much celebrity. Expert in every ſubject of general intereſt, ſhe is more particularly attached to political diſcuſſion, and has, by her beauty and her principles, acquired the appellation of "La belle democrate." She is very fond of enquiring into the character of the Engliſh ladies, for whom ſhe has the higheſt reſpect. She wiſhed to know, what particular ſyſtem of politics the Engliſh women now defended. I told her, the ladies with us ſeldom interfered in political diſcuſſion.

cuſſion. She took it for a rebuke—" Ap-
" paramment Monſieur penſe que les dames
" ne doivent pas ſe meler de la politique."
" Pardonnez moi," ſaid I. Madamoiſelle is often attended upon the promenade by a German, who appears deeply captivated with her charms, without however being fortunate enough to excite a reciprocal paſſion. " Il ne fait que parler de la meta-
" phyſique," ſays ſhe—" L'amour ne
" s'ouvre pas ordinairement comme ça." His accent offends her ear. " The Germans
" murder our language," ſhe ſays, " more
" than any people in Europe." I obſerved to her, that the Engliſh ſeldom attained to a juſtneſs of pronunciation. " J'en conviens," ſays ſhe, " mais les Allemands travaillent a
" prononcer notre langue, au lieu que vous
" autres ne vous en embarraſſez point; et
" j'aime plutôt celui qui ne la prononce pas,
" que celui qui la prononce mal."

LETTER XLI.

Geneva, July 15, 1791.

THE dreſs of the Geneveſe is faſhioned upon a very agreeable model. The generality of females of every condition are far removed from ſicklineſs or deformity, and thoſe of the higher claſſes are pleaſing in their perſons and their manners. Rouſſeau has indeed charged them with want of parental tenderneſs, in ſending their infants to be nurſed, or rather neglected, by the inhabitants of the mountains: but in this, as in other reſpects, modern Geneva bears little reſemblance to the ancient.

The cuſtom of taking a *goutè*, correſponding to our tea, I have not ſeen elſewhere; though I underſtand it is not peculiar to this place. I was invited to one of thoſe

repaſts by the old patriot, and was ſurprized to find ſuch variety of eatables at ſuch an hour; it was five o'clock in the afternoon. The moment the company were ſeated, baſkets of bread were handed about; theſe were followed by anchovies, and tarts of an extraordinary ſize. In the mean time, coffee, tea, wine, liqueurs, &c. were put in circulation; in ſo much that I, who had but juſt riſen from dinner, made a very contemptible figure amongſt them. "Il me "ſemble que les Anglois mangent peu," ſaid one of the company. I replied in the affirmative, to avoid being further ſolicited. "Ils s'en tiennent beaucoup a leur *roſbeef*," exclaimed another of the party, who had deſtroyed a hoſt of eatables. At the ſound of *roſbeef*, Monſ. A. ſeemed ſuddenly ſtruck; and apologizing for not having provided *roſbeef* for my *gouté*, inſiſted upon my conſenting to dine with him at noon on the following Sunday. I waited on him the day appointed, and was much amuſed with

my

my entertainment. A variety of articles were ſerved up; and I was urged to feaſt upon ſoup, diſhes of rice, &c. till I had quite loſt ſight of the grand deſideratum. At length, when the deſert ſhould have come, enters a piece of roaſt beef of an immoderate ſize. It was diverting to ſee the buſtle it created among the company, whoſe eyes were fixed alternately on *me* and the *beef*; and each appeared to wait with anxious curioſity the havoc my appetite was to make upon this huge maſs of fleſh. Nothing but the very marked intention of gratifying me, prevented my reſiſting their intreaties *in toto*: and their diſappointment was ſo great at the very ſmall progreſs I made, that I queſtion if Monſieur will ever think it worth his while to conſult again the palate of an Engliſhman.

The great feſtivities here are on the Sunday; and, notwithſtanding the ſtrict devotion which prevails during three parts of the day, the evening is celebrated with the

moſt

moſt cheerful gaieties. The principal amuſement is upon the Lake, which is uſually covered with pleaſure-boats, and affords a very delightful ſpectacle. Some of theſe boats are of a very conſiderable ſize, and are decorated with very brilliant ornaments. In theſe they amuſe themſelves with muſic, dancing, and playing off fireworks—principally thoſe of a violent exploſion. The reverberation of this, from the vaſt chain of mountains which ſurround the Lake, reſembles very accurately the rolling of thunder, and is liſtened to with the moſt eager attention.

This little republic is not without its political ferments. It ſhould ſeem, from their numerous precautions, that ſome great danger was apprehended. The orders of the Syndics are unuſually ſtrict. The vigilance of the magiſtrates and the bourgeois-guard is unremitting. For greater ſecurity, the gate, which formerly faced the Swiſs quarter, has been within theſe two or three

weeks, with great labour and expence, turned towards the French territory: whence, it ſhould ſeem, that hoſtilities were eventually expected. During the whole affair of the king's flight, every ſpecies of caution was employed; and the circumſpection which this government thought neceſſary to exerciſe on that occaſion, convinces me that they conceive much of their own ſecurity to depend upon the particular turn of French affairs. Their fortifications are undergoing repair; the inhabitants have lately been inrolled; and all the meaſures which vigilance can dictate, are now put in practice, with a view to guard againſt the deſigns of the democratic minority.

LETTER XLII.

Geneva, July 15, 1791.

I RECEIVED yesterday a very high degree of entertainment, and am anxious to report to you the journals of my proceedings. It was, as you will recollect, the commemoration of the French revolution; and, as agreeable to a decree of the National Assembly, the day was to be celebrated throughout France. Ferney, the ancient residence of Voltaire, was among the number of those towns which announced an intention of observing this anniversary. I had for some time past determined upon making a visit to Ferney, in order to view the mansion once occupied by this illustrious man; and my curiosity to witness this extraordinary festival, decided me to put my plan in execution on this day. I knew not the state of the place; nor could foresee, whether my person might be safe among a number of

men, assembled to celebrate the orgies of Liberty and Bacchus. I was unwilling therefore to be a solitary guest, and an order of council had been issued forbidding any subject of the Republic to be found at Ferney during this festival. I shortly however picked up an Englishman, of whom I had some slight knowledge; and who, though profoundly ignorant of the language, had as much curiosity as was necessary for my purpose. We placed severally a cockade in our hats, and drove to Ferney.

The village wore a very gay appearance: all the inhabitants, and many from the environs, were parading in numerous parties, dressed in all the trappings of their Sunday wardrobes. Having found with some difficulty a stand for our whiskey and horse, we repaired to a part of the town, which from the crowds assembled there seemed to be the place of rendezvous. We passed through many ranks of spectators, and came to a large area, in the centre of which was elevated

elevated the national ſtandard, and the colours inſcribed with—"Vivre libre, ou mou-" rir," were ſtreaming in the air. This ſpace was not incloſed with any fixed barrier, but preſerved for the company by the National guard; who acted alternately as centinels, and kept the line unbroken by the ſpectators. Within this area were two long tables, very nearly filled with company, and two ſmaller ones, occupied by ſelect parties. At the head of the *upper* table ſat the Commandant; and beſide him, the lady preſident. The reſt were for the moſt part officers of the guard, or, what is the ſame thing, volunteers; for the duties and the honours are taken in rotation. I underſtood from ſome of the attendants, that we ſhould find no difficulty in being admitted to the table. I therefore applied to a very genteel man, who was doing the duty of centinel, for permiſſion to ſit at the table. He aſſured me, it would do them ſingular honour. We therefore took our ſeats, and

were ſerved with ſome refreſhment upon paying our quota.

The attention of the company was ſoon drawn upon us; and thoſe neareſt us at the table were ſolicitous to recommend themſelves by drinking our healths. A band of military muſic regaled us during dinner. This ended, proclamation was made for ſilence: and the Commandant delivered an addreſs upon the important advantages of the revolution. After commenting with ſome warmth upon theſe, and recommending as eſſential to their continuance, order and obedience to the conſtituted authorities,--he toaſted the magiſtrates, the national aſſembly, &c. Every toaſt was drank with loud acclamations, and accompanied with the muſic of ſome popular air. When the Commandant had got through the toaſts of office, he demanded ſilence, and begged leave to drink, "A la ſantée des Anglois, "nos meilleurs amis." This was received with the loudeſt burſts of applauſe. It was

echoed

echoed from every quarter, and the muſic ſtruck up "ça ira;" which was ſung by the greater part of the company. The nature of this toaſt turned the eyes of all upon us; and as my companion was not linguiſt enough to return the compliment, I mounted the bench. "Silence le plus profonde," was called for on all hands; and I proclaimed aloud, "A la ſantée des François, "ſucces à la nouvelle conſtitution, fondée "ſur des principes eternelles, comme na-"turelles." This had its effect: muſic, ſhouts, and ſongs, expreſſed their ſenſe of gratitude: we were immediately handed by an officer to the upper table,—preſented to the Lady Preſident, who invited us to the ball. Ten thouſand courteſies were now ſhewn us. They threw to the ground the burgundy we had purchaſed, and gave us in exchange ſome of the firſt quality. They ſpoke in terms of the warmeſt regard of the Engliſh nation, whoſe example they pretended only to follow; and commended that

generosity, which declined to take advantage of their present distractions.

An officer now hurried us away to drink coffee. I was glad of the opportunity of being relieved from the superabundant civilities of the company. He conducted us to a house where liqueurs, &c. were served up, and many patriotic songs were sung by the different Officers. My friend, who was rather warmed by the burgundy and liqueurs, than enlightened by the conversation, desired me to express to these Frenchmen the respect he had for them: I interpreted his intentions, and all shook hands with him—shouting at the same time, "Bravo, le bon Anglois!" The liqueur was forcible, and the vivacity of the songs animating: these had a mechanical effect upon the humours of my companion. He desired me to assure these Frenchmen, that he loved liberty as much as they did, and that he had an estate in England, but that he would willingly sacrifice it all for the sake

of

of liberty. I again became his interpreter, and his hand was again demanded—with a repetition, in a ſtill higher tone, of "Bravo, le bon Anglois!" The afternoon was indeed paſſed in the greateſt hilarity, and without the leaſt infringement of decorum. Never did I ſee men whoſe air, converſation, and geſture diſcovered more happineſs. They harangued, they danced, and omitted no poſſible expreſſion of gaiety. What particularly ſtruck me in the midſt of all this enthuſiaſm was, that not a term of reproach was uſed againſt the king; nor a ſentiment of revenge breathed againſt thoſe from whoſe yoke they had ſo recently eſcaped. Their feelings ſeemed to be engroſſed by the ſingle conſideration of their preſent felicity, and not an evil paſſion was ſuffered to diſturb the ſerenity of their pleaſures. Upon the whole, no feſtival—which had for its object the commemoration of ſuch an event,—could have been conducted with greater harmony, propriety, and good order.

We contrived to withdraw ourſelves from the company at the approach of evening, and made a viſit to Voltaire's houſe. This was a gratification I could not refuſe myſelf. The ſituation is fine; in the houſe itſelf there is nothing remarkable. We were ſhewn the apartment in which Voltaire uſually paſſed his time. This is hung round with the portraits of eminent men, and adorned with the urn containing his heart, which he bequeathed, or pretended to bequeath, to this place. The church and theatre are ſtill in exiſtence,—but all around proclaims the maſter's fall. Upon returning from Voltaire's villa, we found the gaieties of the ball-room were commencing; but, adopting the prudence of the "conviva-"ſatur," we entered our whiſkey for Geneva. As we drove through the town, we were received with ſhouts, and waving of hats. Theſe compliments we returned in the beſt manner we could; and bade adieu to Ferney,—not a little ſatisfied with the adventures of the day.

LETTER XLIII.

Lauſanne, July 20, 1791.

BY a change of ſyſtem, our reſidence at Geneva was ſhortened by two months, and we are now at Lauſanne—or rather in the environs, which are delicious beyond compare. The ſcenery wants indeed that ſoftneſs and harmony which the Geneveſe territory poſſeſſes; but then it has to boaſt magnificence, boldneſs, and variety. The houſe we inhabit, is in the village of Ouchy, nearly a mile and half from the town. It is ſmall and ruſtic, ſituated within a dozen yards of the Lake, and confronted by the mountains of Savoy, and the rocks of Millerie. Since we have been here, the Lake —which is ſubject to ebb and flow—has been more than once worked into a ſtorm, and riſen to a conſiderable height. This is a phenomenon for the ſolution of which many

many hypotheſes have been offered. That moſt approved is Mr. Bertrand's, who ſuppoſes, that electric clouds elevate the waters to various degrees of height, in proportion to the quantity of the electric fluid; and that the ſubſequent fall, or ſinking of the waters—particularly in the narrow parts of the Lake, where theſe *ſeiches*, as they are called, are moſt violent—occaſions theſe ſudden ſtorms.

Here is a good circulating library, and gazettes of every kind. But Lauſanne is now ſo much frequented by foreigners, and particularly Engliſh,—that every thing peculiar and original is extirpated. In compliance with faſhion and intereſt, every thing is *angliciſed;* and you may now have the ſatisfaction of paying as much for the hire of a horſe, a carriage, or a houſe,—as at the moſt ſplendid place of Engliſh reſort.

Gibbon is the *grand monarque* of literature at Lauſanne: I have ſeen, converſed,

and

and dined with him. Theſe are, I think, the three requiſites, in order to know ſomething of a man. His converſation is correct and eloquent; his periods are meaſured, and his manner of delivering them ſolemn. He appears rather inditing to an amanuenſis, than holding converſation with a ſtranger. But though he talks too oracularly,—he is at his table cheerful, frank, and convivial. His hoſpitalities are however not ſtrictly *patriotic:* his predilection for the Swiſs is notorious; and, as a love of preeminence may not be claſſed amongſt the leaſt of his failings, he ſeems to have decided well in the choice of his ſociety.

The ſtate of the weather here is remarkably fine, but hot to a degree of ſuffocation. We purpoſe taking advantage of this part of the ſeaſon, and making in a few days a viſit to the Glaciers of Chamouni. I have now full in my recollection, the firſt glimpſe I caught of thoſe wonderful regions. It was on my way from Paliere to Lauſanne,

and

and within about a league of this latter place. We had alighted from our carriage, while the horſes aſcended a hill;—and as we approached the ſummit, one of the moſt magnificent ſights in nature preſented itſelf on a ſudden to our aſtoniſhed eyes: it was a diſtant view of the Glaciers; and the unuſual appearance they made, would not ſuffer me to ſuppoſe that they were of a ſolider texture than the fleecy and tranſparent cloud;—till the reports of thoſe better acquainted with the country, rectified the errors of an indiſtinct viſion. It was at the cloſe of the day, and all the luſtre of a ſetting ſun was playing upon their ſpotleſs ſummits.—The ſcenery was at once novel, and ſublime. I anticipate a thouſand pleaſures in viſiting theſe ſingular regions, where an external conflict is kept up between heat and cold; and mountains of ice experience no ſenſible diminution from the ſcorching rays of a ſolſtitial ſun.

LETTER XLIV.

Lauſanne, Aug. 10, 1791.

I AM now returned from a tour among the Glaciers; and what my recollection, aided by an occaſional note made on the way, can ſupply, ſhall now be penned down for your amuſement. It was on Thurſday, July 28, that we left Lauſanne on this expedition. We compoſed together a party of ſeven, not including ſervants. The morning of the 29th, we left Geneva, at an early hour; and croſſing the brook at Cheſne, little more than a mile from the town of Geneva, we entered the territory of Savoy. The road to Bonneville, the town where we firſt halted, became gradually mountainous, and we at length found ourſelves at the foot of the Mole. Of this mountain I have before remarked, that its

appearance

appearance from Geneva preſents a conical form; but this vaniſhed as we approached: and, agreeable to the teſtimony of Mr. Sauſſure, ſome who have made an expedition to Bonneville in order to examine the Mole, have returned without ſeeing it—having miſtaken for it ſome other mountain whoſe figure reſembled moſt nearly the form under which this appears at a diſtance. We began, in this part of our journey, to enter the land of ſprings, and the heat being immoderate, often regaled ourſelves with draughts from theſe icy waters. We were dreſſed in the lighteſt clothing, yet ſuffered very much from the ſcorching rays of the ſun, and their reflection from the ſides of the mountains. We took ſome refreſhment at Bonneville, and found ſhelter there for ſome hours from the fervors of the day. I ſtrolled to the church for amuſement, and found it not behind its fellows in ſaintly dignity. Many caſkets were placed upon the different altars, containing *moſt unqueſtionable* frag-

ments of ancient worthies. I tranſcribed from one of theſe precious repoſitories the following inſcription—I leave the Monk who wrote it, to defend the purity of its concords. "Reliquias Sanctæ Vincentiæ ritè cognitas "in hoc capſulo incluſas generationi fide- "lium Bonopolis in ſacello Sⁱ Petri exponi "permittuntur."

We left Bonneville after repoſing two or three hours, and paſſed by a very ſingular and romantic route to Salenche. Every poſ- ſible diverſity of ſcenery is to be found in this latter ſtage. Springs and caſcades iſſue from the roots of the rocks which incloſe the track, or ſcatter their waters down the ſhelv- ing ſides. The heat raged unabated, till the approach to Salenche gave us a diſtant view of the Glaciers, whoſe icy ſummits af- forded—to the imagination at leaſt—ſome relief. Salenche terminated our journey of the day, and the evening was employed in making the neceſſary arrangements for our conveyance to Chamouni, and viewing a

caſcade

caſcade at ſome little diſtance; I know not its name. The approach to it was over rough and looſe ſtones, ſome of which lay ſo far under the water, that it was problematical whether the feet would alight upon them or not. The cataract guſhed from a hollow rock, and was not without its groteſque ornaments; but when the difficulties of egreſs and regreſs are calculated, the balance of pleaſure preponderates but little in its favour.

From a neceſſity—to which we were conſtrained to ſubmit--we were not provided with *char-a-bancs* on the following day till near eleven o'clock. The char-a-banc is a ſmall ſtrong carriage, in which two or three may ride. Upon this you ſit, with your feet near the ground, reſting upon a ſwinging board, and are drawn ſideways. It is ſurprizing how faſt the mules trot with theſe vehicles at their heels, over ſome of the roughеſt and moſt craggy tracks; their feet are at once ſure and invulnerable. Our char-

a-bancs

a-bancs halted at the village of Chede, and we were very greatly entertained with a view of the caſcade. The water appeared to fall from a height of about 150 feet: as it deſcends it is very regularly ſcattered, till in the lower part of its deſcent it is diſſipated in the gentleſt diſtillation. There was much beauty in this fine caſcade, the effect of which is not a little improved by the ſurrounding ſcenery. We had loſt the hour at which it is viewed to the greateſt advantage,—the guides aſſuring us that had we arrived ſomewhat ſooner, we ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing a rainbow formed upon this tranſparent ſhower.—Re-entering our char-a-bancs, we paſſed over a rough and broken track, blocked up in ſome parts by hideous maſſes of rock, intercepted in others by furious torrents that poured from the heights, till we entered upon a charming plain, in which was ſituated St. Gervais. Here all was gaudy. The Curé had given an entertainment:

maſs was juſt over, and the villagers had commenced their dance. We partook under a tree of the refreſhments of the place, and diverted ourſelves with ſeeing theſe peaſants perform the evolutions of the Valz. Shortly after this we entered the valley of Chamouni, and arrived by five o'clock at the foot of the Glacier de Boiſons.

LETTER XLV.

THE Glacier de Boiſons is the firſt to which ſtrangers are generally introduced. It makes ſcarcely any figure from the valley, ſtanding among many others of much greater magnitude. Being ſeverally furniſhed with a long ſtick pointed with iron, we aſcended with eaſe the lower part of the mountain, which was covered with turf and not very ſteep; but the approach towards the ice was difficult, and the ſticks were eminently uſeful. Previous to our arrival

rival upon the level with the Mer-de-glace, we were ſtopped by the guides in order to view the magnificent proſpect before us. It preſented a range of icy pyramids of the pureſt complexion, and of the boldeſt forms: we were filled with aſtoniſhment at a ſpectacle which blended ſo perfectly the grand and the beautiful.

Arrived at the ſummit of the mountain, we entered upon the Glacier, but found great difficulty in keeping our feet. The ſun had gloſſed the ſurface, and rendered it almoſt impoſſible to tread with any degree of ſecurity. In paſſing amongſt theſe frozen tracts, we came to many wide chaſms and gulphs of a formidable depth. We threw down flakes of ice or ſtones, whoſe fall returned a tremendous ſound. It was curious to obſerve upon the higheſt parts many maſſes of ſtone ready to precipitate; and upon the mountains in deſcending we ſaw ſome of dreadful bulk, which had at different times been tumbled from the ſummit of the Glacier.

Pierre Balmat, our principal guide, related to us, that he was witneſs to the fall of one of the largeſt of theſe; and that it was attended with the moſt tremendous circumſtances. Indeed it appears extraordinary that men ſhould be found to inhabit regions, where they are continually expoſed to theſe impending dangers. All the way as we deſcended, we obſerved the ruins of trees whoſe trunks had been ſplit aſunder, or their roots torn from the ground, by the violence of theſe *Avalanches*. We had ſuffered but little fatigue by the whole of this expedition; the ice afforded us water of the moſt refreſhing coolneſs, and ſtrawberries abounded upon the mountain over which we paſſed on leaving the ice. Evening was now advancing: we re-entered our chara-bancs, and ſhortly arrived at the Priory of Chamouni.

Pierre Balmat undertook all the neceſſary arrangements for the buſineſs of Montanvert, which we were next to undertake; and

and the following morning, after an early maſs, came to announce that all was in readineſs. We were but four who reſolved on this expedition; and we began to aſcend the mountain, having Pierre Balmat at our head, and another guide bringing up the rear, each charged with their portion of luggage, proviſion, &c. The firſt league, or hour as it is called, was rugged, but not ſteep. It is ſo much of the way as is uſually made by the mules. We began from this boundary to experience ſome difficulties: the track, without being leſs rugged, became more ſteep; and we had occaſionally to paſs along a precipice, which could not be regarded without dizzineſs, and from which a falſe ſtep muſt inevitably have terminated the journey. The proſpect before us annihilated all ſenſe of fear or fatigue; and, after an arduous ſtruggle of about three hours, we gained the ſummit of the Montanvert, and had the glorious Mer-de-glace full in view.

We had aſcended the mountain very lightly clad, and had been much oppreſſed by heat. The tranſition was inſtantaneous to a chilling cold. The guides admoniſhed us to wrap ourſelves up ſpeedily, as the air from the Glacier might have a dangerous effect. The Mer-de-glace reſembles exactly a billowy expanſe of water frozen while the waves were yet ſwelling with the majeſty of the ſtorm. We deſcended by a rugged path to the level of the ice; and by a proper union of courage and caution, aſcended and deſcended over the vaſt columns of ice which covered this ſurface. Wherever the eye ranged, nothing preſented itſelf but objects of terrible grandeur;—precipices, over which hung the looſening rocks—gulphs, where the projected ſtone could ſcarcely find a bottom. The whole valley appeared, as ſtill heaving with the tempeſt. Before I quitted the ice, I caſt a parting view at the vaſt range of rocky ſpires and columns that

incloſed

incloſed it. To the left, I ſaw the vale of Chamouni far below; and to the right, the Glacier extended more than twenty leagues among regions inacceſſible to human diſcovery. I felt an enthuſiaſm, which is revived in the narration—but which the moſt elaborate deſcription is ill calculated to communicate.

LETTER XLVI.

OUR repaſt was prepared by the induſtrious guides in a ſhed known by the name of Blair's Cabin. It is principally formed by ſtones, placed without cement upon each other; and the table is of one ſingle ſtone. It was, as Balmat reported, erected by a gentleman of the name of Blair, in conſequence of a violent hail-ſtorm—not unuſual in theſe regions—from which himſelf and his friends had ſuffered. The traveller owes Mr. Blair gratitude for this piece of philanthropy. The interior of this cabin

is covered with a regiſter of names engraved upon the walls by thoſe who have viſited theſe ſcenes.

Nothing can ſurpaſs the intrepidity and zeal of the guides of Chamouni. There are no dangers, however formidable, that they will not face. When Mont Blanc was deemed inacceſſible—an opinion which prevailed till within a few years—the exertions of the guides were nevertheleſs indefatigable. An accident at length unfolded what the labour of years—perhaps of ages—might have explored in vain. The caſual wanderings of Jacques Balmat to a conſiderable height opened to him a track, by which he deemed the aſcent practicable. This ſecret he communicated to Paccard, who had cured him of an illneſs contracted on the mountain. They agreed to make the attempt, in which they perfectly ſucceeded Aug. 1786. Upon this M. Sauſſure, whoſe long reſearches in that particular line had led him to offer rewards for any diſcoveries of this nature,

repaired

repaired to Chamouni the following year; and, with eighteen guides furniſhed with a tent, proviſions, and inſtruments of obſervation, aſcended, with unparalleled hardihood and extreme danger, Mont Blanc Aug. 1787.

Having finiſhed our repaſt, and allowed due time for our guides to refreſh themſelves, we began to deſcend. The beginning of the deſcent was not accompanied with any particular difficulties: but the latter part, which purſued a track different from that by which we aſcended, was ſteep and hazardous. We were occaſionally ſtartled by the diſtant rumbling of thoſe Avalanches, which are (particularly during the heats) detaching looſe maſſes of ice or ſtone, and precipitating them with violent exploſion. Theſe mountains are not without their luxuries. We were preſented in different ſtations of the deſcent with ſtrawberries and goats-milk of delicious flavour. Thoſe who have felt the heat can alone imagine how grateful theſe refreſhments proved.

ed. Having at length effected our descent, we traversed a valley through which flowed the Arveron ;—this, like all the bottoms in the neighbourhood of these mountains, was strewed with those fragments of stone, which once occupied a higher situation. Our guide now conducted us along this uncouth track to one of the noblest objects in nature —the source of the Arveron. It is a recess hollowed out by the hand of nature, and all the colours that enrich it are of her own pencilling. Imagine the openings of a mighty cavern—scooped in the centre—and over-arched by various masses of ice in forms the most wild, yet the most majestic.—Picture to yourself the purest tints, blending into each other with the most enchanting softness, and the most regular gradation. From the centre of this cave thus artfully formed,—thus sublimely coloured,—imagine a torrent issuing with violence, and tumultuously rolling among masses of rock, which obstruct the channel and spread its

waters into foam. If the picture be not entire, throw into the canvas the ſurrounding ſcenery;—the vale of Chamouni decorated in all the charms of induſtry and culture;—the hoary magnificence of the Glaciers;—and the ſombre majeſty of thoſe ſtubborn rocks, which retain no trace of vegetation:—let the ſetting ſun throw his laſt rays over this groupe;—and then tell me, whether it be enthuſiaſm to claſs this with the nobleſt productions of nature.

I muſt remark, from ſome converſation I had this day,—that the Savoyards participate thoſe diſcontents, which ſeem to have become ſo general in Europe. The yoke of the Catholic church is a cauſe of great diſſatisfaction, and they treat with ridicule the idea of papal ſupremacy. They ſpeak of the riches which the church amaſſes, as an unmerited exaction from their labours; and even conſider the *diſme*, or tithe, as a very high price for occaſional abſolution. This I was rather ſurprized to hear: but there is another

another and very ſerious ſubject of diſcontent, in the preference given by the court to Piedmont, to the prejudice of Savoy. The Savoyards affirm, that they are treated with neglect; that their inferiority is marked by an excluſion from poſts of diſtinction and emolument; and that in all caſes where honour, profit, or authority are annexed to any places at the diſpoſal of the government, they have the mortification to ſee a Piedmonteſe preferred. The *greateſt* ferment prevails in thoſe parts which border on the lake, or connect with Geneva. The frequent communications which theſe have with the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud—many of whom are ſtrongly inclined to French principles—have contributed to the diffuſion of that ſpirit of revolt, which reigns among them. At the mineral ſprings of Thonon and Evian there are occaſional fetes, and this keeps up a perpetual intercourſe between the Savoyards and the inhabitants of the other ſide of the lake; and *ça ira*

has been trumpeted at their feſtive meetings with no ſmall ſhare of applauſe. The clergy in the neighbourhood of Chamouni are by no means numerous; at Salenche and its environs they abound, and exhibit all the marks of ſovereign pride.

At firſt entering Savoy, I was embarraſſed to conceive how the land could be divided; as it diſcovered no viſible partitions. I was however told, that it is parcelled out with great accuracy, and preſerved ſufficiently diſtinct,—though in many places by imaginary boundaries. Land is here preferred to every other ſpecies of property; each man is emulous of acquiring a portion; and ſuch are the happy manners of the valley —a ſtick or ſtone,—the moſt *trifling* mark ſerves to define the *meum* and *tuum;*—and, with few exceptions, his property is ſacred from violation.

LETTER XLVII.

THE evening after our descent from Montanvert, I amused myself with walking about in various parts of the valley, and gazing at the different surrounding objects of magnificence. It was within a quarter of an hour of sun-set that finding myself somewhat fatigued, I stretched along a bank, watching the decline of the sun—now about to retire among the Glaciers. The Aiguille de Midi, the Dome, and Mont Blanc were at that time richly illuminated; and I waited with anxious curiosity the issue. The rays of light gradually passed from the Dome and the Aiguille, till the former was enveloped in shadow, and the points of the latter glittered only at the extremities. All this time Mont Blanc possessed a large portion of solar lustre; and, after the

the Aiguilles were enveloped in the gathering ſhades of evening, the rays of the parting light ſtill reſted on the ſuperior mountain.

It was this day determined by four of us to continue our expedition along the valley, and viſit as much as ſhould be convenient of this extraordinary country. We were joined the following morning by two other gentlemen, whoſe intentions co-incided with our own; and under the conduct of Pierre Balmat, ſeverally mounted upon mules, we began at an early hour to aſcend the Col-de-Balme. This is a mountain which bounds the valley of Chamouni, and over which is the ſhorteſt paſſage into the Pays de Valais. A more uſual, becauſe more practicable track is over the Tête Noire. The aſcent of the Col-de-Balme is attended with little difficulty. The greater part is—and all may be—made upon mules. The deſcent is hideouſly ſteep; and, though the track is ſufficiently ſerpentine, yet it is not deſcended without conſiderable fatigue.

From

From the ſummit of this mountain we enjoyed a very noble and extended view. M. Sauſſure calculates that it riſes 1181 toiſes, or 7086 Engliſh feet, above the level of the Mediterranean. On completing our deſcent we found ourſelves in the valley of Trent, ſo called from a torrent of that name which iſſues from a contiguous Glacier. On the higheſt part of the Col-de-Balme there is a ſtone, defining the limits of Savoy; and from this land-mark commences the territory of Valais. We turned a little into the valley of Trent, in order to ſtop at the village of that name, and give ſome repoſe to our mules. Our guide conducted us to a ſmall hut, where the good folks did all in their power to entertain us. They ſucceeded better with the mules than with their riders; for all the effuſions of honeſt hoſpitality could not atone for the poverty of their fare. They ſet before us a diſh of honey and ſome bottles of meagre and acid wine.

This

This village is very curiouſly ſituated, at the bottom of immenſe and innumerable mountains,—and compoſed of an handful of diminutive huts. The largeſt of theſe were very little above the ſize of an ordinary ſtye, and conſtructed in a very groteſque ſtyle. They reſembled a kind of wooden box, ſet upon four beams, which are laid upon a foundation of uncemented ſtones; and upon the roots are ſtones placed, as a proviſion againſt the violent winds, which are not unfrequent in theſe mountainous climes. The people did not appear unhealthy, nor did I ſee any *goitrous* perſons here. The ſlopes of the mountains bore the marks of induſtry and fertility: all was ſimple, and primitive; and we felt our infirmity, when we ſaw our guides devour as a luxury—what revolted our palates. The ſhoes of our mules being repaired, and their ſtomachs repleniſhed, we, paſſing from Trent over the Forclay, arrived at St. Blanchier in the evening.

LETTER XLVIII.

THE paſſage of the Forclay had nothing in it either formidable, or difficult. Wherever the track paſſes,—which it did in many places upon the edge of a precipice,—the imagination was amuſed with a ſlight fence; which was indeed rather a ſecurity againſt fear, than a protection from danger. The deſcent was extremely rough, and ſtrewed with a multitude of large and looſe ſtones. It took us up nearly two hours to deſcend into the valley of Martigny. From the Forclay we enjoyed a very fine view of the city of Sion, the Mont St. Gothard, and the Glaciers of Grindelwald. As our intention was to take Martigny in returning from St. Bernard, we purſued a courſe to the right from the Forclay; this track deſcribed a ſort of ſemi-circle round a hollow vale watered by a river, or ruſhing torrent, over

which cluſters of trees hung in the moſt romantic forms.

We ſhortly after entered the valley of Entremont. The road by which we paſſed, ran along the ſteep declivities which flanked the valley to the right; and on either hand of us were mountains of correſpondent height and magnificence. The Drance—a very powerful torrent which takes its riſe from the Glaciers round St. Bernard—rolls down the valley with noiſy impetuoſity. It was between ſeven and eight o'clock when we entered the village of St. Blanchier. Our guides conducted us to a ſpecies of Inn, where we were to paſs the night. We found our landlady very untractable: all our *toute-ſuites* were coolly returned with *tout-à-l'heures*. We had not however in the iſſue, reaſon to complain of any thing but the pertinacity and dilatorineſs of our hoſteſs; for in her own good time, an excellent and ſmoaking ſupper was introduced. Our night paſſed well, and the morning found us ſuf-

ficiently recovered to resume our march. We obtained some bowls of luscious milk of our landlady, who began to improve upon us by acquaintance; and having mounted our mules, we put ourselves in motion for St. Bernard.

Very soon after issuing from the village of St. Blanchier, we entered upon a part of the valley of Entremont, beautiful beyond description; and this continued with little variation to St. René, a course of three leagues. Between Martigny and St. Blanchier the whole scenery was wild,—the mountains rocky and barren,—and the torrent below us obstructed by prodigious masses of stone. On the contrary, from St. Blanchier to St. Pierre all is smooth, harmonious, fruitful. The mountains are ranged in the noblest and most beautiful forms, and connected with the utmost regularity. Their sides are clothed with a charming verdure of various hues according to the different species of cultivation. The Drance rolls

along

along in one continued ſtream of foam, and fills the valley with its echoes. I thought, as I beheld theſe ſcenes, that the fables of Romance and the viſions of Arcadia were more than realized to my ſenſes. My imagination ſeemed not to experience a want, nor could I figure to myſelf one abſent charm which could improve this wonderful valley. All the varieties of nature were here deliciouſly blended. Here were viewed all the different ſhades of verdure, and every artful diſtribution of culture. Add to theſe, the ſinuous channel of the torrent,—its frothy ſurface,—its hollow roar,—and then ſay what is there left for poetry to feign?

Between St. Blanchard and St. Pierre we paſſed two villages—the firſt of which is Orſieres, the laſt Liddes. As we entered the firſt of theſe, we paſſed the Drance by a wooden bridge. They appeared in this part of the valley to be in a way of refinement. Some few houſes were undergoing repairs, and fitting up in—what I preſume may have

been—the ſtile of a century paſt in the civilized parts of the world; and what may paſs for modern taſte, in a valley, where the viſits of the ſun are but juſt long enough for the purpoſes of exiſtence. It appeared much the faſhion along this valley to conſecrate the houſes by pious inſcriptions. I obſerved upon many doors, which had been lately painted, the names of ſaints inſcribed, or ſome religious motto. Juſt upon the part where in a mercantile town would have been advertiſed the name and occupation of the inhabitant, were inſcribed on many doors the three names *Jeſus—Maric—Joſeph.*

We now paſſed from Orſieres to Liddes, having the Drance to our right. Liddes is romantically ſituated in the narroweſt part of the valley, the mountains of which approach ſo near each other as almoſt to compreſs and entomb it. In paſſing through this place, we overtook one of thoſe good induſtrious Penitents who travel far for the benefit

nefit of their ſouls. The pious pilgrim was in a garment reſembling that which honeſt Bunyan has deſcribed his hero to have received from one of the *ſhining ones*. It was variegated with the brighteſt colours,—adorned with ſhells, mottoes, and portraits of the moſt ſucceſsful interceſſors in behalf of thoſe who practiſe pilgrimage and penance. He bore a tall ſtaff, his feet were bare,—that is to ſay the upper parts,—and thus he was about to croſs the rugged flints of St. Bernard; in order to viſit the holy ſhrine of Loretto, and—in the ſpirit of antient ſuperſtition—" to ſeek him dead who lives in Paradiſe."

LETTER XLIX.

IT was about ten o'clock when we entered the village of St. Pierre; and, as the Convent of St. Bernard was but three leagues diſtant from this place, we deter-

mined upon making our visit immediately, and returning to St. Pierre in the evening. We requested our hostess to prepare us a supper. The good woman talked of honey and goats-milk;—we questioned her upon the articles of bread and meat; she assured us that there was neither butcher nor baker in the town, but that she would send up to the mountains to kill a sheep for our accommodation. It was indeed our fate, wherever we stopped, to spread slaughter and devastation. We had scarcely entered our quarters at St. Blanchier, when the most dismal screams assailed us from the hen-roost. Scarcely had we quitted St. Pierre, on our route to St. Bernard, before we saw a remorseless clown, deputed to that service by our hostess, scaling the mountain, and seizing the affrighted and defenceless sheep. We blushed for the disorders we had introduced into these Arcadian regions, where all was innocence as in the age of Gold, and the peaceful reign of Saturn. Here the flocks seem-

ed proprietors of the mountains, and the wants of men were satisfied without the effusion of blood; here the woods appeared sacred to solitude and silence.—

—Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

In leaving St. Pierre the track divides—that to the left, opening into the Valsorey; that to the right, conducting to St. Bernard. From these opposite directions issue two streams, which are severally denominated from the Valsorey and the St. Bernard; and which uniting a little below, form that torrent which pours along the valley of Entremont. St. Pierre is the last village of the Valais in this route; and from this to the Convent of St. Bernard, they estimate three leagues or hours. Soon after leaving the village, we entered upon a coarse and rugged plain, strewed with fragments of stone, which had been washed down from the

the heights; and from this we continued to aſcend over rocks of ſhapeleſs aſperity. In paſſing theſe I was indebted to my mule, whoſe dexterity in running up the ſteep declivities excited my aſtoniſhment, and I ought to add, my gratitude. The moſt provoking property of theſe animals is, that they will always coaſt upon the precipice. I more than once laboured to force my mule to abandon this dangerous ſyſtem, but he taught me acquieſcence, by either making a full ſtop, or, if I perſiſted, in betaking himſelf to a fit of kicking. I am perſuaded that no one ever reached the heights of St. Bernard in this mode of travel, without having learnt more of paſſive obedience and moral reſignation, than he would ever have acquired from Sir Robert Filmer, or the Whole Duty of Man.

We had now climbed about two leagues and a half over a very rugged and flinty track, diſcovered rather by the induſtry of our guides and the recollection of our mules,

than

than by any veſtiges of former footſteps. We at length croſſed the torrent which takes its riſe a little above us, and now entered upon the moſt dreary and melancholy ſcenes. The mountains on every ſide were rugged and naked, except where the ſnow continued undiſſolved the whole of the year, nearly a quarter of a league. Before we reached the Convent, we paſſed through a track of ſnow, many parts of which were more than a foot deep. This ſnow liquidates very ſlowly: it is a part of the mountain expoſed to the north, and which enjoys but for a few moments the rays of the ſun. A few years paſt it continued undiſſolved the whole of the ſummer; and the pious fathers began to feel alarm, leſt it ſhould accumulate and form a Glacier.

We arrived by three o'clock at the door of the Convent. Our guide demanded admittance, when one of the order came to the door, and invited us to enter and partake of the refreſhment of their "pauvre hoſpice."

hoſpice." He was indeed particularly ſorry it ſhould have been a day of penance, and feared leſt the kitchen could not afford us a ſuitable repaſt. He accompanied us over the Convent, ſhowed us the ſeveral apartments, library, chapel, &c. We were ſeated in a gloomy ſaloon, after due obſervation of the rarities of the place; and a very frugal meal was ſerved up,—the brother of the order himſelf waiting upon us. We urged him to partake with us—he excuſed himſelf, by ſaying—that he had dined at their uſual hour of half paſt ten. We entreated him not to ſtand; he reſiſted our entreaties, by aſſuring us—that it became him, and ſupplicating us to receive the hoſpitalities of the Convent "au nom de "Dieu"

LETTER L.

OUR venerable hoſt had, in the interval of preparation for dinner, conducted us round the environs of the Convent, and wretched indeed was the ſcenery which ſurrounded theſe pious fathers. The whole mountain is of ſo obdurate and untractable a nature, that no art or labour can render it a ſubject of cultivation. There were two or three ſmall interſtices between the rocks, in which theſe induſtrious men had diſpoſed ſome mould imported from the ſoil of St. Pierre; by means of which—with the greateſt difficulty—they raiſe a few vegetables. The whole crop would have ſcarcely filled an ordinary plate: but elevated into theſe regions of cold and ſolitude, they have recourſe to any little expedient which may occupy their hopes, and diſſipate the *ennui* of perpetual impriſonment. Theirs is indeed a fate,

a fate, though ſelf-impoſed, beyond the rigors of the ſevereſt puniſhment.

> ——From the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowlege fair
> Preſented with an univerſal blank
> Of Nature's works, to them expunged and raſed.

The good father who performed the honours of the place, told us, that he had been twelve years in this Convent; and, though he was not in reality more than thirty years of age, his countenance was ſo haggard, ſo ſallow, and ſo ſickly, that he appeared quite a veteran. We aſked him after the reſt of his comrades; he ſaid, they were gone "ſe promener."—It is diverting to hear of a promenande, in regions where every ſtep leads to freſh dangers, and every change of ſcene is only an aggravation of horrors. He ſpoke of a journey to St. Pierre, as a boy would of his holidays; and made as much of an excurſion to Martigny, as an Engliſhman would of a trip to Newmarket.—"On y va," ſaid he, "des fois pour *s'egayer*."

He

He ſhewed us a ſmall lake near the Convent, in which they had attempted to keep ſome fiſh; but the coldneſs of the water almoſt inſtantly killed them. This lake is, he ſaid, ſeldom free from ice, and was frozen over laſt year ſo late as the month of Auguſt. Indeed the water he gave us to mix with our wine was prodigiouſly cold. He aſſured us it was two degrees below the ſtandard of freezing. We were ſhewn a ſpot upon which once ſtood a temple of no mean fame, and the ground is ſtill ſcattered with fragments of ſtone.

It has been a ſubject of much diſpute among the learned what route Hannibal purſued in croſſing the Alps. An attempt has been made from the evidence collected on theſe ruins, to fix this route in the paſſage over St. Bernard. This opinion is not new, as M. Sauſſure has remarked. It was prevalent in the time of Livy, and he oppoſes it as deſtitute of foundation. Pliny was afterwards of opinion, that he paſſed

by

by the Mons Jovis, or Penninus. The latter of these appellations is referred to the Celtic word *Pen*, which signifies high. M. Saussure speaks of numerous ex-votos, which he has himself seen; the greater part of which are of bronze, and bear inscribed, some, JOVI PENNINO; others, JOVI POENINO. From the latter of these it has been concluded, that Hannibal erected a temple here to the God of his country, in testimony of gratitude for the discovery of the passage. The statue of the Jupiter in question, is proved to have been destroyed by Constantine, from a pillar which now stands at the foot of the mountain at St. Pierre: it is inscribed to Constantine the younger.

St. Bernard was a Savoyard, and archdeacon of Aoste in the year 962. Since his time the *hospice* has been twice destroyed by fire. This institution was formerly very opulent; it possessed lands in Sicily, England, the Low Countries, &c. of which it is now

now pretty well ſhorn. For its ſupport at preſent, it is in great meaſure indebted to the alms collected in different parts of the country. There is upon the mountain near the Convent, a ſtone, which marks the boundary of the Vallais on the one ſide, and the king of Sardinia's eſtates on the other. The contiguity of this Convent to the latter has produced ſome altercations; and, at the beginning of this century, the king of Sardinia diſputed with the Swiſs the right of nominating a Provoſt, or Head. This, after much oppoſition, was decided in favour of the Swiſs; who deemed it of importance, that a foreign king ſhould not nominate to a benefice within their dominions,—particularly to one ſo important, as that of St. Bernard has always been eſteemed.

I know not the preciſe number of this ſociety: they are all regular Auguſtines: the Provoſt is elected by the Chapter, and confirmed by the Pope. He reſides at Martigny. Next to him, is a Prieur Clauſtral, who

acts as Preſident, and reſides at the Convent. Beſides theſe, there is a Sacriſtan, who has the care of the chapel; a Cellerier, who ſuperintends the proviſions; a Clavandier, who diſtributes to travellers; and an Infirmier, who takes charge of the ſick. Uſually not more than eight or ten reſide; and powerful muſt be that motive which determines men, who can exiſt elſewhere, to ſuch a mode of life.

LETTER LI.

THE principal duties of theſe Bernardines fall in the ſeaſon when ſnows and ſtorms are moſt frequent. At that time they are conſtantly in the habits of watching occaſions for the exerciſe of their hoſpitable functions: a ſervant, whom they call the Maronnier, goes before the travellers who paſs this way during the perilous ſeaſon, with a large dog, peculiar to the mountain. This dog is of an enormous ſize, and of ſingular

ſingular ſagacity. We ſaw two of them at the Convent. Theſe dogs have the wonderful talent of diſcovering the way through fogs and ſnows, as alſo of ſcenting out the bodies of thoſe who have periſhed by the ſeverity of the cold. During the whole of the winter, the brothers at the Convent are employed in ſearching for miſerable objects who have loſt their way, or have been buried in the ſnows, by the terrible *avalanches* which happen in the ſevere ſeaſon. Each is furniſhed with a ſtick pointed with iron. With theſe they ſound, wherever the dogs direct; and by ſhaking, chafing, and other remedies, they frequently reſtore thoſe who are fortunate enough to be found before animation is totally extinct.

The height of this mountain is eſtimated at about 7542 Engliſh feet perpendicular above the level of the Mediterranean. The nature of their ſituation expoſes them to a thouſand maladies. Indeed they looked like the family of death. It was ſo cold in the Convent, that they requeſted permiſſion to kindle a

fire for us; and yet it was the third of Auguſt. I confeſs to you, I could not view their ſituation, nor hear the detail of their ſufferings, without aſking myſelf the queſtion, whether the ſervices rendered to ſociety by theſe men were at all proportioned to the pain with which they are effected. I am of opinion that few would, in modern days, undertake a pilgrimage over St. Bernard, if they were not ſure of *three** days entertainment on the way: and I cannot think highly of an inſtitution calculated only to keep alive an almoſt obſolete ſuperſtition. M. Sauſſure has taken ſome pains to defend this inſtitution in its preſent ſtate; and certainly if, as this author affirms, the paſſage of St. Bernard is of great importance to the Vallais on one ſide, and the Lombards on the other; if the communication between theſe two divided countries be of ſuch reciprocal advantage; the labours of theſe religious, and their

* So much is allowed by charter to every pilgrim.

ſecluſion

ſecluſion from ſociety, merit the approbation of the world.

There was ſomething ſo unuſually dreary and ungenial in the aſpect of this place, that we were impatient, after due gratification of our curioſity, to leave it. We had ordered our mules; and while theſe were preparing, the ſkies blackened prodigiouſly, and a heavy ſtorm of hail and thunder came on. The monks were urgent with us to paſs the night in the Convent; but we were unanimous in wiſhing to take our leave of theſe grim and ſtormy regions. We deſcended through a deluge of rain, from which we ſhortly iſſued, and left behind us the ſtorms and the hail, to drench the Convent of St. Bernard. Doubtleſs theſe fathers muſt be actuated by ſome powerful principle, in fixing their abode in theſe regions of miſery: by their voluntary ſufferings here, they no doubt hope to mitigate the pains of purgatory hereafter. I know not what purgatory is, but I ſhould think

it almoſt worth hazarding, rather than endure the penance of a reſidence during life upon the mountains of St. Bernard. Milton has attempted to give us ſome idea of another place; and I could not diſmiſs the images from my recollection, when I turned my eyes upon this miſerable ſcene,

> "A diſmal ſituation, waſte and wild;
> "Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades; where peace
> "And reſt can never dwell;—hope never comes,
> "That comes to all."

Deſcending partly upon our feet and partly upon our mules, we arrived in the evening at St. Pierre. The activity of our hoſteſs and her co-adjutors—for it appeared by the buſtle that ſhe called in the aſſiſtance of the neighbourhood—had prepared our ſupper. On the following day we had, on our way to St. Blanchier, an opportunity of ſeeing the full diſplay of muliſh reſiſtance. A watch had been left by one of the party at St. Pierre. We were now a full league from the place, and the guide was directed to re-

turn

turn in ſearch of it. The guide prepared to return, but his mule ſaid, "NO."—At every effort the *former* made, the *latter* added his "VETO." He uſed every meaſure of violence, but he might as well have attempted to flog the Trojan horſe into a gallop. Much manœuvring was diſplayed on both ſides; at length victory declared in favor of the beaſt, and the great Pierre Balmat—who had ſo often conquered mountains—was himſelf compelled to yield to the invincible ſtubbornneſs of his mule.

LETTER LII.

THE appearance of St. Blanchier is pictureſque indeed, but partakes too much of the horrid. It ſtands upon the borders of the Drance, at the confluence of three vallies, and in the very heart of mountains, which project in awful forms over its cottages, and ſeem to menace

its deſtruction. It was a feſtival with the inhabitants; the church bell was ringing a hollow ſound, and the peaſants were crowding the porch, in order to conſecrate the feſtivities of the day by an act of devotion. As we paſſed through this village, we were alarmed by an exploſion, the effect of which among the mountains was tremendous. We took it for thunder, and its echoes were prolonged by the reverberation of the rocks with which we were encloſed. A volume of ſmoke iſſuing from a diſtant eminence convinced us, that it was but the report of gunpowder.

Martigny, where we repoſed ourſelves and mules, is conſidered as of ſome importance in the Vallais; they called it a city, and ſpoke of it in high terms. It has, however, from the figure it makes, no great pretenſions to diſtinction. It is the headquarters indeed of buſineſs and gaiety in this country. Our landlord introduced us into a very ſpacious room, in one corner of which ſat a man, whoſe figure and manner

rather

rather excited our curioſity. We had taken from the table a large pair of flappers, and were ſeverally offering our conjectures upon their uſe, when, obſerving our embarraſſment, the ſtranger came up, claimed the flappers, and told us, they were "pour at-"traper lés papillons."—The inn-keeper informed us when he had retired, that it was a German baron, whoſe *penchant* for butterfly-hunting was extraordinary; that he expoſed himſelf to a thouſand dangers and fatigues in this whimſical purſuit; "et, Meſ-"ſieurs, (continued he,) ce baron là mettroit "huit jours pour attraper un ſeul papillon."

Our hoſt was a lank meagre man: his figure was remarkably tall, ghaſtly, and puritanical: his head was crowned with a white cap, which did not diminiſh the ſolemnity of his appearance. He harangued us the whole of dinner upon the different purſuits of mankind. He treated the butterfly-hunter with the moſt ſarcaſtic contempt.—"A fellow, ſaid he, who runs

"over

" over bogs, lakes, and brambles after a " ſhadow; a phantom; a being that is not " touched without falling to pieces; a " thing that has neither body nor ſoul." Our landlord argued, and we fed; and his harangue finiſhed only with our dinner. We then reſumed our journey to Bex.

I have not ſeen during my excurſion many goitrous or idiotic perſons. At Salenche I ſaw ſome few of the latter; and in different other places I have obſerved the former. You know the opinions of medical men are much divided upon the probable cauſes of theſe wens, and of the concomitant diſorder of idiotiſm. Theſe phænomena have by many been referred to ſnowy or calcareous waters, which are here drank by the inhabitants—by others to the marſhy air, &c. but M. Sauſſure affirms, that in the higher parts of the mountains, where the ſnows and ice for the moſt part prevail; and in the vallies open to the plains, where the marſhes are principally found; neither

wens nor idiocy are common. These are almost solely to be met with in the vallies elevated a little above the plain. In order to account for this phænomenon, M. Saussure supposes, that the warmth which the enclosed air receives in this situation, relaxes the fibres of infants; and produces these inflations of the neck, and that *inertia*, which is the strong characteristic of the Cretin. This he establishes, by remarking, that on the side of the valley, where the heat from direct and reflected rays is greatest, these disorders most abound; insomuch that it is now customary for those whose circumstances are not too contracted, to send their wives to lie-in, and their infants to be nursed upon the mountains; and this experiment has, in no instance, failed of preserving the health and faculties of the children.

LETTER LIII.

We were now entered into the valley of the Rhône, and ſhortly arrived upon that plain, conſecrated to fame by the caſcade of the Piſſevache. The body of water ruſhes between the divided projections of a rock, whoſe ſummits are rounded off, and overſpread with a pictureſque umbrage. Its waters daſh with the force acquired by a fall of near three hundred feet againſt the rocky fragments below, and remount in a cloud of foam. In compariſon of theſe ſtupendous phænomena of nature, how little are the atchievements of art!

St. Maurice, through which we now paſſed, is the laſt town of the Vallais; and is famous for having been the Agaunum of the ancients, where the maſſacre of the Theban Legion happened. The Roman bridge

bridge of one arch, built acroſs the Rhône, is ſtill in exiſtence. Their excellencies of Berne, whoſe territory here commences, have a ſmall garriſon in the place; and ſome frivolous queſtions, of our names, country, deſigns, &c., put by a few invalids, notified our entrance upon this ſovereign ſoil. We arrived in the evening at Bex, and finally diſmiſſed our guides. Before I take my leave of them, let me commend their activity, fidelity, and gratitude. Men more ready to ſerve, and more diſpoſed to be ſatisfied, I have never yet met with: their underſtandings are in general good, their information ſound, and their manners pleaſing and ingenuous. This is an eulogium due to the guides of Chamouni.

Bex is famous for the ſalines, or ſalt works, which are carried on in its neighbourhood. We viſited theſe the following day, having obtained permiſſion from the ſuperintendant. Our char-a-bancs carried us to the foot of the mountain which con-

tains these salt springs, and a guide conducted us to the mouth of those caverns by which we were to enter the heart of the mountain. I must observe, that it is now one hundred and twenty years since these springs were discovered; and the Seigneurs of Berne, who are the proprietors, have spared no expence to derive from them every possible advantage. The great Haller had for some years the superintendance of these works, which are now under the direction of Mr. Wild. It was suggested to the republic, that there must be some bed of salt sunk deeply under the mountain; because, in proportion as they dug into the earth, the water ran more copious, and was more strongly impregnated with salt. An experiment was therefore made at an immense cost; and upon digging below the bed of the Rhône, they heard the sound of a spring, to which they seemed fast approaching. This animated their labours: they penetrated to the spring, and

to

to their infinite mortification found it perfectly *ſweet*.

A labourer met us at the entrance of the mountain, and furniſhing us with frocks and lamps, conducted us along a narrow paſſage bored through the ſolid rock, and lined with ſulphureous matter. After viewing in our way the reſervoir, we continued along this channel, which kept aſcending, till we came to the centre of the mountain. Here a large wheel of thirty-ſix feet diameter was playing with the eaſe of a clock wheel, and the ſky was viſible above, the mountain being here pierced from the ſummit to the centre. We now deſcended from this eminence, retracing our former ſteps, till we came to another bore of the mountain which opened a paſſage to the right. This, our guide told us, penetrated one thouſand feet, and we ſhould, he added, find the workmen extending it ſtill farther. We entered upon it, but had not gone many paces before we felt a great difference in the atmoſphere.

moſphere. As we advanced, we found the air ſtill leſs fit for reſpiration: our lamps went out frequently, and we felt a painful preſſure upon the lungs. Yet here the poor labourers were employed in chiſſelling the hard rock, and hewing out a paſſage, in an air poiſoned by ſulphureous exhalations, and to us—unfamiliar with its vapours—totally ſuffocating. We were at this moment, as the guide informed us, four thouſand feet deep in the mountain. Theſe poor people have but eight batz, or about one ſhilling per day. Their day conſiſts of eight hours; at the expiration of which, the ſet that goes off, is ſucceeded by another, without interruption; ſo that the works are never ſuffered to ſtand ſtill. We haſtened to emerge from this diſmal dungeon; and were on our way, when a hollow ſound rumbled through every cavity of the mountain, and was conveyed to our ears in thundering claps. We were thrown into alarm, and imagined that the ſulphureous air had kindled from the lamp,

and

and occaſioned the exploſion; nor did we find ourſelves much relieved by the intelligence of our guide, that it was *only* occaſioned by ſome labourers below, who were blowing up parts of the rock with gunpowder.

LETTER LIV.

SUCH was our exterior when we left the hollow windings of the Salt Mountain, that we were obliged to perform half a dozen luſtrations before we were reſtored to humanity. What will not curioſity atchieve? A more diſagreeable expedition could not have been undertaken. A frock, thick-ſet with greaſe, hanging over our ſhoulders—our heads bent, to watch our footſteps over the rank ſmoke of a lamp—noxious exhalations hovering round the walls—and a contaminated air entering into our lungs.—Such were the circumſtances attending our

deſcent into theſe abodes of miſery and horror. Speaking in the language of a traveller, it is one of thoſe objects which it is more pleaſant to *have* ſeen, than to *ſee*.

Bex is a town of no great extent, pleaſantly ſituated, in a ſoil that has enriched its inhabitants to a degree incommodious to the traveller. Their indifference to further gain is ſuch, that they will rather ſuffer their cattle to continue unemployed, than let them out to ſtrangers at a reaſonable payment. The grand eatable at Bex is potatoes. Theſe they grow of an enormous ſize, and a very admirable quality. They uſually ſerve them up, dreſſed in various ways, in the ſame courſe. Some troops were entering this town, at the moment in which we were quitting it. The occaſion was ſufficiently whimſical. A diſpute had ariſen among the inhabitants, reſpecting the church pews. This quarrel had at length aſſumed a ſerious ſhape, and a holy war was expected. Their Excellencies of Berne had been

been requeſted to march ſome troops into the town, in order to quell thoſe religious feuds, and reduce this church militant to a peace eſtabliſhment. I ſuſpect that the ſpirit of diſcontent, which is gaining ſo rapidly among the provinces dependent on the government of Berne, has excited them to this meaſure of precaution; and the ſtruggle for church pews, has only afforded the pretext for putting it in execution.

We now paſſed by Aigle and Villeneuve to Vevai. This was a very delicious part of our journey. It was on this day that we regained our view of the Lake of Geneva, at the extremity of which Villeneuve ſtands. Between Bex and this laſt mentioned place, we ſaw the entrance of the Rhône into the lake. There is nothing peculiarly ſtriking in this, beyond the conſideration, that this river continues its courſe through the Lake till at Geneva—a diſtance of more than forty miles from the point of entrance—its waters are again collected into a ſtream, acquire a

new velocity, and move in a rapid current towards the ſea.

We paſſed the Chateau de Chillon, as we drove to Vevai. It is a very beautiful ornament to this part of the Lake, and reminds one forcibly of antient fable. This Chateau is built upon a ſtupendous rock, running far into the Lake; on the other extremity of which are the heights of Milleray, immortalized by the pen of Rouſſeau. It was in this Chateau that the bailiffs of Vevai had their antient reſidence; and, previous to the introduction of artillery, this fort was conſidered as impregnable. The garriſon has lately been augmented by the providence of the Bernois, who do not view, without ſtrong ſymptoms of apprehenſion, the eclat which the French revolution has obtained in the different provinces dependent upon their authority. We paſſed the night at Vevai—a very lively little town upon the banks of the Lake, furniſhed with very

very agreeable promenades—and the next morning arrived at Lauſanne.

I have now brought my journal of this expedition to a concluſion. Nine days were ſpent in accompliſhing this object; and ſuch has been our induſtry, that we have in the courſe of this ſhort period gone over a track of near two hundred miles. I retrace the journey with great ſatisfaction. The ſcenes with which it has been crouded, will never perhaps, in my experience, meet a parallel. Where ſhall I ſeek again the contiguous elements of heat and cold? Where ſhall I find the tranſparent pyramids of Boiſſons, or the icy magazines of Montanvert? What climes will ſhow me a parallel to the chryſtal arches over the Arveron, or the magnificent varieties of the valley of Entremont? Where, in its darkeſt moments, ſhall the mind borrow more ſombre colours, than from the caverns and perforated rocks of Bex, or the flinty deſerts of St. Bernard? My ſoul is chilled when I conſider the wretches who

toil in the one, or reſide on the other. But Heaven has moulded us to every variety of ſituation; and, when the wiſhes of man are bounded by his wants, there are few ſituations which can exclude pleaſure; when they are not, no condition can baniſh pain.

LETTER LV.

Lauſanne, Aug. 26, 1791.

WHAT a wonderful country is this! He who has ſojourned on the banks of the Leman Lake, will tell you, that the ſcenery around preſents an ever-fruitful, ever-varied picture to the eye. The wonders of the univerſe ſeem here to be combined in one magnificent groupe, and all the ſublimities of nature collected into a focus. Each recovering day gives birth to ſome new beauty. The clouds are diſtributed into more fantaſtic forms. The mountains are illumined

illumined with a richer luſtre, and the trees are embrowned with deeper and more vivid tints. But it is in the rocks of Millerai that enthuſiaſm delights to dwell—thoſe rocks where the wild and diſconſolate St. Preux uttered his accents of deſpair. Oft as my eye fixes upon theſe awful precipices, the lover of Heloiſe is preſent to my view. I ſee him frantic with the agonies of diſappointment, meditating, amidſt theſe frowning heights, the raſh reſolve, as he ſurveys the gulph below. His notes of anguiſh ſeem ſtill to live in faint and languid echoes—"Les rochers ſont eſcarpés, l'eau eſt pro-"fonde, et je ſuis au deſeſpoir."

I ſhould tell you, perhaps, that theſe mountains face directly that part of the Lake upon which our villa is planted; and it is among the chief amuſements of the place, to paſs *en bateau* to the very mountains themſelves. The paſſage is eaſily effected in three hours; and a romantic repaſt is made on the ſhelving declivities of Millerai. The

baths of Evian form the principal rendezvous; and here, on the Sunday evenings, the ſong and the dance are celebrated. Numbers paſs the Lake from Lauſanne and its environs, to partake of thoſe feſtivities in Savoy, which the rigid police of the country denies them at home.

It has been remarked by many travellers, that Switzerland would form a very noble ſchool of painting; and it is a matter of aſtoniſhment to thoſe who ſurvey the very rich and exuberant ſcenery of this country, that it ſhould not yet have excited the labours of the pencil, and that the canvas ſhould not hitherto have glowed with its original beauties. The author of the "Ta-"bleau Pictoreſque de la Suiſſe" indulges in the warmeſt raptures upon contemplating the general ſtate of the country—which he calls an abſtract of the known world; and then, adverting to the manners and genius of the inhabitants, he breaks out into the moſt indignant ſtrain of invective: "Et

"pour

" pour qui cette ſuperbe et magnifique ga-
" lerie? pour qui cette etonnante et riche crea-
" tion? pour un peuple inſenſible, apatheque,
" et froid—pour un peuple qui ne ſent rien,
" qui n'imagine rien, qui ne pleure jamais,
" qui rien n'affecte; pour un peuple inca-
" pable d'emotions vives, de paſſions pro-
" fondes; pour un peuple qui ne connoit
" jamais le delire, l'enthouſiaſm de la poeſie,
" de la peinture; ni les tranſports, les de-
" lices, les douces fureurs, les accens frené-
" tiques et brûlans des ſentiments paſ-
" ſionnés."

Thoſe who have ſtudied more cloſely the manners of this people than I have been able to do, will better decide how far this delineation of character is accurate. A very different, and far more favourable picture of this nation, is drawn by the maſterly pen of the Chevalier Mehegan, which I am diſ-poſed to believe does them no more than ſtrict juſtice. " La habite un peuple ſim-
" ple, bienfaiſant, brave, ennemi du faſte,
" ami

"ami du travail, ne cherchant point d'éf-
"claves et ne voulant point des maîtres."
Society is unqueſtionably in many families upon a very civilized footing, and all the *agremens* of poliſhed life are cultivated with ſucceſs. The peaſants preſerve for the moſt part the ſturdy traits of antient character. They live principally on vegetable diet; are frugal, induſtrious, and, generally ſpeaking, inoffenſive. Their habits of economy are not wholly exempt from the meaner foibles to which it is allied. Frugality too often degenerates among them into a fordid attachment to gain, and renders it difficult to diſpute the truth of that characteriſtic proverb—"Point d'argent, point de Suiſſe."

LETTER LVI.

Lauſanne, Sept. 20, 1791.

THE harmony of this place muſt now ſuffer interruption. Political intrigues have been carried on, to introduce ſome changes into the government, and, as it is rumoured, to effect a revolution, upon French principles. Great rejoicings were made at Rolle, a town not far diſtant, upon the anniverſary of the French Revolution. At this feſtival were found ſome of the moſt conſiderable people in the Pays de Vaud; and toaſts were drank, which carried no ſmall terror to the ruling Powers. Since this memorable day, a very high tone of language has been held by many, whoſe influence in the country is great; and in private parties and public aſſemblies, no ſcruple has been made, of reprobating ariſtocracy, and holding up to ridicule the government

of

of Berne, which they ſtile "Le gouvernement "d'Ours."

There were not wanting among the females of the higher rank, thoſe who eſpouſed warmly the cauſe of France, and carried into public upon their head-dreſs the national colours. The air of "ça ira" was demanded upon every occaſion when muſic was to be had; and this was danced to in their numerous aſſemblies, with a degree of enthuſiaſm which threatened ſerious conſequences. The Geneveſe have for ſome time paſt prohibited this dance; and thoſe who have ſeen the effects it produces when performed in the ſpirit and with the vivacity of the nation from which it is derived, will not conſider the proſcription of ſuch an air as a meaſure of contemptible precaution.

At Lauſanne the government ſlumbered, or ſeemed to ſlumber. The libraries were reſorted to for political diſcuſſion. There the French gazettes were read and debated. To ſo great a licence had the ſpirit of the people

people proceeded, that the tranſactions of France were not commented upon without ſome bold application to their own government; and projects of reform, nay even of revolution, were more than whiſpered. At length the alarm was given, and the energy of the ruling Powers was awakened. It is not, indeed, to be ſuppoſed, that they continued idle ſpectators of the game that was playing. It had, however, the appearance of neglect, nay even of timidity. This might be done with the deſign of ſuffering the plot to attain maturity, in order to meet the full miſchief, and cruſh, with more ſucceſs, the partizans. News was quickly circulated, that the Bernois were now marching three thouſand men, and ſeveral pieces of artillery, towards Lauſanne, where they ſhortly arrived, and were encamped before the town. Meaſures the moſt vigorous were adopted, both civil and military. Lauſanne had all the appearance of a beſieged town: Cannon were planted at the gates, with lighted

matches, in a ſtate of preparation. A ſpecies of inquiſition was inſtituted; and no ceremony was uſed in quartering a ſufficient number of ſoldiers in the houſes of thoſe who were ſuſpected to have been concerned in the intended revolution. Some people of conſideration were arreſted; and, if report may be credited, their treatment was marked with the moſt rigid ſeverity. The Chateau de Chillon is the Baſtile of the country: to this priſon have been conſigned, thoſe who were conſidered as principals in the plot; and informations are ſtill paid for at the price of fifty crowns.

What this plot was, which has brought a camp to our gates, and an inquiſition into our houſes, I am not able to inform you. The government of Berne does not make manifeſt the details of its proceedings, and ſome people have affected to regard the whole as a bubble. This, however, muſt be ſaid, that very ſtrong ſymptoms of diſcontent were diſcoverable for ſome time

previous

previous to the arrival of the troops; and the general turn of converſation demonſtrated, that ſome movement might ſhortly be expected. It is I think ſufficiently clear, that the lower ranks of people in this country never felt themſelves intereſted in the projected revolution. The puniſhments have entirely fallen upon families of a certain rank; and the peaſants are obſerved to continue their labours of huſbandry, without occaſioning or receiving moleſtation.

Indeed, the grievances alleged have never appeared to me capable of intereſting the community at large: they are principally felt by perſons of condition, and relate, for the moſt part, to civil and military rank. As a province dependent upon Berne, it enjoys not the full privileges of the ſuperior country; and officers are impoſed upon them, both in the civil and military departments, to the excluſion of thoſe among the natives who aſpire to ſuch rank. This is what I have heard ſtated by one who had the re-

putation of being a principal in the conſpiracy, as the moſt formidable ſpecies of oppreſſion. However invidious and unjuſt this may be—however it may wound the pride, and provoke the reſentment, of the higher claſſes—it cannot be ſuppoſed that a rough and hardy peaſantry, who are not oppreſſed by taxes, nor abridged in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour, ſhould take any intereſt in reforms, which ſought the redreſs of ſuch grievances. The influence of their lords, and the eclat of the French revolution, might ſeduce the abject and capricious; but the wiſer, and by far the greater part, would continue, as they appear to have done, firmly attached to the government, under which they enjoy tranquillity and protection.

LETTER LVII.

Lauſanne, Oct. 2, 1791.

THIS country is now in its full beauty: all the ſloping parts towards the Lake are covered with vines, the grapes of which are advancing faſt to maturity. The vines are remarkably low, and planted very thick. They are ſupported by ſticks; and ſuch indeed is their exuberance, that they ſtand greatly in need of ſupport.

As I have underſtood, the cultivation of the vineyards is done upon this principle. The farmer undertakes the whole of the labour and expence; in recompence of which he receives half the nett profit made upon the produce. This ſecures the eſtates from pillage. The farmers are very active in protecting the vineyards, which lie ſufficiently expoſed to depredation. It is diffi-

cult to make an excurſion, in any direction, without paſſing through many acres covered with vines; and the heat of the weather, added to the very ſeducing aſpect of the fruit, renders it not a little difficult to abſtain from acts of plunder. As the vintage is now approaching, more than ordinary diligence is uſed to guard this ſacred property; and men, ſuitably armed, are on the watch day and night.

The heat here is very oppreſſive, except when the *Biſe*, which is a north-eaſt wind, blows. This is extremely ſharp; and paſſing over the ſnowy mountains, comes charged with a very penetrating cold. Though we have now been a conſiderable time in this part of Switzerland, and are indeed looking forward to our departure, I have not had opportunity to make any excurſion beyond the Glaciers and the Lake of Neuchatel. But indeed the whole of Switzerland has been ſo accurately delineated in the journals of Mr. Coxe, and ſo warmly painted by the

Marquis

Marquis de Langle, that I could not flatter myſelf with being able to tread to advantage the ſame ground, without borrowing largely from the induſtry of the one, and the animation of the other.

Such is the ſeverity now adopted by the government of Berne, that the French language is in many regiments forbidden to be ſpoken. Some gentlemen, lately returned from an excurſion into the heart of the country, related to me, that upon entering an inn where the officers of a Swiſs regiment were quartered, they requeſted as uſual to be ſhewn the room where the company ſupped. They were ſcarcely entered, when the Commandant demanded of the landlady in a very angry tone, "Qui ſont ces Meſ-"ſieurs là?" "Ce ſont des Anglois," replied the matron. He looked ſtern, and with ſome degree of harſhneſs rejoined, "il eſt "defendu à mes officiers de parler Fran-"çois;" and they ſupped together without exchanging a word. Proſcriptions are now

going on with great diſpatch; but all is conducted with ſo much ſecrecy, that it is difficult to arrive at a knowledge of particulars. Thus much however is certain, that ſociety has very conſiderably ſuffered by theſe political machinations; and many individuals of the firſt character have been put under arreſt. This change of meaſures in the ruling powers has abridged very greatly the freedom, and even the convenience of ſtrangers. The libraries are put under a new law: all the gazettes from France, deemed dangerous or offenſive, are proſcribed; and a notice has been affixed to the walls, prohibiting the diſcuſſion of political queſtions—threatening the librarian with a ſevere penalty, if he neglected to ſee the order enforced. The uniformity of my preſent mode of life, and the ſtrict military law under which we now are, will not allow me to tranſmit to you more intereſting details—and the dulneſs of the place muſt be my apology for the dulneſs of the letter.

LETTER LVIII.

Lauſanne, Oct. 16, 1791.

I TOLD you in my laſt, that the pleaſures of reſidence in the Pays de Vaud had been very much abridged by the colliſion of political intereſts. It was my fortune to have fallen under the particular patronage of the obnoxious party, and the deſtruction of their conſequence has thrown me very much upon myſelf for amuſement. Societies are indeed not totally annihilated; but all the frank and open intercourſe of life is at an end: the ſhadow yet ſtalks abroad, but all the delicious ſubſtance is extinct. If any deſigns of a revolutionary nature were ever ſeriouſly projected, it is difficult to ſay whether the weakneſs of the projectors or the wiſdom of the governors appears to have been the greateſt. Diſguiſe is conſidered ſo

eſſential to plot, that nothing but reſpect for the pointed cannon of their Excellencies of Berne can prevail upon me to believe, that half a dozen families of indiſcreet enthuſiaſm had really conceived the deſign of detaching the province they inhabit from its alliance to the mother country. The ruling powers have at all events ſtolen a march upon them; and whether the neceſſity may have been real or imaginary, it is certain that the government has ſuſtained no loſs of influence by this interference.

The livery of nature is now changing rapidly in this delicious country, and the completion of the vintage has ſtript the long hills of their beſt ornaments. With the ſwallow I am now lingering in impatient anxiety for the ſignal of departure to a warmer and more cheery clime. The cabals of ſtate, by arreſting the ſtream of amuſement, have driven me to the elements of a new language; and I ſhall hope to mix with a new people, not indifferently

prepared

prepared to enjoy their ſociety. My mind is big with that expectation which books and reports have taught me to form of the country to which we tend. Endeared by the fame of its heroes and its poets, and exalted by the character of its local beauties, it now fills up the void which baniſhed pleaſures have left; and my mind embraces, in theſe its moments of ſolitude and ſecluſion, a thouſand fairy viſions.

Some deduction muſt doubtleſs be made from anticipation, and proportionable allowance muſt be admitted for circumſtances of change and deterioration. Such would, however, deſtroy the pleaſure of anticipating at all, which is then only exquiſite, when it ſees no limit; and as I have yet to encounter a few more blaſts of the cutting Biſe, before I approach the *reality*, I am yet anxious to preſerve the *viſion* entire.

Your amuſement cannot have received any ſpecial addition by my late communications. The uniform progreſs of my days

opens no diſcovery in circumſtance or reflection; and you have little to expect on the ſcore of novelty, till the Alps are between us.

LETTER LIX.

Turin, Nov. 7.

I WAIT your congratulations on having paſſed the Alps. I feel as though we had performed no mean atchievement. Unluckily ſo many have been beforehand with me, and ſo many are likely to follow, that my travelling pride muſt ſuffer, I fear, on the reflection, a great abatement.

We lingered too long upon the northern frontier to find a ready paſſage over this mountainous barrier. It was not till the evening of the 28th ult. that we determined upon this enterprize. The *Biſe*, which is a very ſavage kind of wind, had blown

blown for ſome days, and carried off the laſt remains of autumn. Our friends had ſeverally ſtruck their tents, and had quitted our neighbourhood in ſucceſſion. Solitude, a barren ſoil, and the blaſts of winter, now prompted our final reſolve, and at the cloſe of the day we bid adieu to the environs of Lauſanne, and, paſſing the night at Morges, arrived the next morning at our old quarters in Geneva. As friendſhip is ſaid to divide the pains and double the pleaſures of ſociety, we agreed to unite with two agreeable companions, of whom we had ſome previous knowledge, and who were, as we found, loitering between reſolution and apprehenſion in the hotel at Geneva. The remainder of my day in that city was paſſed in ſeeking out thoſe from whom I had on former occaſions received marks of hoſpitable attention. Madamoiſelle A. had arreſted me at Rolle in the interim of preparation for breakfaſt. I profited of an hour's converſation with her on the ſtate of French politics,

politics. Her talents for drawing had enabled her to indulge her veneration for ſome of the leading characters at Paris, whoſe portraits, in ſome caſes from recollection, in others from engraving, ſhe had deſigned with much ſpirit. Theſe ſhe deſcanted upon as ſhe ſeverally exhibited them with enchanting volubility. "Voila "des gens," ſaid ſhe, "comme il y en a "peu!" On La Fayette ſhe was moſt liberal in her encomiums. "C'eſt un homme "fait exprès pour la revolution." My time was limited. Our political dialogue was interrupted by mutual adieus and reciprocal profeſſions, "d'une amitié la plus ſin-"cere."

Geneva was rendered unuſually gay by a vaſt influx of company from the neighbourhood to attend the comedy. This is, to be agreeable to report, the laſt ſeaſon of theatrical indulgence; and, by a decree of the Council, no dramatical exhibitions are hereafter to be tolerated within the juriſdiction

of

of the republic. Theatres are, according to Rouſſeau, only juſtifiable in great cities; and I am of opinion with the puritanical legiſlators of Geneva, that the permiſſion of a theatrical corps, in a town regulated even by the ſtricteſt police, may yet ſerve as a paſſport for the introduction of thoſe vices which the indolence and the diſſipation of this profeſſion are too well calculated to encourage.

But I have detained you too long at Geneva, impatient as you muſt no doubt be to puſh acroſs the Alps. Bear then with this delay in the outſet, and I promiſe you that my narrative ſhall now move with as little interruption as the inequalities of the way will allow.

LETTER LX.

REPORTS had reached us the night previous to our departure from Geneva, that heavy falls of ſnow had been obſerved on the route, and that diſpatch was neceſſary, leſt the paſs ſhould be rendered impracticable. We made therefore every preparation to enter upon Savoy at an early hour, but were after all compelled to put up for the night at a village called Frangy. This is about ſixteen miles from Geneva. Here we had early experience of that inexpreſſible miſery characteriſtic of the inns of Savoy. The rooms into which we were conducted were ſtrewed with clods of graſs and dirt, and the ſupper was made up of vile morſels ſteeped in garlic. Our next day's journey brought us to Chamberri. The air was clear, and the mountains began to be

be distinctly visible. Aix les Bains, which lies between Frangy and Chamberri, arrested our attention for half an hour. This town is remarkable for the excellence of its hot springs. They are sulphureous, and reputed to possess very salubrious properties. The baths are very commodiously constructed. Excepting some emigrants who have sought asylum here, very few strangers were to be seen.

Chamberri, where we next lodged, is, as you know, the capital of the duchy of Savoy. Its situation is not among the least of its beauties, commanding noble and varied views of hills, plains, and vallies. I saw the town in a disadvantageous hour. It was a saint-day, and the rain fell hard. These were two circumstances equally unfavourable to the respect of a trading town, which is only rendered cheerful by the spirit and activity of commercial occupation. The shops were closely barricadoed, and no doors were seen open but those of the churches,

churches. Here I followed the multitude, and encountered a hoſt of beggars, more ragged, importunate, and clamorous than any of the fraternity of mendicants I ever met with. I ought to remark, that, agreeably to cuſtom, this ſhould have been the firſt ſtage from Geneva; and the accommodations here are at leaſt ſuch as ought to ſilence complaint. Our third day brought us to Aigue-belle, in the courſe of which we paſſed through Montmelian, ſufficiently known in the contiguous countries for the excellence of its wines. It is at Chamberri that the valley opens which conducts to the foot of Mount Cenis. Down this valley the river Aar purſues its courſe, and moves with conſiderable rapidity. In ſome points it is worked into foam, and breaks its way with all the violence of the moſt impetuous torrent. In the journey of this day the Alps began to open upon us, till on our arrival at Aigue-belle they ſhowed themſelves in all their majeſtic and tremendous forms.

Our fourth day brought us to St. Jean de Maurienne, where we found no contemptible quarters.

From St. Jean to St. André, for we were now roving amidſt the reſidences of the ſaints, we toiled the fifth day. The valley, as we advanced, gradually narrowed, and the mountains as regularly augmented in number, height, and horrors. The torrent of the Aar we paſſed a variety of times, in the courſe of this day, upon wooden bridges, of what appeared to us the lighteſt conſtruction. We hinted ſome apprehenſions reſpecting our ſafety, but were aſſured that their ſtrength was ill-judged of by their appearance. The road was as little calculated to inſpire confidence. It coaſted almoſt uniformly along the moſt hideous precipices, exciting at times lively emotions of terror, and exhibiting, through a frightful alternation of aſcents and declivities, all the varieties of difficulty and danger.

LETTER LXI.

IT was not till the evening of the ſixth day that our proceſſion arrived at Lanneſbourg at the foot of Mount Cenis. Nothing but miſerable ſights of human infirmity had occurred in this latter part of the valley. From St. Jean de Maurienne to Mount Cenis I ſaw little beſides ſallow countenances and emaciated forms. St. André appeared, indeed, the head-quarters of goitrous idiotiſm and wretchedneſs. Mountains on either ſide ſeemed to compreſs, within a moſt gloomy and inſalubrious ſort of dungeon, theſe woe-begone inhabitants, who called to my mind

the waſteful hoſt
Of pain and ſickneſs, ſqualid and deform'd.

You will readily conceive that great falls of ſnow could not much improve a track which

paſſed over the declivities of mountains. Sixteen miles performed between the hours of ten and four, will enable you to judge of our pace and patience. The diverſity of ſhapes and magnitudes, which the vaſt cluſter of Alps, among which we were now moving, preſented, under a deep coating of ſnow, made a very curious appearance.

In a village through which we paſſed, ſome violent ſhouts excited our curioſity. We found they were occaſioned by an event of great importance to the inhabitants,—the ſhooting of a bear, which had made frequent deſcents upon this wretched hamlet, and borne off conſiderable booty; till the loſs of an infant, whom he was ſuppoſed to have ſtolen, enraged the peaſants, who purſued this inhuman depredator into the ſavage wilds in which he reſided, and, at the moment of our arrival, Bruin was dragging in triumph through the village.

The approach to Lanneſbourg offered a curious ſpectacle. The valley through

which we had been journeying for ſome days, and which had gradually narrowed, now appeared to terminate; and the mountain over which we were to paſs ſeemed to oppoſe, by the trackleſs ſnow which inveloped it, an inſuperable barrier. We entered Lanneſbourg before the day cloſed, and were inſtantly ſurrounded by a number of men, who demanded permiſſion to pull our carriages to pieces by royal authority. I reſpect governments wherever I go, and would not wantonly pour contempt upon any of his Sardinian Majeſty's ſubjects; but I think in my conſcience, that an aſſemblage of more ill-looking wretches never acted under government authority. A commiſſioner ſoon ſhowed himſelf at the head of theſe raggamuffins, and throwing out a tariffe, in length "a full cloth-yard or more," gave us our choice of travelling accommodations, with the prices ſettled by order of the police. Our negociation with him was expedited by the preſſing deſire of finding the

the comforts of a blazing fire, and a trout fiſhed out of the Lake of Mount Cenis. A very converſible madamoiſelle, the daughter of the landlord, attended on us at ſupper, and did credit to the vivacity and naïveté of the Savoyardes.

The hotel, which is newly ſet up, ſtands a very fair chance of ſucceeding; for, in addition to the bad reputation under which the other labours, of being the worſt and moſt impoſing inn in Chriſtendom, I have no where ſeen a little ſyren better calculated for detaining travellers, who are not violently preſſed to croſs the mountain.

LETTER LXII.

IT was not by the aid of mules and porters, ſedans and ſledges, that the hero of Carthage made his *entrée* into Italy: and yet I much queſtion whether the Carthaginian ſoldiers complained more emphatically of

cold, fatigue, and inconvenience, than we did. I am impatient to carry you over this mountain, or I could expatiate very largely upon the murmurs I uttered and heard in the aſcent from Lanneſbourg. The air was indeed impregnated with particles of intenſe cold, and made its way through all the armour with which we were provided. One hour brought us upon the plain, when, to recover from the effects of theſe ſeverities, we were conducted to a ſhed, in which a fire recovered us to ſomething like good humour. From this ſhed we were ſeverally drawn in a ſledge to the ſouthern extremity of the plain, by mules who trotted with conſiderable ſwiftneſs through the ſnows. The poſt is ſituated a mid-diſtance on this route, and was carefully announced to us by the guides and muleteers. At the Grande Croix, in the extremity of the plain, were ſome objects upon which I could not but beſtow a ſhare of attention. To the right was the lake ſo celebrated for

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the excellence of its trout; to the left, the hôpital.

This hôpital was founded, like that of St. Bernard, for the relief and refreſhment of thoſe pilgrims whom devotion might induce to ſeek the ſhrines of Loretto, or ſolicit the benediction of Chriſt's vicar. At ſome diſtance ſtood the "Chapelle de tranſis"—a cœmetery conſtructed for the burial of thoſe who may chance to periſh on theſe pious expeditions. Numerous huts are alſo raiſed upon different parts of this mountain, the reſidence of ſhepherds during the ſummer, as very excellent paſture is found in the boſom of thoſe rocks which incloſe the upper level, and whoſe points riſe to a very conſiderable height. In fact, when upon this plain, which covers the ſummit of the mountain, we ſeemed to be in a valley, enormous ridges of rock riſing on either ſide, ſome of which appear to bear the ſnows of ages. It was from this point, the beginning of the "deſcente des Echelles,"

that we entered the ſledge, in order to ſlide down in the whimſical faſhion in uſage here, when the ſides of the mountain are incruſted with ſnow. A hundred travellers have told you what this mode is, and by what expedients and under what fears it is effected. I ſhall not, however, be deterred from telling you what I found it. You are then to imagine me ſeated in a ſledge. To this ſledge are faſtened two ſticks pointed with iron, in the form of a ſhaft. The guide ſeated in the front, by the aſſiſtance of theſe ſhafts, and his feet, which are alſo eminently ſerviceable, haſtens or retards the motion of the machine, conducts it along precipices with wonderful dexterity, and makes, as occaſion requires, yet oftener to ſhow his ſkill, the moſt ſharp and difficult turns. In ſome parts we deſcended with vaſt rapidity; and the zig-zag courſe which theſe ingenious conductors ſometimes purſued, in order to paſs each other on the way, was really diverting.

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This was a very pleaſant as well as novel deſcent. The objects by which we glided compoſed an aſſemblage of wild and groteſque ſcenery—a torrent amongſt theſe iſſuing from the brow of that plain which we had quitted, precipitated its ſtream in the form of a beautiful caſcade. Ten minutes brought us to the miſerable village of Ferriere, the regular deſcent to which is called an hour. The ſledges were diſcharged here as no longer uſeful, and the remainder of the diſtance to Novaleze performed on foot. The whole of this deſcent is eſtimated two hours or leagues, for time and ſpace ſtand for each other in theſe countries; and thus reckoning the commencement of the riſe from Chamberri, the height which is aſcended by a track of twenty-five leagues, is deſcended in two. In this calculation, the perpendicular height of the mountain may be reckoned at more than ſeven thouſand Engliſh feet. Our journey, though fatiguing, abounded in objects of curioſity and intereſt.

The memory of the great hero who, two thousand years ago, fought his way through this valley, was frequently a prop to my declining patience. What were our toils, in comparison of those sustained by men who had to scale the towering rock under the pressure of arms, exposed to the surly tempest, with no resources but the habit of combating danger, and the hopes of future conquest!

While I was entering my sledge at the point of descent, I eyed the opening through which Hannibal, probably, pointed out to his exhausted followers the spoils that awaited them in the delightful plains of Lombardy: for all circumstances conspire to fix the passage of the Carthaginians into Italy across the Mont Cenis. The line of separation between Savoy and Piedmont is the little Doria, a stream which rises in the Lake of Mont Cenis, and afterwards uniting with the great Doria, the waters of both are borne to the Po, at a little distance from Turin. At Novaleze, our carriage diffected

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at Lanneſbourg was very dexterouſly and completely re-conſtructed,—a ſubject of juſt congratulation, when it is conſidered how much more difficult it is to reſtore than to deſtroy. The courſe of the little Doria conducted us to Suze, a town agreeably ſituated, and in high reputation among the inhabitants on the northern ſide of the Alps; who furniſhed us with no article of luxury or convenience, but what they pretended to import from the fruitful treaſures of Suze. This town has the reputation of being founded by Pompey. A triumphal arch is among the monuments of antiquity which it ſtill preſerves, and which is by Gruter carried up to the time of Tiberius. Our equipage paſſed rapidly through this place, in order to reach the inhoſpitable village of St. Ambroiſe; but in this the convenience of the horſes was much more conſulted than that of their maſters, the ſtages of our journey being regulated by the diſtribution of the poſts.

LETTER LXIII.

THE road in paſſing from Rivoli, the laſt village on the route to Turin, gradually opens into a conſiderable width, and announces with much magnificence the approach to a great capital. Turin cannot be too handſomely ſpoken of as a town. Regularity and beauty are terms appropriate to its character. I was extremely diverted by the appearance of the inhabitants. Dreſs, air, countenance, and language were full of novelty. Etiquette here holds ſovereign ſway. I ſaw numbers, whoſe thread-bare ſuit could ſcarcely maintain its place, ſqueezing with the utmoſt formality a *chapeau bras*—a burniſhed ſword vibrating by their ſide.

Turin wears all the marks of a vigilant police. Every quarter of the town is tranquil

quil in the night. I went the morning after my arrival to view the palace. His Sardinian majeſty was there, and we could not be admitted till he ſhould ſet off for his *maiſon de Chaſſe*. The firing of guns, and the beating of drums, ſhortly announced his majeſty's intention of quitting the palace. All who were on the ſpot drew themſelves up in order and formed an alley, through which his majeſty and his ſuite paſſed. This obtained me a ſight of the monarch; but the ſqueeze was ſo great, that I had little leiſure to take cognizance of the royal features.

I am not in general very curious in examining the interior of palaces, except ſo far as they are reputed to encloſe the works and monuments of art. I was however unexpectedly gratified in this inſtance, by the uncommon ſplendor and rich decorations of the apartments. The number of them was prodigious, and they formed a labyrinth almoſt as intricate as that of Crete. I

ſhall

ſhall only mention a few of thoſe rarities which ſtruck me moſt forcibly:—Victor Amadeus, an equeſtrian ſtatue. This monarch himſelf, in bronze, is mounted upon a horſe of marble, trampling upon the bodies of ſlaves in chains, with all the wild barbarity of a conqueror and a tyrant. One ſtands aſtoniſhed at the corruption of that mind, which can find a feaſt in ſuch baſe and unfeeling adulation. "Parcere ſubjectis," was the favourite maxim of Henry IV. of France; and the arts are miſerably degraded, when they are employed to celebrate the abettor, rather than the vanquiſher of tyranny, and to immortalize him who impoſes, rather than him who breaks the chains of ſervitude.—The four ſeaſons, by Albani, were curious objects of ſpeculation. There appeared to enter much ingenious compoſition into theſe works of the pencil, and you will readily perceive, that a fine imagination can alone embody thoſe phantoms of the mind. I know not whether Albani has executed

theſe pieces as well as he ought; but I cannot conceive how he could have executed them better. The portrait of Charles I. of England, and his children, is a fine *morceau*, from the animated pencil of Vandyke. But my attention was very highly engaged by a ſmall groupe which paſſes for the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Dow. The ſubject is a dropſical woman ſeated in a chair. The phyſician is examining the water. The maid ſervant is at the ſame time adminiſtering a ſpoonful of phyſic to the patient; and caſting her eye upon the afflicted daughter at her mother's knee. Every circumſtance, the moſt minute, is expreſſed with an accuracy, and a finiſh, which ſurpaſſes conception. This piece is ſaid to have coſt the late king twenty thouſand livres.

LETTER LXIV.

TRAVELLING, like age, is garrulous; and merely to ſee, without relating, is but to have half ſeen. I have made my debut as an Italian connoiſſeur, and am now about to appear in my new character of an antiquary. My knowledge is about equal in the one and the other ſcience; but a man cannot travel ſouth of the Alps, without either being, or becoming ſo much of both, as to take off that ſtupid ſtare with which a perfect novice regards the works of art.

From the palace of his Sardinian majeſty we went to the univerſity, ſituated in that very handſome ſtreet, the Strada di Po. The univerſity is announced by a portico, bearing the inſcription, "Regium Athe-"næum," and conſiſts of an extenſive range of buildings, comprehending various objects;

jects; among which the "Muſeo del Re," or "the King's Muſæum," was pointed out to us as an object of importance to travellers. This Muſæum forms indeed a very extenſive and valuable collection of antiques in every kind, ſtatues, buſts, and ancient fragments. Among a great variety of elegant works in bronze, were a delicious little figure of Venus in the whimſical attitude of cutting her toe-nails: this is executed with the moſt perfect accuracy and beauty. The famous Tripod, which contracts or increaſes its dimenſions at pleaſure. A foot of a horſe of the natural ſize, of the moſt exquiſite execution: this, together with the leg of a man, ſuppoſed to be its rider, were purchaſed by accident of a founder who had employed the other parts to make bells, and was about to convert theſe precious relics to the ſame uſe. There are alſo ſome thunders of Jupiter, which yet retain ſtrong veſtiges of the brilliant gold with which they once glittered: to theſe muſt be added,

vaſes of ſilver, and ſepulchral lamps, in all the forms which ingenuity could ſupply.

The collection of Egyptian antiquities is alſo extremely curious and valuable: numerous penates, taliſmans, &c. are here depoſited. The objects which were held up as of the greateſt eſtimation, were, "a head of "Iſis, and the Iſiac table." The firſt is of bronze admirably executed, and covered with hieroglyphics. The ſecond, or Iſiac table, is conſidered as one of the moſt precious monuments of ancient times, which Italy preſerves. It is of red copper, nearly four feet long, and ſomething more than two in width. Iſis, who is repreſented ſitting, forms the principal figure in this table, which thence derives its name. She is ſupplied with two bulls horns as ſymbols of fecundity. It appears to have been, in its original ſtate, adorned with ſilver plates, as ſome of theſe ornaments ſtill remain; and it is like the head of Iſis before named, and, indeed, any relic of Egyptian origin, co-

vered

vered with hieroglyphics. This myſterious table has furniſhed a wide field of diſcuſſion and enquiry for the learned, to whom hieroglyphics yet continue an inexplicable language. The moſt rational opinion yet offered, reſpecting the deſign of this table, is, that the Egyptians, who came to ſettle in Italy, formed it, in order that the epocha of their worſhip, their ceremonies, habits of their prieſts, &c. might not paſs into oblivion. This ſolves, however, no part of thoſe myſterious ſymbols which croud the table; for, after all the efforts of antiquarian reſearch, or happy conjecture, the Egyptian continues, in reſpect to his hieroglyphics, yet maſter of the field.

The collection of medals appeared to be numerous and well arranged; the greater part of theſe, and of the valuable antiques in general, with which this muſæum abounds, were taken from the ruins of "Induſtria," a well-known colony of the Romans, whoſe ſcite and veſtiges were not

discovered till the year 1745. The attendant at this musæum was an Abbé, intelligent and polite, who declined any gratuity offered, as contrary to usage. The stranger is, however, permitted to indulge his liberality to the servants at the door, the objects of whose bows and forward civilities cannot easily be mistaken.

I thought to have drawn the curtain upon Turin in this letter, but the musæum has carried me beyond the bounds I had prescribed, and I have too much respect for the Italian opera to mention it in a postscript.

LETTER LXV.

THE Italian opera is the touchstone of fashion; and no man, who has any regard for his reputation, would venture to dislike what good breeding obliges him to approve. The serious Italian opera is, in the

the judgment of profeſſional men, better preſented on the Engliſh than upon the Italian ſtage. This ariſes from the liberal encouragement given to all the ſingers of reputation, and from the very expenſive decorations which theſe exhibitions receive in a country whoſe reſources and prodigality ſeem to keep equal pace with each other.

The Buffo, or Comic Opera, is that which a ſtranger will viſit to moſt advantage in Italy, this being the ſpecies of compoſition in which modern ſingularities are held up to ridicule; while the ſerious opera reſorts to ſome tale of ancient hiſtory, chooſing, for the moſt part, that into which the greateſt number of ſplendid characters can enter. I went, the evening after my arrival at Turin, to the Theatre di Carignano, and was agreeably entertained with a comic repreſentation of La Serva Inamorata. My knowledge of Italian is as yet but very ſlender; nevertheleſs, without underſtanding any conſiderable portion of the dialogue,

I found an excellent ſcholium in the geſture, play of the muſcles, and muſical expreſſion, with which the whole was accompanied. To judge from the only two ſpecimens I have as yet had, the Italians have a very extraordinary talent at muſical inflection upon ſubjects of humour; and can render, with the greateſt effect, by artificial modulation, the eaſy familiarities of colloquial wit. On a foreign ſtage the ſame freedom is not felt, becauſe it is with reaſon ſuppoſed, that what will be ill underſtood where humour is concerned, cannot be highly reliſhed; and every attempt to methodize or accommodate, muſt in ſuch caſes deſtroy thoſe features of nature which he who ſtudies mankind would wiſh principally to find.

Italian dancing has been frequently commented upon with great ſeverity: and indeed, the meaſure of cenſure has never yet reached the demerit of the performance. Such outrageous ſtrides, jumps, and ſomerſets,

merſets, I never before had witneſſed, as were exhibited in the ballets annexed to the operas. The dance formed a direct contraſt to the ſong, and produced in me as lively emotions of diſguſt, as it did in the audience of applauſe. A dance of ſavages round a cannibal banquet could not have been more wild and extravagant. I could not but feel aſtoniſhed, that a people, who excel ſo decidedly in the arts of muſical expreſſion, ſhould judge ſo corruptly on a ſubject which appears to turn upon principles ſo nearly analogous.

LETTER LXVI.

I HAVE ſpoken with ſufficient emphaſis of the general beauty of Turin, and I ought to add, that the details will not ſuffer by examination. They reckon 110 churches in this capital, of which many are of great architectural beauty.

The *place* or ſquare which precedes the palace preſents a magnificent appearance. Eight ſtreets there concentre; and continued arcades, or piazzas, favour the expoſition of every kind of merchandize. The place San Carlo divides, at nearly its centre, the Strada Nuova, and adds conſiderably to the ſplendour of the city. The promenades are delicious. They conſiſt in an eſplanade between the town and the citadel, and alſo in a beautiful diſtribution of the ramparts. The ſtreets are for the moſt part wide, clean, and regular; and many of the houſes are conſtructed upon a grand ſcale.

The Po, near the city, appears not yet to have recovered from the commotion into which the muſe of Ovid has thrown it. Addiſon tells us, on the authority of ſome botaniſts, that larch-trees, and not poplars, are thoſe which ſhed a gum, and are found on the banks of the Po. And Apollonius could not have been very accurate when he tells us, that the thunderbolt of Jupiter ſo affected

affected the waters, as to render it fatal to a bird to fly acroſs the ſtream. But this was a favourite image with the poets; and the lake of Avernus was not eſteemed by Virgil ſufficiently corrupt without this quality. There is a pleaſure of no common magnitude in contemplating thoſe realities which have been wrought by claſſic fancy into ſuch ſplendid viſions. It would afford a ſtill higher pleaſure, if it were poſſible to diveſt them completely of the veil which covers them; for after all that Heſiod, Apollodorus, and ſtill more rationally Ariſtotle, and others, who have improved upon this ſyſtem, have taught us, the fable of Phaeton, and the combuſtion he occaſioned, is one among thoſe amuſing myſteries whoſe machinery is enchanting, whoſe moral is obvious, but whoſe preciſe meaning has periſhed with the records of the times.

The ſpirit of trade ſeems to be very active at Turin, if any judgment may be formed from the lively buſtle of the ſtreets. Ar-

ticles of Engliſh manufacture are vended in every part of the town, and a very conſiderable traffic is reported here to be carried on with Great Britain. How greatly is the ſtate of empires changed ſince Virgil pronounced the Britons "penitus toto di-"viſos orbe?" I am aware that their inſular ſituation formed a part of that ſentiment; but the very ſtriking contraſt which modern Britain preſents to the more general conſtruction of the expreſſion, I am called upon continually to remark. Briareus-like, ſhe now extends her hundred arms over the different diſtricts of the continent, and maintains, by the vigour of her commerce, and the extent of her political influence, a connection with every nation of the globe.

LETTER LXVII.

Feliſſano, Nov. 11, 1791.

At the end of two days journey, we have got into a miſerable village, and though ſhivering with an aguiſh cold, contracted amidſt the ſnow of Mount Cenis, I ſhall endeavour, by attention to my journal, to forget my maladies. Imperious circumſtances, rather than choice, ſhortened my ſtay at Turin; and as I had foreſeen that our departure might be precipitate, I had availed myſelf of every opportunity to gratify my curioſity upon objects of intereſt and information. Being either too little or too great to quit without notice the capital of Piedmont, in attempting to croſs the bridge over the Po, we were ſuddenly commanded to halt, and take off a pair of horſes, it being contrary to the eſtabliſhed rules of the place to ſuffer one man to drive out

four horſes. This was rather a trial of pride than of patience, for the remainder of the town was of no great length; and our horſes being again put to, we proceeded in quiet pace along the banks of the Po.

It was morning, and all that remained of dying vegetation was illumined by a clear and temperate ſunſhine. Although the ſeaſon of the year has greatly abridged the beauties of the ſcenery, objects were not wanting to inſpire the landſcape with intereſt. A charming diſtribution of country villas covered a wide and variegated tract. The Alps, at diſtance, preſented their ſnowy ſummits in a vaſt and ſtupendous chain, while beſide us rolled in peaceful motion the turbid waters of that ſtream, conſecrated to claſſic fame. Imagination was not idle in theſe moments ſo favourable to fancy. All the fictions which had crowded my childiſh memory embodied themſelves before me; and I ſeemed to be moving over enchanted ground, till I arrived at Villa

Nuova.

Nuova. I muſt tell you, that I never yet entered any town at ſo late an hour. For upon aſking the *padrone* of the inn the time of the day, he aſſured me it was leaſt 3 and 20 o'clock.

On remarking to our hoſt that this was a ſmall village, he replied, with ſome degree of diſpleaſure, *padrone!* This word *padrone* is a term of moſt comprehenſive ſignification; inſomuch that I, who am but an *inceptor* in the language, feel ſome difficulty in determining the intention of the party by whom it happens to be uſed. In the ſalutation of friends, I have obſerved *padrone* enquired on the one part, and the ſingle term *padrone* returned on the other; and, in this caſe, it implies the "How do "you do?" and the "Pretty well, thank "you," of the Engliſhman. But the ſenſe in which my hoſt employed it was, as I have ſince underſtood, a very common and a very civil one; namely, "I beg your par-"don." In order to impreſs me more

ſtrongly

ſtrongly with the importance of the place, he added, that it contained a convent. I was not quite ſatisfied with this proof; but fearing that my Italian might not bear me out in the diſpute, and dreading the conſequences of an attack upon the church, I ſuffered myſelf to be beaten out of the field. It was in our plan of this day's journey to reach Aleſſandria, but the inevitable ſlowneſs of our pace, from the extreme badneſs of the road, and the counſel of an old man, who was queſtioned upon the remaining diſtance, determined us to ſtop at Feliſſano for the night. Two beds of ſtraw, with ſcanty coverlids, juſt leave ſpace for a ricketty table, upon which my pen is now moving; and the chilling winds, which enter by the papered caſement, are playing moſt wantonly about my ſhoulders.

If ever you ſhould be tempted to croſs the Mont Cenis, at a period when the ſnows are almoſt knee-deep, and one or both of your boots may happen to admit water,

water, let me caution you not to exchange your carriage for your feet. A raging fever of laſt night, and a thouſand aches and ſhiverings all this day, enable me to aſſure you that the pains attending on ſuch indiſcretion, are as ſevere as thoſe which puniſh ſome of the moſt important follies of human eccentricity.

LETTER LXVIII.

Caſtel San Giovanni, Nov. 13, 1791.

OUR hoſt at Feliſſano made up in attention, for the deficiences of his miſerable accommodations. Aleſſandria, through which we paſſed in our road to Tortona, detained us no longer than was neceſſary to procure a dinner, for which we paid at a rate which left no room for regret on the part of the landlord. The country from Aleſſandria is for the moſt part flat, and in a ſtate

a ſtate of high cultivation to Tortona, where we arrived in the evening.

I am not in the habits of retailing the articles of proviſions which I find on the way, but our yeſterday's fare may ſerve as a ſpecimen of what I am given to underſtand is conſidered as an excellent Italian ſupper. A diſh of macaroni was our firſt ſervice. This was followed by a ſaucer containing ſome ſcraped parmeſan. A plate was then introduced with ſome morſels of pigs liver, and a ſecond adorned with omelettes and garlick. Three ſmall birds, and a handſome deſert, cloſed this *petit ſouper*, which, however deficient in weight and eſſentials, may, in the language of the Latins, be at leaſt allowed to have been "*numeris* abſo-"luta ſuis."

Horace has told us of ſome meals in his time, in which variety appears to have been not leſs conſulted. Naſidienus's ſupper made certainly a better figure; and was on that account more deſerving of recital: but I think

think that, taken upon a ſmall ſcale, the guſto of antient times is not badly preſerved in the modern arts of Italian catering. As I have brought Horace upon the ſtage, in vindication of my bill of fare, I ſhall make him do me another ſervice before I diſmiſs him. His viſits to Mæcenas were frequent, and their repaſts convivial. Some animating topic had engaged him at one of theſe "noctes cœnæque Deum;" and inattentive to the objects of ſenſe, which were doubtleſs ſet before him in profuſion, he imprudently ſwallowed ſome garlick. How he felt upon that occaſion, his muſe has amphatically told us. My feelings are ſo perfectly in uniſon with his, upon all that relates to this nauſeous vegetable, that though I am not prepared to conſider it as a ſufficient puniſhment for the crime of parricide, yet I can never ſee it cordially digeſted without exclaiming,

O dura meſſorum Ilia!

LETTER LXIX.

Piacenza, Nov. 14, 1781.

A VERY diverting Signora, who attended upon us at Tortona, gave us the firſt ſpecimen of the Italian face, ſuch, at leaſt, as I have been taught to expect it. It is not beauty, or rather it is not lovelineſs; but it poſſeſſes great ſymmetry, and there is much in it to excite admiration. I remarked to the Signora that the town muſt be dull, as I underſtood from her that it could boaſt no theatre. She replied, that at preſent there was indeed but one battalion of ſoldiers at Tortona, but that their uſual compliment was three. One was gone off towards France, and another into Savoy. I found by this, that a red coat was not without its charms beyond the Alps; and that the Signoras of Italy were of an opinion,

nion, not peculiar to this country, that "where troops were quartered, there could "be no want of amuſement."

Our journey from Tortona to Caſtel San Giovanni, where we ſtopped laſt night, brought the Apennines before us: but the country is in general ſo flat, as to furniſh little variety. I would not ſay, of any part of Italy, that it is unintereſting. It was the theatre of all that is great in hiſtory for many ages; and not a ſpot of it exiſts that has not been the ſeat of ſome celebrated event. The claſſic enthuſiaſm of Mr. Addiſon was able to diſcover ſome veſtiges of its antient grandeur, even in the rudeſt parts of this country. "There is," ſays he, "ſcarce any part of the nation that is not "famous in hiſtory, nor ſo much as a "mountain or river that has not been the "ſcene of ſome extraordinary action." I could however learn nothing of Caſtel San Giovanni from any of its inhabitants. The place ſeemed ſunk in wretchedneſs and po-

verty; yet an old wall, mouldering into ruins, appeared to commemorate ſome loſt importance. The ſtrolling eccleſiaſtics, of whom I enquired reſpecting thoſe ruins, could give me no information, though they appeared to have ſufficient leiſure for antiquarian ſtudies. No leſs than eight churches and three convents were enumerated in conſequence of my enquiries; and notwithſtanding the deplorable wretchedneſs which covered the inhabitants, it was eaſy to ſee that the honour in their eſtimation outweighed the burden.

Indeed, I could not but be ſtrongly impreſſed with this infatuation, upon paſſing a few minutes in their cathedral. It was curious to obſerve the contraſt that appeared between the worſhippers and their ſhrines. While the one were covered with rags, the other were inveſted with coſtly ornaments. Columns of marble ſupported the altars, while the thread-bare cloke ſcarcely covered thoſe who knelt and crawled around it. On

the

the one, precious odours were aſcending in votive clouds; from the other, proceeded only the vile ſcent of garlick. Yet the countenance of the worſhipper ſpoke a ſentiment above content. He eyed, with ſomething more than complacency, the range of coſtly ſtatues which enkindled his devotion, and ſeemed to forget the depth of his miſery in the fervor of his prayers. How ſtrong is the graſp of ſuperſtition, when it has once faſtened upon its victim! The comforts of life really ſeemed to theſe deluded people, a very mean price for the religious trumpery they received in exchange, and the privilege of worſhipping at a golden altar: content to exiſt upon macaroni, and to ſtretch their bodies upon beds of ſtraw, provided their ſaints and demi-gods may feed upon frankincenſe, and inhabit ſhrines of alabaſter!

LETTER LXX.

Parma, Nov. 15, 1791.

I KNOW not how a town can be viewed to leſs advantage than during a fall of undecided rain. By undecided rain, I mean that diſtillation which ſcatters a duſky miſt over all the works of art. Such was the ſtate of the atmoſphere upon my arrival and during my ſtay at Piacenza; and perhaps it is to this that I owe the impreſſion of dullneſs which I have brought away with me from that town. It is not, however, without its ornaments.

The Piazza Publico (which is a ſquare) partakes of the grand; it is difficult, however, to be ſatisfied with more than one of its ſides. Two noble equeſtrian ſtatues commemorate in bronze, at two angles of this ſquare, the virtues of Aleſſandro I. and

his

his ſon. I ought to have admired, as books inſtruct me, the painted cupola of the cathedral; but, alas! the height of the cupola, and the gloom of the cathedral, had raviſhed thoſe beauties from my ſight. I was obliged to content myſelf with gazing upon an object which had the advantage of a better light—I mean the dial; as this was the firſt I had obſerved deſcribed after the Italian method of keeping time, and preſenting on one circumference the twenty-four hours of the day. I was very much pleaſed with a ſmall painting of the Virgin and Child in a glaſs frame, and hung over one of the altars in the church of St. Franciſco il Grande; it had ſo much in it of ſweetneſs and nature, that I cannot but hazard a word in its praiſe, though I have not yet found it in that liſt which travellers are inſtructed to admire. A very elegant altar in the ſame church attracted my particular curioſity; it was deſigned with art, and finiſhed with beauty. The richeſt

marble, and the pureſt alabaſter, were here expended with equal ſymmetry and profuſion. I was anxious to know what Saint or Martyr claimed this altar. If it were my lot to be canonized, I know not a ſhrine I ſhould more earneſtly covet. A little invocation, and ſome few inſcriptions, ſoon led me to its lawful claimant, who was no leſs a perſonage than St. Anthony, the great apoſtle to the fiſhes. All the good things in the province of Milan ſeem conſecrated to this powerful Saint, whoſe head-quarters are at Padua. He was ſpoken of in very high terms upon the tablets which beſtrewed this altar, and repreſented as very dear to Jeſus Chriſt, and a great favourite of the Holy Virgin.

The church of San Agoſtino is a riſing ornament to the town of Piacenza, and promiſes to end in a building of great taſte and beauty. The ſide aiſles are fitted up in a very elegant ſtile, and the new front which it is now receiving, preſents the outline

line of a noble façade. The Auguſtines, to whom this church belongs, are in poſſeſſion of vaſt property. It is at their expence that this church is now receiving its finiſh. "The façade," ſaid an old mendicant, "has already coſt 14,000 ſechins."—"What then," ſaid I, "theſe gentlemen "are rich?"—"Rich!" ſaid he, "richiſ-"ſimi-ſono i noſtri principi."

As the diſtance from Piacenza to Parma was not conſiderable, we paſſed from thence in the afternoon, and entered Parma in the duſk of the evening. The country in the whole of this route was delectable; not a rood of ground was to be ſeen, but what poſſeſſed the higheſt degree of cultivation.

LETTER LXXI.

Parma, Nov. 16, 1791.

My ſpeculations of to-day upon the curioſities of this place have been ſo extenſive, that though I burn with impa-

tience to communicate, I ſcarcely know whether the late hour at which I attempt this ſketch will allow me to complete my report. It was a grand day at the cathedral, ſo that I had the pleaſure of hearing high maſs performed. The church of San Giovanni Evangeliſta, which I next entered, was very highly ornamented, and the pencil of Correggio has pourtrayed upon its cupola ſome animated figures; that of St. John is eminently beautiful.

The academy afforded me a large field of amuſement. A variety of miſcellaneous paintings and deſigns is here preſerved, and ſome curious fragments of antiquity; amongſt which was a very noble head of Jupiter. But the principal ornament of this academy, and one of the greateſt ornaments of Europe I might add, is the *chef d'œuvre* of Correggio preſerved here with great care, and ſtill in high preſervation. The groupe is formed by the Virgin, who has the Infant in her lap. Mary Magdalen

len is to the left of her, having her head reclined. St. Jerome, an angel, and the Infant Baptiſt, enter into the compoſition, and a more exquiſite production never iſſued from the ſchool of painting. I did not think it poſſible for imagination to pourtray a countenance of ſuch delicacy, grace, and ſweetneſs. She ſeemed to be occupied in affection, veneration, and rapture. Theſe paſſions were blended like the mellow colours of the immortal painter into the happieſt unity. The bold figure of St. Jerome, the attitude, the ſolidity and ſainted gravity of his countenance, compoſed a ſtriking counter-part to theſe ſofter paſſions. The infant was vivacious and benign. The Magdalen penſive and dejected; melancholy veiled the full luſtre of her countenance, and preſerved the proprieties of her character. The angel was what an angel ſhould—I had almoſt ſaid, all that an angel can be. Such is this wonderful painting. If I might make ſo free

with the terms of art, I would ſay, that it has all that ſoftneſs, finiſh, keeping, and vigour can contribute to animate the works of the pencil. Days and years might be ſpent in admiring it; and genius might exhauſt the power of language in its praiſe. A copy is now taking of this inimitable groupe, which promiſes to catch ſome portion of its ſpirit. But, alas! ſuch are the imperious limits of this art, that no tranſcript can be made of its excellencies; and the pencil of the artiſt can alone perpetuate his own fame.

The theatre which joins the academy is ſufficiently known as a building of wood, particularly conſtructed for the conveyance of ſound without echo or confuſion; and reports of travellers are perfectly correct as to this fact: for upon experiment made in a whiſper at one end, the words were diſtinctly heard at the other. The form of the theatre is light and elegant. It is now, however, falling into decay, and the ſole

uſe

uſe to which it is at preſent applied, is the occaſional exhibition of Naumachiæ, for which the arena is very conveniently adapted. I could deſcant upon a ſecond production of Correggio's, to which I was introduced after quitting the academy, but I am fearful that my epithets would ſcarcely hold out through another deſcription; and, indeed, to ſpeak the truth, it ſucceeded the other too rapidly to find a particle of admiration diſengaged.

I have been relaxing this evening at the theatre, being previouſly acquainted that a tragedy of Shakeſpeare's would be performed, and wiſhing to know in what manner our immortal bard would be handled by theſe cognoſcenti. The tragedy was nothing leſs than Amletto (Hamlet); and, alas! my poor countryman has ſeldom fallen into worſe hands, ſince Voltaire attempted to tranſlate him. The jokes and the idle play of words which were the ſide-arms of this poet, were all that this caterer

for

for the Italian ſtage had reliſhed or underſtood. Theſe were laviſhed, and not without effect, upon the audience, who ſeemed to have taken the whole for a burleſque, and expreſſed their approbation of theſe flights of humour with tremendous peals of applauſe. It was only in ſome moment when Hamlet himſelf occupied the ſtage, that any thing like gravity appeared in the houſe. Then, indeed, a call of ſilence was raiſed and echoed from different parts, and attention was erect till Hamlet, who was dreſſed in black, and brandiſhed a white handerchief in his hand, had done ranting. So much for Italian tragedy.

It is painful to ſee ſuch inattention to the convenience of travelling in countries of ſuch wealth and fertility. A ſmall deduction from the palace would clear the peaſant's path. Almoſt all the rivers in theſe opulent duchies, are deſtitute of bridges, and ſome are not paſſed in ferry-boats without danger.

LETTER LXXII.

Bologna, Nov. 18, 1791.

UPON commencing our route to Modena, we entered upon the old Æmilian way. I amuſed myſelf, during this part of our journey, with reading a letter of Pliny to Trajan, in which he mentions the Cura Viæ Æmiliæ as an object of great advantage, and thanks the Emperor for having given the appointment to a friend of his. It was ſome addition to this train of pleaſurable images to be informed, that on paſſing through Reggio, I was viewing a place which, beſides its antient fame, was revered as the birth-place of Arioſto. Modena is a delicious town, and has every advantage of buildings and ſituation. Taſſoni, in his poem of the *Secchia Rapita*, has given a very

very animated and juſt deſcription of this his native place:

" Modana Siede in una gran pianura," &c.

The cathedral is rather ſingular than handſome, and ſufficiently ſombre for all the purpoſes of occult devotion. One of thoſe who ſtand in the place of Levites, and ſerve about the altar, offered to conduct me to ſome objects of curioſity. They conſiſted of a number of antient mauſoleums, whoſe inſcriptions were not difficult to decipher. My guide was however ſo intolerably ſtupid, that I got no information from him as to their hiſtory. They were all found in the town, he aſſured me; and when I aſked him how long it was ſince their diſcovery, he talked to me of more centuries than I ſhould chuſe to repeat. All that I could draw from him was, that they were " tro-" vati nel piazzo," (found in the ſquare,) " tranſportati qui," (conveyed here,) " & " tutti di marmore," (all of marble.) This

laſt he repeated with great energy. He next introduced me, having previouſly lighted two candles, into a chapel, which he called the Chapel of San Geminiano.

This ſaint, of whoſe hiſtory I cannot inform you, is in great eſtimation among the Modaneſe, as Petronius is at Bologna. Taſſoni, in his poem before quoted, calls the former *Gemignani*, as he does the latter *Petronj*, from theſe reſpective ſaints:

" Che tolſero a' i Petronj, i Gemignani.

CANTO I.

This chapel was ſufficiently curious. There were two very well executed portraits in it. I wiſhed to know the artiſt, but the only anſwer I could get was " San Geminiano," and " tutto di marmore!" My guide now led me to the back part of that monument, on which the portraits were hung, and pointing to a ſmall door, reſembling the entrance into a vault, he rehearſed a hiſtory reſpecting it, which I was far from thoroughly comprehending. He ſpoke of creeping and

crawling

crawling upon his knees, and accompanied his words with geſtures, which made me conclude that this was the opening into ſome ſubterraneous paſſage. He aſked me, if I would enter it? I made no objection; on which he unlocked the door, and pointed to the inſide. I was ſurpriſed on looking, to find that it was but a ſmall area under the monument or vault, the roof of which was ſupported by ſix or ſeven marble pillars, at ſuch intervals as to leave room for a perſon to crawl on his knees. Upon ſeeing me hold back, he explained the whole of the myſtery, by telling me "Chi vuol' "obtenere una grazia di Dio biſogna ſer-"pere qui." (He who would obtain a bleſſing from God, muſt creep through here.) And ſtooping down, I obſerved that this operation had actually worn a channel upon the marble. I aſked him how long it had been the faſhion to creep among theſe pillars? He told me, five hundred years. Whether his chronology was accurate or not,

not, I had no opportunity to aſcertain. The man ſeemed not a little aſtoniſhed at my retiring without making this religious tour. Unfortunately he detained me ſo long in his recital of miracles performed at this tomb, and in the exhibition of a moſt marvellous and wonder-working crucifix, that I loſt the opportunity of ſeeing the *Secchia*, which is preſerved among the archives of this cathedral.

It paſſes for a ſpecies of miracle, that the mere theft of a bucket ſhould become the foundation of a war; and it does at firſt ſight preſent a ſubject of ſurpriſe, that the blood of nations ſhould be ſpilt for "un "infelice e vil ſecchia di legno." It is however to be feared, that in reviewing the wars of Europe, too many caſes will be found, in which ſo valid a pretext cannot be aſſigned for the effuſion of human blood.

LETTER LXXIII.

Florence, Nov. 21.

BOLOGNA is a town, the remembrance of whoſe beauties will not readily be effaced from my mind; and yet I have ſeen ſo ſmall a portion of them, and been compelled to take ſo rapid and curſory a glance, that I almoſt bluſh to attempt any thing like an enumeration of its curioſities.

The churches are uſually in all places the firſt object of attention: and I had heard ſo much of the celebrity of St. Luke at Bologna, that I immediately requeſted to be conducted thither. The path to this church is a continual aſcent; but pilgrims of all ages, and labouring under whatever infirmities, ſeemed to tread it without reluctance or fatigue. The church bears the name of the Madonna di San Luca, from the

the famous portrait of the Virgin, painted by the hand of the Evangeliſt, and which it is the boaſt and glory of the Bologneſe to poſſeſs. A portico of three miles conducts the pilgrim to this object of adoration. This portico has conſiderable beauty, and ſtill more convenience, as it affords at once the means of ſhelter and of reſt. It was raiſed by voluntary contribution; ſix hundred and forty-eight arcades compoſe the whole range; all of which were built at different periods by the zealous devotion of private perſons, or different corporations, and they were conſtructed in reference to each other, ſo as now to compoſe an uniform piazza to the entrance of the church, adorned with freſcoes, ſome of which have no ſmall merit.

The church is an elegant building, and bears on its walls ſome tablets, commemorative of miracles performed by this marvellous picture. This ineſtimable treaſure is provokingly covered with a caſe, ornamented

with jewels, and different offerings of devotion; ſo that I could only judge of St. Luke's pencil by its miraculous effects. A ſtring of beads, which I purchaſed to eſcape the ſuſpicion of hereſy, entitled me to a little tract, written by the Abbé Calindri, from which I learned the very high value ſet upon this precious depoſit, the ſolemnity with which it is venerated at Bologna, and the innumerable benefits which have been derived by this city from its reſidence among them. The Abbé, ſpeaking of the annual ceremony of carrying this image in proceſſion, ſays, "Molte altre volte é ſtato, "&c. *i. e.* This ceremony has alſo been "performed in caſes of public emergency, "as was the caſe in 1779, on account of "repeated earthquakes. The conſequence "was, that though theſe ſhocks were ſo "violent, and ſo frequent as to agitate the "country for three years, the city of Bo-"logna ſuſtained no ſenſible miſchiefs from "this ſcourge, which, during its continu-

"ance,

" ance, committed ſuch ravages in the cir-
" cumjacent cities."

The Abbé, full of the authenticity and influence of this magical picture, has annexed to his abridged account of this hiſtory, the means by which it paſſed into the hands of thoſe who founded the preſent church. As ſuch a curioſity may not often come before you, I will endeavour, for your amuſement, to put this portion of monkiſh Latin into a decent Engliſh dreſs*. " In

* Anno Domini milleſimo centiſimo ſexageſimo, Die octava intrante Madis. Actum in Monte de Guardia ſub heremitico Domne Azoline & Beatrixie, preſentibus Domno Rambertino de Guezis, Domnus Marcheximus Ottonellus, Judex; Domnus Angelettus de Urſis, et alii plures teſtes, Domnus G. Epiſcopus Bonon dedit et aſſignavit ſupradictis Azoline et Beatrixie unam capſulam de ligno, cum tabula, ubi picta eſt imago Beate Marie manu beati Luche Evangeliſte, quam portavit de Conſtantinopoli, in civitate Bononie Theoclys Kennya hermitanationis Grecus ibi preſens ad conſervandam, tenendam, et cuſtodiendam in heremitatico de monte de Guarda pro ſe et earum ſucceſſoribus, in dicto heremitico ad honorem Dei et dicte imaginis. Prenominati Dominus Epiſcopus et Theoclys heremita hoc inſtrumentum aſſignationis ut ſuper legitur ſcribere rogaverunt. Ego Vitalis Biblicie Dei gratia dicti Domni Epiſcopi notarius interfui; et hanc cartam inſtrumenti conſignationis rogatus ſcripſi et ſigillavi cum ſigillo dicti Domni Epiſcopi indictione octava.

" the year of our Lord 1160, and the 8th
" day of May, in the Monte di Guardia, at
" the hermitage of the ladies Azolina and
" Beatrice, and in the preſence of Signior
" Rambertino de Guezi, Signior Marche-
" ſino Ottonello, Judge, Signior Angioletto
" del Oriſe, and many other witneſſes,
" Gerard, Biſhop of Bologna, gave and
" aſſigned to the aforeſaid Azolina and
" Beatrice, and their ſucceſſors, a box, con-
" taining a tablet, upon which is an image
" of the bleſſed Virgin, painted by the hand
" of St. Luke the Evangeliſt, and brought
" by Theocles, a Greek hermit, then and
" there preſent, from Conſtantinople, to
" have, to hold, and to keep in the hermit-
" age of Monte Della Guardia, to the ho-
" nour of God, and of the ſaid image.
" The afore-named biſhop of Theocles,
" the hermit, have called upon me to make
" out the foregoing inſtrument. I there-
" fore, Vitale di Belieſa, by the grace of
" God notary of the ſaid biſhop, have
" written in their preſence, and at their in-
" ſtance,

" ſtance, this inſtrument of conveyance,
" and have ſealed the ſame with the ſeal
" of the ſaid biſhop, in the 8th indic-
" tion."

I muſt allow you to take a moment's refreſhment after ſo tedious a journey through the ſcrolls of ſuperſtition. And as the whole reſembles ſo ſtrongly the ſtructure of a fable, I think you will not object to its uſual appendage—a moral! I am free to confeſs, that I could neither view, nor can reflect upon the whole, without concluding, that when religion is addreſſed to the ſenſes rather than the underſtanding, there is nothing too ridiculous to become the object of adoration; and, for my own part, I can diſcern in the rationality of this ſpecies of devotion no difference between the tomb of Mahomet and the croſs of Calvary—the image of Diana that fell down from heaven, and the portrait of the Virgin painted by Saint Luke.

LETTER LXXIV.

AMONG the advantages I derived from my visit to St. Luke, were the extensive, varied, and delicious views which I obtained of Bologna and the environs, from different points of the arcades. Numerous villages are scattered over the circumjacent country, which is adorned with the richest cultivation. The next object of attention which I found in my excursion, was the grand and beautiful church of St. Paul. It is not easy to imagine a more impressive piece of sculpture than that which stands before the grand altar, and represents the decollation of St. Paul. The hand of the executioner is raised to strike, and the neck of the calm and intrepid apostle is bared to receive, the blow. This group is disposed with such just attention to light and eleva-

tion, that no part of the effect produced by the energy of the artift is loft.

The academy (L'Inftituto) being only viewed to advantage during a clear light, was the next fcene to which my intelligent and managing lacquey conducted me. This is a collection which, as it might not be curforily viewed, fo it ought not to be lightly criticifed. Among the more valuable treafures of this mufeum were a large variety of deligns and fketches, by different maflers of the Bologna fchool. I know fcarcely any pleafure equal to that of tracing the growth of a noble thought from the rude outline to the laft perfection. In viewing the random fketches of the pencil, one is enabled to feparate genius from art, and to difcriminate between imagination and mechanifm. I wifhed to have dwelt longer upon the contemplation of thefe draughts, but I was obliged to obey the fummons which called me to the Hall of Antiques, where my eye was loft in beholding ftatues, and limbs of ftatues,

tues, pigmean heads, coloſſal feet, Roman wells, idols, tablets, and tomb-ſtones. I had ſcarcely time to wonder, before I was hurried into a library, ſaid to contain twelve thouſand volumes, beſides MSS. With the ſame rapidity, I laſtly viſited various cabinets of minerals, petrefactions, and philoſophical inſtruments, halls of wax-work, chambers of fortification, and naval tactics.

Of palaces I ſaw but one, viz. the Sampieri, where the Labours of Hercules, by the Caraccis, the Cruciſix in ivory, by John of Bologna, and other productions, attracted their portion of admiration; but my attention was chiefly fixed upon three paintings. The firſt of theſe was the very affecting ſcene of Abraham diſmiſſing Hagar, by Guercino. All the emotions which their reſpective ſituations could inſpire, have been attended to by the painter. Sternneſs on the one hand, and diſtreſs on the other, were never expreſſed in a manner which could ſpeak more powerfully to the feelings.

ings. There are dusky tints in the colourings of this master which assort well with the graver subjects. The second was a portrait of Christ, and the Pharisee who brought the tribute-money. The countenances could not be inspired with juster expression; plausibility and artifice reigned in the one, caution and penetration prevailed in the other. The painter appeared to have nicely studied the shades of sentiment and character, and to have well distinguished between subtilty and sagacity, between the speciousness of art and the sobriety of truth. The last is a painting, whose fame is not confined to the spot which contains it. I mean the celebrated production of Guido, in which St. Paul is represented rebuking St. Peter. Any other performance would have acted in vain upon my nerves, whose vibrations began to fail, exhausted by repeated impressions of the sublime; but this was irresistible. The first glance quickened my senses, and all my powers of admiration suffered a resurrection.

I declare

I declare to you, that in contemplating this intereſting work, I ſeemed to enjoy an interview with the very perſonages whoſe portraits were expreſſed on the canvaſs. And what an interview! With what characters! and on what occaſion! Two apoſtles whoſe equals for piety and chriſtian heroiſm are yet to be ſought—men who, from the ſimilarity of their views, their motives, and their labours, muſt have entertained for each other the higheſt reciprocal affection and eſteem—are here found in a ſituation the moſt critical and intereſting. "I rebuked him to his "face, ſaid St. Paul, for he was to be "blamed." I thought I ſaw in the countenance of the firſt, an inflexible attachment to virtue and to truth, which ſilenced the pleadings of private feeling; and obliged him to reprove the errors of a man, unequalled perhaps in the chriſtian church, excepting by himſelf. In the latter I marked manly ſorrow and ſober penitence. While the former ſtood with his hand raiſed, his finger pointed, and his attitude bold, the

latter

latter ſat with his head reclined, reſting upon his hand, and his eyes turned with confuſion from the countenance of the rebuking apoſtle. So much life, vigour, and intereſt, ſuch an union of ſentiment and pathos, I have never yet ſeen in the productions of the pencil: and I am much deceived if the impreſſion which this excited, will ever be ſurpaſſed by any of the maſter-pieces of art which may yet lie before me. However that be, I cannot but felicitate myſelf upon having acquired that fund of noble images which the recollection of this painting ſupplies: and if I could with the pilgrims perſuade myſelf that the ſight of a picture would quiet my conſcience, and ſettle my faith, I ſhould make no ſcruple of turning my back upon the Madonna di San Luca, and ſeeking my abſolution at the Palazzo Sampieri.

LETTER LXXV.

BOLOGNA is reputed to contain as many paintings as Rome itſelf, and ſome are of opinion, even more. The churches of Giovanni in Monte, that of the Dominicans, St. Agnes, Corpus Domini, and Petronius, were the chief of thoſe which, in addition to the Cathedral and that of St. Luke, I had leiſure or even diſpoſition to viſit.

The firſt of theſe could not be neglected. Reſpect for the Cecilia of Raphael carried me there, and I was repaid by the ſight of a countenance full of ſerenity and beauty. The church of the Dominicans contains the Maſſacre of the Innocents, by Guido. This is held to be one of his beſt productions, but it is a ſubject which excites horror. The church is one of the handſomeſt buildings in its kind that I have ever ſeen. A very elegant

gant tomb of pure marble here pretends to preſerve the relics of that Saint to whom the church is conſecrated. The guide unlocked a ſmall door, in order that I might apply my hand to the place where the body lay, and obtain, as I ſuppoſed, full demonſtration of the fact. In compliance with his wiſhes, I made the experiment, but not feeling all that anxiety to be convinced, which he ſhowed to convince me, I did not obtain ſufficient evidence to remove my infidelity. I ought to obſerve that the Dominicans have lately poſſeſſed themſelves of a very beautiful painting, repreſenting the death of the Virgin. It is a production full of ſweetneſs and delicate expreſſion, and may be regarded as a valuable acquiſition to the treaſures of this monaſtery. The martyrdom of St. Agnes has given ſufficient celebrity to the church of that name: and the powers of Dominichino are in this bold deſign very ably and ſucceſsfully exerted. St. Petronius had nothing to ſhew me but

the meridian line drawn by Caſſini, and the figure of that ſon of Mars whoſe hand was arreſted in an attempt to wound the Virgin. The hiſtory is given at length by Moore.

The opera was very brilliantly ſupported by ſome ſingers, who will, I preſume, in due time, follow the fortunes of their brother Sepranos, in England. Creſcentini is the favourite, and the Dilettanti have great expectations from his promiſing talents. Bologna is indeed the ſchool of Italian muſic: and as the air is ſoft and temperate, the voice muſt have an advantage the loſs of which is much felt in England.

I regret that the ſhortneſs of my ſtay ſhould have deprived me of the power of communicating more extenſive information upon the intereſting curioſities of this delightful town. Its general aſpect is ſtrongly prepoſſeſſing, and its details are ſubjects of ſtudy. We left it yeſterday morning, and began to aſcend the Appennines. Theſe mountains are diverſified by a rich and laboured

boured cultivation; and the two days paſſed between Bologna and Florence were enlivened by ſcenes of magnificence and beauty. The lambent and ſulphureous flames of Pietra Mala, riſing near the village of that name, and conſtantly burning, lighted us as we approached Cavigliaro, the boundary of our firſt day's journey: and early in the morning of the ſecond, we deſcended amid the rays of the riſing ſun upon the turrets, palaces, bridges, gardens, and all the majeſtic ſcenery of this celebrated capital.

LETTER LXXVI.

Florence, Nov. 25, 1791.

THERE is nothing that requires more art than a juſt ſelection of local curioſities. It is difficult to diſcern the faireſt where all are fair, and to fix upon the moſt uſeful

where none are without their uſe. Florence abounds ſo greatly in objects of intereſt to travellers, is ſo rich in natural ſcenery, monuments of architecture, and cabinets of art, that the mind is rather diſtracted than directed, by thoſe catalogues which undertake to do the duty of guides. Whether I have yet viſited one tenth part of its nominal, or digeſted one hundredth part of its real beauties, I am not anxious to know; my time has been wholly employed in ſeeing, and much of what I ſaw has filled me with wonder. The gallery,—the great monument of Tuſcan liberality, and the firſt reſort of ſtrangers,—has furniſhed me with a large fund of ſtudy and amuſement. The princely bounty of the Grand Duke, who has enlarged the ſalary of the guides, to throw open the gates of this invaluable muſæum, is a ſubject which calls for the traveller's eulogium. All who have croſſed the Appennines, have indulged in the praiſe of this gallery; and, though the rarities of its cabinets have been

ſo

ſo often and ſo variouſly ſerved up, I cannot deny myſelf the pleaſure of reporting to you in what manner I was affected by them. The Tribune, which is uſually the *laſt* diſplayed, was that into which I accidentally entered *firſt*. I knew not the name of the cabinet, and had followed ſome ſtrangers. "This (ſaid our conductor) is the Tribune, "and here," pointing to a ſtatue that ſtood before us—"is the Venus de Medicis." Thus taken by ſurprize, I remained for ſome time in ſilent contemplation of this "ſtatue "which enchants the world," and which is conſidered as the perfection of ſculptural art. Carrying my ſpeculations back to the firſt rudiments of this wonderful production, I pictured to myſelf, with the Abbé Du Palli, the birth of this deſign in the mind of the ſculptor, and the enthuſiaſm which fired him when he firſt viewed the maſs. Kindling as I gazed, I traced the progreſs of the chiſel through all the ſtages of its formation. I admired the genius which actuated, the art

which guided, and the delicacy which managed the ſculptor's hand. Such circumſtances muſt combine to give perfection, and perfection is the only attribute which can characterize this ſtatue. The Arrotino or Whetter, who ſtands to the left of the Venus, is a ſubject both of admiration and perplexity. Poſition of body, caſt of countenance, and circumſtance of occupation, denote ſome myſtery which they do not develop. He is reſting on one knee, and whetting a knife or cutting inſtrument. His head is elevated inclining to the left, as though he were liſtening to ſomething ſaid. It is curious to obſerve what ingenious conjectures have been indulged upon the hiſtory of this Arrotino: he is liſtening to Cataline's conſpiracy, he overhears the plot of Brutus's ſons to reſtore the Tarquins: it is Cincinnatus; it is Manlius Capitolinus; and laſtly, as though there were not already ſufficient hypotheſes to obſcure the fact, the Abbè Palli has found out that it is the Scythian who aſſiſted

at the duet between Apollo and Marſyas, and who afterwards flayed the latter. Now, that he is liſtening, cannot be diſputed: and that he may be liſtening to the Catalinarian or the Tarquinian faction, are conjectures equally probable. And whether or not he repreſents the Scythian who was to flay Marſyas, it muſt be owned his heart ſeems ripe for a murderous deed. The hiſtory of this character is, in ſhort, among thoſe records which have ſlipped through the fingers of time, and whoſe place can only be ſupplied by fancy and conjecture.

LETTER LXXVII.

Florence.

As I have ventured ſo far into the field of deſcription, it would be treaſon to the remaining ſtatues not to allow them ſome ſhare of encomium. The Wreſtlers, ſo oft

and ſo deſervedly admired, is a moſt beautiful and energetic production of the chiſel; the mind of the artiſt muſt have been filled with the juſteſt conceptions of human proportions and anatomical accuracy. My ignorance of antient ſculpture had led me to form falſe and vulgar expectations of this groupe. The figures are of a moderate ſize and a perfect form; and exhibit an happy union of beauty and ſtrength, of grace and vigour, of muſcular force and perſonal comelineſs. The inter-twining of the limbs is moſt artfully rendered, and evinces at once the power of the ſuperior, and the diſadvantage of the fallen combatant: while the countenances reſpectively expreſs, by emotions of confidence and agony, the triumph of the victor and the deſpair of the vanquiſhed. The dancing faun is certainly the moſt facetious and mirthful character ever brought out of marble. This groteſque figure is preſented with one leg elevated, in the attitude of dancing. His head is inclined with much

much natural expreſſion, and in his countenance is painted a lively image of luxurious joy. Every lineament diſcovers the abſence of ſolicitude and the annihilation of care. It is indeed a charming ſtatue, full of antient thought, and in perfect uniſon with the feſtive imagery of the Grecian muſe. I might now conduct you, as I was conducted myſelf, through a ſeries of cabinets ſeverally furniſhed with diſtinctly arranged curioſities. Among others were thoſe that contained collections of precious ſtones and minerals wrought into a thouſand varieties of form. Here were columns, vaſes, and urns of agate, rock-cryſtal, lapis lazuli; and, in ſhort, a large profuſion of antient and modern valuables, diſtributed and aſſorted with great taſte. The cabinet of portraits was not among the leaſt intereſting of theſe ſecondary departments. Theſe portraits are of different painters, painted by themſelves. Madame Le Brun and Angelica Kauffman are not among the leaſt attracting. The

very noble urn di Medicis, on which is repreſented, in relievo, the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, forms a grand central ornament to one of theſe ſaloons. The Cabinet of the Hermaphrodite, and the Hall of Niobe, containing this deſcendant of Jupiter and her fourteen children, are treaſures of ineſtimable value. Amongſt a variety of urns, ſepulchral fragments, and different *morceaus* of antiquity, are the known and celebrated buſts of Alexander the Great, and Brutus, the laſt of which may well deſerve a place amongſt the productions of the Grecian ſchool. Theſe buſts have alſo ſet the learned afloat upon the occean of conjecture. The firſt of theſe is the buſt of a coloſſal figure, and bears in the countenance a ſtrong expreſſion of agony. What circumſtance this alludes to in the hiſtory of Alexander is the queſtion at iſſue. "He ſighs for new worlds," ſays Mr. Addiſon. "He is diſturbed, *beyond a doubt*, ſay "others, with remorſe for the murder of "Clitus." There is certainly an expreſſion

of

of pain in the countenance more deeply coloured than the fretful emotion of pining diſcontent could inſpire; and ſuch as might be expected from the man, who had raſhneſs enough to kill, and ſenſibility ſufficient to repent. The buſt of Brutus has alſo furniſhed work for the critics. The buſt is excellent, but *unfiniſhed*. All the myſtery is, why ſhould Michael Angelo have left it in this ſtate? Cardinal Bembo has aſſigned a reaſon which will ſcarcely pleaſe beyond the pale of a court.

Dum Bruti effigiem ſculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem ſceleris venit, et abſtinuit.

But Michael Angelo has left many unfiniſhed works. All his figures upon the tombs in the chapel of St. Lorenzo, are uncouthly and imperfectly ſculptured. Perhaps this great man, enamoured with the rougher ſtrokes of his chiſel, and pleaſed with the expreſſion of his outline, would rather leave the buſt unfiniſhed, than efface the bolder parts by an addition of the laſt poliſh.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Florence,

THIS city appears conſtructed, in all its parts, to fill the eye of the traveller with pleaſure. The ſtreets, which are paved with even flag-ſtones, chiſeled as occaſion requires, for ſafety—are generally clean; and where they open upon the Arno, are illumined by wide and varied views, extending on either ſide of this noble ſtream. The entrance from Bologna is not improperly called a deſcent upon the town: for at the diſtance of ſome leagues the whole appears extended below the brow of the Appennines; and the traveller ſeems to be plunging from the lofty precipice into the boſom of thoſe viſtas and parterres, which interſect and adorn the vale below. A triumphal

umphal arch receives him at the foot of this deſcent, and announces his entrance into the Tuſcan capital. The palace Pitti, reſidence of the Grand Duke, is ſombrous in its aſpect, but has an air of Gothic majeſty. The interior is noble, and adorned with all that art, riches, and good taſte can contribute to dignify the palatial reſidence. Here Pietro de Cortona has laviſhed the fineſt touches of his pencil upon the ceilings; and among the pendents is preſerved the Madonna of Raphael, to which the connoiſſeurs aſſign the higheſt rank. It is but juſtice to the patron of this palace to ſay, that it is exhibited with the ſame liberality as the gallery: and that ſtrangers are conducted through all its chambers with an attention and reſpect, which in other places is conſidered as involving the expectancy of an exorbitant fee. The palace Ricardi is a ſtructure of noble architecture, raiſed, for the moſt part, upon the deſigns of Michael Angelo. It is impoſſible not to be delighted with the very elegant and maſterly pieces of

of Luca Giordano which cover the ſpacious roof of the grand ſaloon. Of the four Evangeliſts painted by Guercino, each had its proper merits; but the portrait of St. John was a faithful tranſcript of the Evangeliſt's pen. It was a countenance animated with as much fire and intelligence as can conſiſt with ſweetneſs and ſenſibility. Of other palaces I can only ſpeak from a view of their exterior, and the reports of others. Their inhabitants are reputed to hold an high rank in polite accompliſhments; and, thoſe who have leiſure to cultivate their ſociety by a longer reſidence, bear teſtimony to their domeſtic hoſpitality. Amuſements of every deſcription are in this city at their zenith. Their opera has indeed its ſeaſons, and the tide of gaiety its flux and reflux; but from what I have ſeen—and ſtill more from what I have heard—no city has a fairer ground of pretenſion to detain thoſe travellers, whom *ennui* and *hypochondria* have driven to ſeek the cure of their melancholy from the hands of pleaſure.

LETTER LXXIX.

Florence.

THE cathedral of Florence is a very large and ponderous edifice, conſtructed of black and white marble, and therefore preſenting a very ſhadowy aſpect. The ſtatues of the twelve Apoſtles, and the noble baſſo relievos which ſurround the altar, hardly compenſate the gloom which over-hangs the general maſs. The braſs gates which adorn the baptiſtery, an octagonal building detached from, but belonging to this cathedral, were by Michael Angelo deemed worthy of opening and ſhutting the entrance to Heaven. Next in order is the church of San Lorenzo. Here, in the chapel of the princes, are the two celebrated tombs of Michael Angelo. They are, like his buſt of

of Brutus, imperfectly ſculptured; and preſented to me little beyond the rude outline. Two figures of bold deſign adorn each of theſe monuments—the firſt of which repreſent Day and Night—the ſecond Crepuſculum and Aurora. The chapel di Medicis in this church is deſervedly eſteemed amongſt the ornaments of Florence. It contains ſix tombs conſtructed upon the deſigns of Michael Angelo. The form of the chapel is octagonal; and the monuments are, in point of deſign and execution, ſtriking and magnificent. Oriental granite of the moſt beautiful vein, lapis lazuli, coral, and, in ſhort, every ſpecies of ſtone and mineral is here diſpoſed and arranged by the hand of a maſter. And were the chapel completed in a ſtyle ſuited to the original plan, the world would not be able to ſhew ſo perfect a model of taſte and magnificence. The church of Santa Annuntiata is adorned with ſome handſome altars of marble, and paintings of no mean execution. The *bas reliefs* in

bronze by Jean de Bologne, compoſe rather an intereſting than ſplendid ornament to the Chapelle de La Vierge, in which an image of high character is depoſited. The flagellation of Chriſt is, among theſe brazen tablets—an extraordinary effort of genius, replete with vigour and ſenſibility. Among the contiguous cloiſters are ſome admirable freſcoes. The waſteful hand of time, and expoſure to the damps and dews have brought into decay a beautiful Madonna of Andrea del Sarto, whoſe buſt and epitaph are affixed againſt the walls of this cloiſter. The church of the Dominicans is of inferior reputation to the convent. This contains a grand elaboratory for balſams, ſimples, &c. and is eſteemed to produce ſome of the beſt eſſences and perfumes which ever ſhed their fragrance around the perſons of beau or belle.

The church of San Spirito, preſents a bold deſign of ſolid but ſimple architecture. It is as yet ſo little advanced, that the paintings it contains are perfectly eclipſed. It promiſes,

miſes, however, to exhibit in its finiſhed ſtate that ſpecies of grave and decent edifice, which correſponds with the rational idea of a Chriſtian Temple. My regiſter of the churches ſhall cloſe with that of the Santa Croce. It had for me only two objects—the firſt of which was the monument of Michael Angelo—a monument worthy of the ſubject. Three of his ſcholars united to form this memorial of their illuſtrious preceptor—equally ſkilled in the rival arts of painting, ſculpture, and architecture. The tomb of the great Galileo was the ſecond. A ſimple buſt and tablet of marble record his memory. Peace to his aſhes! May no ſacrilegious hand deſtroy the pile on which his name is inſcribed! may his memory for ever flouriſh! and may it appear from the concurrent plaudits of all ſucceeding ages, how periſhable are the decrees of ſuperſtition and error, how immortal the diſcoveries of reaſon and truth!

LETTER LXXX.

Foligno, Dec. 1.

IT was not without great reluctance that I left Florence, after so short a stay. An offer of introduction to some of the principal inhabitants, rendered this abrupt departure still less palatable; but change and reverse are the lot of man, and the chances of travel, like those of life, are not all in favour of the adventurer. It was by a tardy movement of more than two days, that we reached the antient and venerable town of Peruggia.

The journey to Rome, by this route, is less frequently taken, than that of Sienna, as it is a track extremely circuitous; but those who study the wear and tear of horses and carriages, prefer this route, as more than compensating for its length, by

the ſuperiority of its roads. Among the curioſities of this place, are to be ſeen many of the productions of Pietro Perugino, the maſter of Raphael, whoſe beſt and greateſt works are here preſerved. At the church of San Franceſco, is one repreſenting the Reſurrection, on which I fixed with a great degree of admiration. The outline was faithfully ſketched; and there appeared a great degree of accuracy and chaſteneſs in the drawing, and diſpoſition of the colours. In what I had ever before ſeen of this maſter, there was ſo great a dryneſs and formality, that it was difficult to trace, without a deeper knowledge of the art than I can pretend to, any thing like the touches of an able and animated pencil. But from this and other ſpecimens at Peruggia, it appears, that Raphael may have ſtood conſiderably indebted to the leſſons of his preceptor. Superadding to his own genius the principles of Pietro, he has ſhewn the ſublime effects which reſult from the union—too ſeldom exiſting—

of

of ſtrong talents and attentive ſtudy. This church was rich in excellent paintings. From viewing ſome deſigns, more remarkable for their quaintneſs and antiquity, than their merit, I paſſed to the contemplation of an aſſumption of the Virgin, which paſſes with me for the beſt Raphael I have yet ſeen. The Virgin is repreſented in Heaven, and Jeſus Chriſt placing the crown upon her head. The Apoſtles below are collected about her tomb, and gazing upwards with countenances full of attention and rapture. There was in this painting a ſort of expreſſion, which made its way more ſucceſsfully to my admiration, than the Cecilia at Bologna, or the Madonna at the Palace Pitti. I had formed very erroneous conceptions of the pleaſure I was to derive from the productions of Raphael—expecting to know them at firſt ſight, and to worſhip them almoſt by inſtinct. Painting has however its myſteries, I find—and it requires ſome ſtudy and knowledge of its principles, to be able

to admire what is moſt excellent. Like the ſiſter arts of poetry and muſic, it ſeems to hide its excellencies from thoſe who are ignorant of its laws. A good painting ſeems therefore to ſtand very much in the predicament of a good poem, and a well wrought concerto. Some ſimple delineation ſhall faſcinate in the *firſt*, beyond a regular and ſtudied production; while in the *laſt*, an artleſs tale and a popular air ſhall pleaſe more, than the ſtately muſe of Milton, and the learned melodies of Pergoleſi.

At a palace belonging to the noble family of Della Penna, I was gratified with the ſight of ſome of the beſt and moſt finiſhed pieces, from the hand of Salvator Roſa. Numerous productions of this extraordinary maſter were ſhewn me, in which all the wild and groteſque fancies which genius could create, were brought upon the canvas. To theſe were added four landſcapes in his beſt ſtile, two of which preſent nature in leſs uncouth forms, and are

in all reſpects deſerving of the higheſt eulogium.

I was completely occupied, during the time we paſſed in this town, with the various and valuable ſpecimens of art which I had opportunity to viſit. The town is ſufficiently gloomy in its aſpect—the marks of antiquity, deſertion, and decay, are ſtrongly viſible in all its extent: and it is among the very few cities in Italy which are ſtruck out of the liſt of the travellers route. It is however certain, that though little viſited, it wants not its importance in the ſcale of art. Its churches and its palaces have indeed little to boaſt of ſplendor or ornament: the intelligent traveller will, nevertheleſs, be repaid, for entering apartments ſeldom inhabited, and churches little frequented, by deſigns and ſtudies appropriate to this place, and of a claſs which is in vain ſought for in cities of greater reſort.

LETTER LXXXI.

Terni.

FROM Foligno to this place, the road was flanked on either ſide, by ſloping lands of rich and laboured cultivation. Foligno is a town of ſome traffic, and much fraud. The Britiſh miniſter reſident at Florence, (Lord Harvey,) was by ſome accident paſſing on this route. Whatever be the ſubject of his journey, it is certain that he went *incog.* to the confines of Rome, and is returning to Florence by this little-frequented route. The politicians of this place are greatly perplexed to account for his Lordſhip's appearance amongſt them; under ſuch circumſtances, they regard it as full of myſtery. He paid us a viſit with much politeneſs, and I had an opportunity of laying before him a ſpecimen of that ſort of information which the

the politicians of Foligno poſſeſſed. For in a newſpaper of the place, which I was not a little ſurprized to meet with, it was hinted with ſome confidence, that an union was in agitation of the crowns of England and France, by the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Madame Royale. This may ſerve to ſhew you, how much theſe people are admitted into the ſecrets of ſtate.

I roſe early on the following morning, in order to obtain, before my departure from Foligno, a ſight of the Madonna of Raphael, preſerved in the convent Des Comteſſes. My guide and myſelf had concerted the hour and the means, but alas! when I approached the door of the chapel and demanded admittance, a number of Franciſcans, who were aſſembled at their devotions, growled refuſal.

From Foligno to Spoletto the track conducted us through a country whoſe beauties have not diſappeared in the month of December. The air was ſoft, the ſky deliciouſly ſerene above us, and every where

around were ſcenes of that ornamental deſcription, which confound, in the traveller's eye, all diſtinction of ſeaſons. In proportion as we advanced, the ſtate of the country ſtill improved; mountains of the moſt pictureſque forms preſented themſelves. Emboſomed upon the heights of theſe, were caſtles, monaſteries, and towns, interſperſed with olive gardens, the bloom of whoſe fruit reflected in various hues the rays of the ſun. We alighted on our route, to view the little temple by the road ſide, conſecrated, as the lovers of antiquity affirm, to the god Clitumnus; and as men of leſs enthuſiaſm, and therefore probably of more judgment, ſay, to ſome modern Divinity. Spoletto was the boundary of this day's journey, and the hour of our arrival was ſufficiently early to viſit the Gothic Aqueduct, which here connects the mountain of St. Francis with Spoletto. It is a ſtupendous building of ten arches, the loweſt of which is eſtimated to ſtand more than ſix hundred feet above its

foundation. Its hiſtory is carried back to the times of Theodoric, and it forms in its preſent ſtate, an object of great magnificence. The mountain againſt which it reſts, has many wild and picturesque beauties. A looſe and irregular ſhrubbery overſpreads it from the ſummit to the narrow channel below; and intermixed with the maſſes of ſtone which hang upon its ſlopes, the tangling ſhoots exhibit thoſe light and negligent ornaments, which art can never ſucceſsfully imitate. I was given to underſtand that a portrait of the Virgin by St. Luke, was among the ineſtimable rarities of Spoletto—but I heretically contented myſelf with the report of its miraculous properties; and, glancing ſimply at the pompous inſcriptions which announce the pride of this place, as the "caput umbriæ," and the town ſo celebrated by the flight of Hannibal—compoſed myſelf to an anticipation of thoſe beauties which I was to ſee in the Caſcade of Terni.

LETTER LXXXII.

Citta Caſtellana.

THE Caſcade of Terni is formed by the fall of the Velino into the Nera, (antiently the Nar—" Narque albeſcentibus aquis—in Tiberim properans." *Sil. Ital.*) The Velino is a pretty conſiderable river of a navigable depth, and takes its riſe in Monte Abruzzo; ſeparating, in its paſſage to the point of deſcent, the town of Rhieti, from its ſuburbs. There are many circumſtances attending this Caſcade, which render it not only an object of aſtoniſhment to the traveller, but of intereſt to the naturaliſt. The river Velino once formed a marſh in the valley of Rhieti, highly prejudicial to the country, and whoſe waters had the ſingular property of petrifaction. This circumſtance is atteſted by Pliny: " In lacu Velino lignum dejectum lapideo cortice induitur." The chan-

nel through which the Velino now paſſes, in its way to the point of deſcent, was dug by order of Clement VIII. The calcareous particles with which the water is impregnated, have here concreted in their paſſage, and overlaid the whole ſuperficies of this bed with a ſubſtance reſembling the ſolidity of marble. Hence this level has acquired the name of Piano del Marmore, or the Marble Level; and the Caſcade itſelf, La Caduta del Marmore, or the Marble Caſcade. The track from which it is approached from the town of Terni, is ſingularly pictureſque. Cut for the greater part out of the ſolid rock, it purſues a winding courſe, and furniſhes, by a gradual yet conſtant aſcent, numerous and varied views of the ſurrounding ſcenery. The rapidity of the river in that channel, which is hewn out of the rock to give paſſage to its waters, is ſcarcely to be imagined. It is here that the ſpectator is uſually conducted firſt, in order that he may ſee the quantum of force with which this body

body of water haſtens to its fall. It is impoſſible, to regard without dizzineſs, the extreme velocity of this part of the current. Stones of conſiderable weight are buoyed up by the rapidity of the motion. The next point of view, is that which from a ſmall terrace conveys to the eye this powerful ſtream, precipitated from the extremity of its marble level with all that violence which it has already acquired by the compreſſion of its waters. The ſtream thus precipitated is received in a rocky baſon, ſcooped out by the force of the waters, and from whoſe baſe it is diſcharged to a ſecond receiver, amidſt a vaſt profuſion of foam and uproar. Deſcending thus with a rapidity regularly diminiſhed by the re-action of two ſucceſſive rocks, the river enters the Nera, and proceeds to join the imperial Tiber. A ſcene of greater and more terrific magnificence cannot be pictured by the imagination. The force and velocity of the current, in the point preparatory to its deſcent, is moſt tremend-

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ous. It is difficult to decide—ſo different are the calculations upon this ſubject—its accurate meaſurement. The Pere Carrara has fixed its total height from the Piano del Marmore to the level of the Nera, at 1871 Roman palms. The tumult of its waters, reverberated in a thouſand directions;—the frothy clouds which iſſued from the valley;—the arching rocks which overhung the gulph;—and the luxuriant ſhrubs which ſcattered their delicate ſhades;—formed together a picture of romantic ſublimity, too impreſſive to be eaſily ſupplanted by any ſcenes of ſecondary beauty.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Rome, Dec. 7.

IT was between Spoletto and Terni, that we paſſed the higheſt point of Appennine upon this route, and we have been ſince regularly deſcending. I could not paſs through Terni,

Terni, without feeling an emotion of claſſical pleaſure. It was the birth-place of Tacitus, and the mind is forcibly impreſſed with ſcenes thus connected with thoſe it has learned to admire. Johnſon has expreſſed, in his maſterly imitation of the Roman poets, the ſame ſentiment:

> Struck with the ſpot which gave Eliza birth,
> We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth.
>
> IMIT. Sat. 3. Juv.

Our route from Terni lay along the beautiful valley which connects this town with Narni. The waters of the Nera, gracefully diſcompoſed, and rendered muſically ſonorous by the influx of the Velino, roll along this charming vale, in their way to the point of junction with the Tiber. The ruins of the great bridge, which once connected the two oppoſite mountains, and over which paſſed the high road to Peruggia, ſtands at no great diſtance from the town of Narni. The only entire arch which now remains, diſcovers it to have been, whatever were its form,

form, of bold and ſublime conſtruction. Blocks of ſtone compoſed without cement, and compacted into an apparently ſolid maſs, convey an high idea of the perfection to which the arts were carried in the age of Auguſtus. What was once Otriculum, is now a little dirty poſt town, and preſerves more of its name than its ſubſtance,—ſtill retaining the appellation of Ocricoli. Numerous veſtiges of ruined monuments are viſible in its environs, and different ſides of the roads yet ſhew the remains of antient fabrics, and heaps of crumbling materials. The very ſerpentine courſe which the Tiber purſues, engaged particularly my attention in paſſing from Narni. The level ſurface of the country allowed the eye to obſerve the flexions of this ſtream over a conſiderable ſpace. The beauties of cultivation gradually diſappeared as we approached Citta Caſtellana. It was from this miſerable town, once the capital ſeat of the Faliſci, and taken by Camillus, A. U. 359, that we yeſterday finiſhed our journey

journey to this metropolis. Scenes of natural beauty had been for ſome time receding; and now, in proportion as we advanced, the aſpect of the country increaſed in that deformity which neglected agriculture and reduced population have introduced into the moſt fertile and productive ſoil under the Heavens. A few ſcattered huts, and theſe for the moſt part ſinking into ruins, ſerve rather to heighten the picture of deſolation; and to awaken a more lively degree of ſenſibility in the boſom of the contemplative traveller. At length the dome of St. Peter's riſing amidſt this weary waſte, indicated our approach to ROME, which received us by an entrance majeſtic, and expreſſive of the genius of this antient capital.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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